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**ART OF DRESS.**

1. *British Costume. A Complete History of the Dress of the Inhabitants of the British Islands.* By J. R. Planché, Esq. With Illustrations. A new Edition. London. 1847.
2. *Costume in England.* By F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. With above six hundred Engravings, drawn on wood by the Author. London. 1846.
3. *The Book of Costumes—or Annals of Fashion.* By a Lady of Rank. With numerous Engravings. London. 1846.

IT suited us for centuries to circulate a well-turned set of fallacies respecting woman's incapacity for keeping a secret—the motive being merely thereby to secure an innocent scapegoat, on whom to lay the shame of our own indiscretions. Now we are too happy when one of the sex will condescend to become the confidante of any secrets we may possess, and feel them honored by her acceptance, whether she keeps them or no. For centuries we agreed that education was a dangerous thing for her—only because we felt how much better use she would make of it than ourselves: and Milton taught his daughters to pronounce Greek and Latin so that they might read the classics aloud for his pleasure, but forbade their understanding the meaning of a word for their own—for which he deserved to be blind. Now, we not only make them welcome to help themselves to any of the fruits of science, or flowers of literature, as plentifully as they please, but are too happy, as all editors and publishers will testify, when we can prevail upon them to help us as well.

There is one fallacy, however, still current against woman, which we must take this public opportunity of renouncing. A certain ungallant old Father, soured by the circumstances of his lot, relieved some of his spleen by defining woman ζῷον φιλοκοσμον—*Anglicè*—an animal that delights in finery: and this saying, naturally soothing to disappointed laymen as well as those of the Father's own order, continued an authority even to the time of the amiable Spectator, who was not ashamed to quote it. We had, nevertheless, long ago serious doubts on the venerable *dictum*: and are, therefore, the more obliged to the books now enumerated—especially that which being written by “a Lady of Rank,” is not to be questioned—for the accumulated evidence they have produced in favor of our hesitation. We think they have made it pretty clear that in all that appertains to finery in dress, the sex to which the Father himself belonged has not only always kept pace, but frequently outstripped the other: and that whilst our poets, moralists, and

clergy, have been satirizing and denouncing the extravagances and absurdities of female apparel, we have been flaunting and strutting away, under cover of our own fire, far more extravagant and absurd than they. It results from Mr. Planché's History and the other meritorious works now before us, that in our own favored country at least we cannot point to one single excess or caprice which has appeared on the beautiful person of woman, that has not had its counterpart, as bad or worse, upon the ugly body of man. We have had the same effeminate stuffs—the same fine laces—the same rich furs—the same costly jewels. We have had as much gold and embroidery, and more tinsel and trumpery. We have worn long hair and large sleeves, and tight waists, and full petticoats. We have sported stays and stomachers—muffs, ear-rings, and love-locks. We have rouged, and patched, and padded, and laced. Where they have indulged a little excess in one part, we have broken out ten times worse in another. If they have had head-dresses like the moon's crescent, we have had shoes like a ram's horn. If they have lined their petticoats with whalebone, we have stuffed our trunk-hose with bran. If they have wreathed lace ruffs round their lovely throats, we have buttoned them about our clumsy legs. If they carried a little mirror openly on their fans, we have concealed one sily in our pockets. In short, wherever we look into the history of mankind, whether through the annals of courtiers, the evidence of painters, or, as now, through the condescending researches of a Lady of Rank, we find two animals equally fond of dress; but only one worth bestowing it on:—which the Greek Father doubtless knew as well as we.

In this age, however, it would be difficult to impugn us for any over-indulgence of this propensity—the male costume being reduced to a mysterious combination of the inconvenient and the unpicturesque, which, except in the light of a retribution, it is puzzling to account for. Hot in summer—cold in winter—useless for either keeping off rain or sun—stiff but not plain—bare without being simple—not durable, not becoming, and not cheap. Man is like a corrupt borough: the only way to stop the evil has been to deprive him of his franchise. He—we mean the man of civil life—the military are not at present in question—the *pekin* is no longer even allowed the option of making himself ridiculous. Not a single article is left in his wardrobe with which

he can even make what is called an impression—a conquest is out of the question. Each taken separately is as absurd as the emptiest fop could have devised, and as ugly as the staunchest Puritan could have desired. The hat is a machine which an impartial stranger might impute a variety of useful culinary purposes to, but would never dream of putting on his head. His stock looks like a manacle with which he has escaped from prison, or his cravat like a lasso, with which he has been caught in the act. His shirt-collars may be entitled to their name of *vater-mordern* (or father-murderers) in Germany,\* but certainly never did any other execution there or elsewhere. His coat is a contrivance which covers only half his person, and does not fit that; while his waistcoat, if a strait one, would be an excellent restraint for one who can contentedly wear the rest of the costume. Each article, in addition, being under such strict laws, that whoever attempts to alter or embellish, only gets credit for more vanity than his fellows, and not for more taste.

Not that the exercise of taste in such matters is by any means forbidden, or even restrained, by us. It would be dreadful if it were, being, as it is, a powerful instinct in our nature. The only mistake has been, and nothing surely but the most egregious conceit could have led us into it, in imagining it was ever intended to be exercised on ourselves! Even if woman had been made as ugly as we, she would still, no doubt, have been the object of our highest intellectual devotion; but woman was made "exceedingly fair," a creature not only fitted for all the deference and homage our minds could bestow, but obviously intended for the most elegant wardrobes and brilliant trousseaus our pockets could furnish; entitled on every principle of reason as well as the Bridgewater Treatises to the very handsomest Allowances that the parental or conjugal purse can possibly afford.

It is very true that our liberality is by no means in all cases what it should be: but let no woman, therefore, suppose that any man can be really indifferent to her appearance. The instinct may have been deadened in his mind by a slatternly negligent mother, or by plain, maiden, low-church sisters; but she may be sure it is *there*, and, with a little adroitness, capable of revival. Of course the immediate effect

\* From the legend of a student who returned from the university with such a stiff pair that on embracing his governor they cut his throat.



of a well-chosen feminine toilet operates differently in different minds. In some it causes a sense of actual pleasure; in others a consciousness of passive enjoyment. In some it is intensely felt while present; in others only missed when gone. None can deny its power over them, more or less; or, for their own sakes, had better not be believed if they do.

Such being the case, the responsibilities of a wife in this department are very serious. In point of fact she dresses for two, and in neglecting herself, virtually defrauds her neighbor. Nature has expressly assigned her as the only safe investment for his vanities; and she who wantonly throws them back from their natural course deserves either to see them break out on his own person, or appear in that of another.

But, independent of the plain law of instinct, there is one for the promotion of dress among ladies which may be plainer still to some—and this is the law of self-interest. It is all very well for bachelors to be restricted to a costume which expresses nothing beyond a general sense of their own unfitness to be seen—since they can be safely trusted for publishing their characters to the world with that forwardness which is their chief element—but heaven forbid that the spinsters should ever take to the same outward neutrality. With their habitual delicacy of mind, and reserve of manner, dress becomes a sort of symbolical language—a kind of personal glossary—a species of body phrenology, the study of which it would be madness to neglect. Will Honeycomb says that he can tell the humor a woman is in by the color of her hood. We go further, and maintain that, to a proficient in the science, every woman walks about with a placard on which her leading qualities are advertised.

If, for instance, you meet one, no matter whether pale or rosy, fat or thin, who is always noticeable for something singular and *outré* in her dress—a hat with all the colors of the rainbow, or of a new color never imagined before—a gown so trimmed that she cannot lean back upon it—a cloak so cut that she cannot walk upright in it—a new kind of quilling which scratches her and catches everybody else—a new pattern, which blinds the eyes to look at—a *berthe* strung of beads from Nova Zembla—a boa woven of feathers from New Zealand—and if, further, she wears them all with a piteous dejected look, as if she were a martyr to the service, you may be sure that

this is a shy, timid, weak soul, who, while she is attracting all eyes to her costume, has no other thought than how she may best escape observation. The truth is, the very fear that would keep others back is the spell to draw her on. She is so afraid of being out of the pale of the Mode, that she plunges into the most singular extreme to be perfectly sure she is in it. At the same time she looks upon Fashion as a sort of awful power, whom it is impossible to serve with any comfort or convenience to one's self, and is accordingly never satisfied that she is perfectly fashionable unless she feels herself perfectly miserable, too. This is a prize to the milliners, whose insight into human nature, through the garb it wears, is all for our argument, and who, seeing immediately that she has neither taste nor judgment of her own, can always persuade her to lead some forlorn hope, called "the very last fashion," but which no one else would have courage to be first in.

Again, if after this unfortunate has passed on her way you meet another equally as extravagant in her style, only with this difference, that she has opinions of her own, and those of a most *prononcé* kind:—if she wear the largest pattern and the gaudiest colors upon the most ordinary material—or the highest flounces upon the richest;—if, being poor, she has a quantity of sham lace, mock fur, or false jewelry—showing that her object is not economy but display:—or if, being rich, she mixes up the best together—pearls on head, cameos on neck, and diamonds on stomach:—if she disposes her hair in inordinate long curls, or extraordinarily curious braids;—and if beneath a skirt which covers an incredible circumference of ground, or beneath a body which hardly covers any space at all, you catch glimpses of subtextures neither neat, clean, nor fine—you may guess that this is a very vain and vulgar *ζῶον*, and probably a bold one too.

Thirdly, if another confronts you, more decided still in her outward language than either of the foregoing—who seems to have no rule of fashion except that of departing from the prevailing one—who has her gowns always short when other people's are long, or *vice versa*—goes about holding them up above the highest water-mark in fine weather, and is sure to be always drabbled in wet—has the vanity to sport a black velvet clasped across her forehead—the sluttish to leave her gloves unbuttoned—or the audacity to brave dingy black or dull green

next her skin—wears her hair in a crop, being forty years of age, or no cap, being bald or grey—puts on a turban to drink tea with two people, or an innocent white frock for a party of two hundred—she is what is called a woman of “strong mind,” in other words, of very coarse manners—probably a radical, certainly a dissenter, very likely somewhat of a sceptic.

But now a female of a very different character crosses our path—we follow it with some uncertainty. A powerful straw bonnet—or a massive black velvet one. A knitted shawl of coarse materials, or what was once a black scarf, with a deep frill added to make it a mantilla. A gown of no describable type, which hangs emptily, and slopes in towards the feet—a stiff squirrel boa and cotton gloves. This figure is puzzling. It is not a maid-servant, for the clothes are more expensive, less tasty, and better put on. It is not an old woman, for the step, though demure, is elastic. It is not a vulgar woman, for though indescribably dowdy, she is scrupulously neat. It is not otherwise than a lady, though there is not the slightest wish evident of being thought one. We look in her face this once, though we shall never require to do so again; and there, at the very bottom of that hat, we discover the cold mild eye and headachy complexion, indicative of the lady of Puritan or Evangelical principles. What her in-doors morning garb is we do not know, but should think she has none, for she never stays at home; nor her evening dress, for we are not admitted to those circles, but understand that it consists in a rather showy but truly hideous silk dress, very much cut and carved about the body, and with the same tendency to contract towards the base—with the same squirrel boa on her shoulders, and her hair very ill got up behind. Still there are some recommendations to this dress which we cannot pass over. It may make a woman look gloomy and unattractive; but never, what is much worse, pleased and vulgar. There is also a consoling consideration associated with it in the mind. You feel that there has been no rating or scolding of the dress-maker; but that when the dress was put into her hands, the order was simply given—“Make it as you will—don’t ask me—if it be but unbecoming I shall be satisfied.” Becoming, however, in one sense will that garb ever be in which charity attireth herself. We could wish certainly that this class of excellent

ladies would either dissent entirely from the established mode, or else conform with better grace. Still, be it what it may, now that we know to whom the costume belongs, we shall ever look upon it with respect.

Far different from all we have hitherto reviewed, are the dress doctrines of her who next follows—though not so easily exemplified in details as in generals. The first study seems to be the becoming—her second the good—the third the fashionable—which, if it be both good and becoming, always is or may be. You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen, and the recommendations of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows laws of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner, but which as often as not are bought at the nearest town, and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is always either rich or new—on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors—nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cordings. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh, and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and—her own points! And no woman can dress well who does not. After this we need not say, that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome, nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even tempered, well informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady.

We need not pursue our illustrations further. The student who has accompanied us will soon find out that he who



lounches may read. In some dresses he may safely invest his vanities, or any other better thing he may happen to have disengaged—with others we would hardly insure his purse.

Of course there are a number of the sex, especially among very young ladies, who, from one reason or another, deficiencies in the pocket, or the tyranny or tastelessness of those put in authority over them, are prevented from doing justice to their own talents in this line. "But then," as Burns says—

"There's something in their gait  
Gars ony claes look weel."

Upon the whole, a prudent and sensible man, desirous of "looking before he leaps," may safely predicate of the inner lining from the outer garment, and be thankful that he has this, at least, to go by. That there are such things as female pirates who hang out false lights to entrap unwary mariners, we do not deny. It is only to be hoped that sooner or later they may catch a Tartar on their coasts. For of all the various denominations of swindlers who practise on the goodness or the weakness of mankind, that woman is the basest who is a dandy during courtship and a dowdy after marriage.

As regards an affectation not unfrequent in the sex—that of apathy towards the affairs of the toilet, we can only assure them for their own sakes, that there is not a worse kind of affectation going. We should doubt, in the first place, whether the woman who is indifferent to her own appearance be a woman at all. At all events, she must be either a hardened character, or an immense heiress, or a first-rate beauty,—or think herself one. There might be instances, like the fair Elgiva, of women having been tyrannically disfigured on purpose to alienate the affections of those they loved; but what history can cite the woman who could voluntarily disfigure herself to alienate the affections even of one she loathed? Elfrida would not dress herself ill even to save her husband Athelstane's life; and though Miss Strickland sticks to the old story that the Countess of Salisbury put on a negligent attire to divert the attentions of Edward III.; yet, if the truth were known, we make no doubt it was a becoming one.

Another foolish habit, which we have remarked ladies to indulge in, is that of stigmatizing fashion as a thing of whims and

caprices; which works in a blind random helter-skelter way, and drags its votaries along much in the same manner. Even the "Lady of Rank" has passed this fallacy without examination, and talks of "the usual absurdities of Fashion,"—"of the capricious Goddess,"—"of Fashion's amusing itself at the expense of her votaries," &c., &c., with a frequency which in a legislatrix of no rank might be tiresome. Now, far from this being the case, the attentive student will soon discover that Fashion, like the animal or vegetable or mineral kingdom, has laws and boundaries of her own, deep seated in the nature of things; and that if she be a goddess at all, she is one of very regular habits. He will find that she always preserves certain balances and proportions; that when they had great farthingales they had enormous ruffs; when they had short waists they had low foreheads; when they had wide sleeves they had wide coiffures; when they had tight sleeves they had small heads—and so on. Of course, in the time of transition, when a struggle is taking place between the plumage that is casting off and that which is coming on, some apparent confusion may occur—as all birds are shabby in their moulting season. But the worst discrepancies are occasioned by one class of foolish women who have not the sense to be off with the old love before they are on with the new, and try to combine both the old chrysalis and the new wings:—or by another class, female Nashes, who ignorantly mix up all styles of architecture, and put an antique portico on to a modern body. We merely throw out hints; but the subject is worth a systematic investigation. That there should be such a thing as fashion in dress at all, does not enter into our argument, and would indeed be unworthy the consideration of any rational being. With fashion in thought, speech, arts and sciences, law, physic, politics, and religion, the world would be strangely out of fashion indeed, if there were none in dress.

But to return to our immediate subject. Having thus explained the final cause of dress as an instinct implanted in man, and exercised by woman solely for his good, let us endeavor with all due humility to say something about the experimental department.

We are inclined to think that the female attire of the present day is, upon the whole, in as favorable a state as the most vehement advocates for what is called Nature and simplicity could desire. It is a costume



in which they can dress quickly, walk nimbly, eat plentifully, stoop easily, loll gracefully; and, in short, perform all the duties of life without let or hindrance. The head is left to its natural size—the skin to its native purity—the waist at its proper region—the heels at their real level. The dress is one calculated to bring out the natural beauties of the person, and each of them has, as far as we see, fair play. In former days, what was known of a woman's hair in the cap of Henry VIII.'s time,—or of her forehead under her hair in George III.'s time,—or of the slenderness of her throat in a gorget of Edward I.'s time,—or of the fall of her shoulders in a welt or wing in Queen Elizabeth's time,—or of the shape of her arm in a great bishop-sleeve even in our time? Nowadays, all these points receive full satisfaction for past neglect, and a woman breaks upon us in such a plenitude of charms that we hardly know where to begin the catalogue. Hair light as silk in floating curls, or massive as marble in shining coils. Forehead bright and smooth as mother-of-pearl, and arched in matchless symmetry by its own beautiful drapery. Ear, which for centuries had lain concealed, set on the side of the head like a delicate shell. Throat, a lovely stalk, leading the eye upwards to a lovelier flower, and downwards along a fair sloping ridge, undulating in the true line of beauty, to the polished precipice of the shoulder; whence, from the pendant calyx of the shortest possible sleeve, hangs a lovely branch, smooth and glittering like pale, pink coral, slightly curved towards the figure, and terminating in five taper petals, pinker still, folding and unfolding "at their own sweet will," and especially contrived by Nature to pick your heart clean to the bone before you know what they are about.

And plenty more of similar charms, "dealing destruction's devastating doom" to all who are fireproof. Nor need you even despair of seeing the feet, which at this our happy era lie in ambuscade only the more securely to wound, and "like little mice peep in and out" beneath the skirt's deep and plentiful folds. Nor is the ankle even hopeless, if you are sufficiently attentive, and if it be worth showing.

The present dress has some features worth dwelling on more minutely. The gown is a good thing, both in its morning and evening form, and contains all necessary elements for showing off a fine figure and a

graceful movement. Till lately it was cut down in a sharp angle low in front, with the collar running down it, which made the throat look long; now it is closed up quite high with the collar sprouting round it, which makes the throat look round. There is something especially beautiful too in the expanse of breast and shoulder, as seen in a tight plain-colored high dress—merino or silk—like a fair sloping sunny bank—with the long taper arms, and the slender waist so tempting and convenient between them, that it is a wonder they are not perpetually embracing it themselves. Nor is this effect lost in the evening-dress; but on the contrary increased, by the *berthe's* carrying out that fair sunny bank still deeper, or rather environing it with a rich ring fence, of which we admire the delicacy and beauty, though it impedes our view of what is beyond. Far be from us to attempt to describe the mystery of the *berthe*—except as the *cestus* of Venus transferred from the waist to the shoulders. We men have worn almost every part of a woman's dress, so that scarcely one sex has been known from the other; but thank Heaven, this at all events has remained sacred. No man ever wore a *berthe*.

And then, to let our eyes fall lower, if they will, the long full folds of the skirt, which lie all close together above, like the flutings of an Ionic column, as if loath to quit that sweet waist, but expand gradually below as if fearing to fetter those fairy feet—and the gentle swinging of the robe from side to side, like a vessel in calmest motion, and the silver whisper of the trailing silk as that dear one slowly approaches, the hem of whose garment we long to kiss. Low that hem and close to the ground, but we would not have it higher. Let the foliage sweep the earth, rather than grow, as with a grazing line above it. And if there be portions of this vile world—streets, and squares, and crossings—too impure for the drapery to touch, are they not doubly so for those feet?

Flounces are a nice question. We like them when they wave and flow, as in a very light material—muslin, or gauze, or *barège*—when a lady has no outline and no mass, but looks like a receding angel, or a "dissolving view;" but we do not like them in a rich material where they flop, or in a stiff one where they bristle; and where they break the flowing lines of the petticoat, and throw light and shade where you don't expect them. In short, we like the gown that

can do without flounces, as Josephine liked a face that could do without whiskers; but in either case it must be a good one.

The plain black scarf is come of too graceful a parentage—namely, from the Spanish and Flemish mantilla—not to constitute one of the best features of the present costume. It serves to join the two parts of the figure together, enclosing the back and shoulders in a firm defined outline of their own, and flowing down gracefully in front, or on each side, to mix with that of the skirt. That man must be a monster who could be impertinent to a woman in any dress, but especially to a woman in a black scarf. It carries an air of self-respect with it which is in itself a protection. A woman thus attired glides on her way like a small close-reefed vessel—tight and trim—seeking no encounter, but prepared for one. Much, however, depends upon the wearing indeed, no article of dress is such a revealer of the wearer's character. Some women will drag it tight up their shoulders, and stick out their elbows (which ought not to be known to exist) in defiance at you—beneath. Such are of the independent class we described, with strong sectarian opinions. Others let it hang loose and listless like an idle sail, losing all the beauty of the outline both moral and physical. Such ladies have usually no opinions at all, but none the less a very obstinate will of their own.

Some few of what are nowadays called mantillas, which are the cardinals or the capucins of a century ago, are pleasing and blameless. A black velvet one, turned up with a broad dull black lace, like bright metal chased with dead, is very good. Also, when made of plain silk, black or light-colored, with no other trimmings than, in milliner's language, "the own." But too often these articles, of which an endless variety exists, are merely made the vehicle for indulging in a weakness for fringe, gimp, and other such trumpery, with which they are overloaded. Arm-holes too are a part of them to which we particularly object. The lady behind them looks as if she was sitting in the stocks for a public misdemeanor, or seeking a customer, and offering her hand through.

Nor is a shawl a recommendable article. We mean a common square one. Some are beautiful in quality, and others too unpretending in pattern to be criticised. But whatever piece of dress conceals a woman's figure, is bound in justice to do so in a pic-

turesque way. This a shawl can never do, with its strict uniformity of pattern—each shoulder alike—and its stiff three-cornered shape behind, with a scroll of pattern standing straight up the centre of the back. If a lady sports a shawl at all, and only very falling shoulders should venture, we should recommend it to be always either falling off or putting on, which produces pretty action, or she should wear it up one shoulder and down the other, or in some way drawn irregularly, so as to break the uniformity. One of the faults of the present costume, as every real artist knows, is, that it offers too few diagonal lines. Nothing is more picturesque than a line across the bust, like the broad ribbon of the garter across our graceful Queen, or the loose girdle sloping across the hips, in the costume of the early Plantagenets. On this very account the long scarf-shawl is as picturesque a thing as a lady can wear. With the broad pattern sweeping over one shoulder, and a narrow one, or none at all on the other, it supplies the eye with that irregularity which drapery requires; while the slanting form and colors of the border lying carelessly round the figure, give that Eastern idea, which every shawl more or less implies. What oriental would ever wear one straight up and down, and uniform on both sides, as our ladies often do?

The female hat of the present day is one of the only very artificial features, and will puzzle future costume-hunters to account for, both in its construction and its use, more than any other article now worn—if, indeed, any memento of it survive, for it is unfit either for painting or sculpture. It is come of a bad race—having nothing to do with the large Spanish beaver—or the picturesque *chapeau de paille* (which, by the way, is not a straw hat at all)—or the celebrated Churchills of the last century, in which the beautiful sister Gunnings turned all heads—but from a combination of the frightful machine invented to cover the high *toupee*, of which the Quakeress hat is a living relic, and the squat, flat, projecting caps of silk or gauze, trimmed with bows and feathers, which accompanied the low *coiffure* and short waist of the commencement of this century; from which latter arose the confusion of terms between the French *bonnet* and the English bonnet. Not but what a hat of the present day is becoming enough to some, as any framework filled with laces, ribbons, and flowers round a pretty face must be—but it is at



best an unmeaning thing, without any character of its own, and never becoming to any face that has much.

There is one of the race, however, for which we must make special exception—not for its native beauties alone, its polished glistening circles, and delicate neutral tints, but for a deep mysterious spell, exercised both over wearer and spectator, in which it stands unrivalled by any other article of female attire; we mean the *plain straw hat*. From the highest to the lowest there is not a single style of beauty with which this hat is not upon the best understanding. It refines the homeliest and composes the wildest; it gives the coquettish young lady a little dash of demureness, and the demure one a slight touch of coquetry; it makes the blooming beauty look more fresh, and the pale one more interesting; it makes the plain woman look, at all events, a lady, and the lady more lady-like still. A vulgar woman never puts on a straw bonnet, or at least not *the* straw bonnet we have in our eye: while the higher the style of carriage, and the richer the accompanying costume, the more does it seem in its native element; so much so, that the most aristocratic beauty in the land, adorned in every other respect with all that wealth can purchase, taste select, or delicacy of person enhance, may not only hide her lofty head with perfect propriety in a plain straw hat, but in one plainer and coarser still than a lower style of woman would venture to wear. Then all the sweet associations that throng about it! pictures of happy childhood, and unconscious girlhood; thoughts of blissful bridal tours, and of healthy country life! and of childhood, girlhood, tours and life such as our own sweet country can alone give. For the crowning association of all consists perhaps in this: that the genuine straw bonnet stamps the genuine English-woman; no other country can produce either the hat or the wearer.

But, after all, in these important matters of dress, however recommendable some of these details may separately be, it is a lady's own sense on which their proper application depends. She did not choose her own face and figure, but she does choose her own dress, and it should be ordered according to them. Attention to a few general rules would prevent a great many anomalous appearances: for instance, a woman should never be dressed too little, nor a girl too much; nor should a stumpy figure attempt large patterns, nor a bad

walker flounces; nor a short throat carry feathers, nor high shoulders a shawl; and so on. But, as we have just said, every woman in the world may wear a plain straw hat.

Enough has been said now to show that the general elements of female costume were, upon the whole, never more free from the reproach of artificiality or disguise, or more adapted to give full scope to the natural charms of youth and beauty. Still, before quitting the subject, there remains something to be said on the other side: for our arguments, in similar phraseology, "can bear turning," being of that peculiarly immoral texture which they coolly designate as having "neither wrong side nor right."

Of course, to the inward eye of the imagination the mere name of woman presents a vision clothed in perpetual youth and loveliness, or floating in a region too far above us to know precisely how she is clothed at all. But to the outward eye of the senses, which acts as man of business to the inner, bothering it with particulars it never wants to know, it is not to be denied that there are some of these visions which appear not beautiful, and many by no means young. This being the case, a costume expressly adapted for the display of natural charms, is hard upon those who never had any to begin with, or who have parted company with them some time ago. It is like setting a fine stone and an ordinary one both equally transparent—forgetting that what tests the beauty of the one only betrays the defects of the other, which a little dexterous foil might hide. Every jeweller will tell you that it is the inferior stones which depend most on the setting—first-rate ones may stand on their own merits. We have seen, for instance, some *grey* pearls produce a most beautiful effect in a brilliant setting of red and green enamel, which, strung plainly like the Salisbury necklace, would have been frightful. Dress, by the same rule, is the setting of our sweet human pearl:—each delicate and precious, and but increasing in beauty and value the longer and the closer they are worn; though not all valuable or beautiful alike to that same vulgar outward eye which knows nothing of a jewel but its market-price. For the young and the lovely dress is of no importance: they may wear what they please, and the less perhaps the better. The tappa girdle of the nymphs of the Marquesas would be enough for them—but a tappa girdle itself would hardly embarrass



the old and the plain more than a style of dress which presumes them to be neither one nor the other. 'Tis for them, then, alone, that dress should be *studied*. Where is the advantage of a natural coiffure where there are neither curls like silk, nor coils like marble to display? where is the policy of a plain simple gown exhibiting the whole contour of the figure, when there are only angles to be seen instead of undulations, and shady hollows instead of sunny banks?—or the advantage of uncovering an ear which is less like a delicate shell than some poisonous fungus?—or of showing an arm which may be like a stick, but certainly not of pink coral?

Far more wisdom is there in concealing natural deficiencies than in bringing them to light; and some of the old costumes, however absurd and unnatural they may now appear, not only possessed this merit, but likewise developed much beauty and character in faces which nowadays are thought to have none. The old head-dresses were particularly commendable for this. The reticulated head-dress, or *crespine*—a gold caul in which the hair was inclosed, sometimes with a fillet round the forehead and under the chin, or a veil hanging from the back—was far more becoming to a majority of faces than the scanty hair which in this country the bad management of a former generation has too generally bequeathed to the present. The enormous horned structures, too, which towered upon a woman's head from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century—some of them starting straight from the forehead, and outlining the upper part of the face firmly, with the drapery pendent on each side—for instance, as seen in the fine effigy of Lady de Thorpe, Ashwellthorpe Church, Norfolk—these, too, gave a grandeur and dignity to countenances which in their present self-dependent state look mean or peculiar. The hair, it is true, was turned to no account except on bridal or coronation-days; but because a few ladies have fine hair, must all be compelled to uncover? Every fancy-ball brings out some striking or interesting face, generally in some such head-dresses as these, which the day before, seen in its own scanty native suit, was overlooked as plain. And such faces are usually of far higher character than those which attract by mere prettiness of complexion or brightness of eye. Take, for instance, a grand Italian contadina, strip her of her *tavaglia* and *spilla*, and put her into an English abigail's

costume. An artist may discover some latent beauty, but the majority would condemn her as heavy, dingy, and decidedly plain. Or look nearer home at the New Haven fisherwoman, who, seen "every lawful day" in her cap of Norman extraction, with a bright coarse handkerchief thrown carelessly at the back of it, exhibits always a fine strongly-marked countenance, and often a very handsome one: and see the same woman on Sunday, in a silk or velvet hat, with all due appurtenance of blonde lappets and artificial flowers, and you no longer recognise the common unmeaning face, which has lost all its real character in the attempt to assume one utterly foreign to it.

Certain it is there is no greater mistake or more serious loss to art than in habiting all classes in one and the same costume, as now done in England. How is it possible that the same form of garment which is adapted to the rich and delicate materials, and the slight figure of the woman who lives at ease, should suit the rough textures and clumsy make of the woman who lives by labor! The very association of ideas would alone destroy all possibility. It is this which defrauds our lower class of women of all style of beauty peculiar to themselves, and the world of an incalculable number of fine living pictures. In point of fact, an English peasant woman in her best garb, however comely she may be, only reminds us of a coarser-featured, worse-dressed lady. She ought not to remind us of a lady at all.

But neither the plain woman nor the poor woman suffer so severely by this state of things as another class to whom we have slightly alluded—those advanced and advancing in life. The present style of dress is worse even than your economist's *beau ideal* of a Poor Law, for it makes no provision at all for the infirmities of age. An old woman, nowadays, literally does not know how to dress herself; and many we have the honor of meeting in society display in their appearance symptoms of perplexity of mind on this point which at their time of life must be very bad for them. Altogether they are very hardly dealt with. Of course it can be no pleasure to them to exhibit the empty nests of charms which have long taken wing—for the attenuated to reveal an outline which has lost all roundness—or for the corpulent to uncover a surface which has lost all freshness; and it is doubly distressing to think how very little pleasure the world has in seeing either. Instead of

being the most welcome sitter that can enter his studio, an old woman is now too often one the cleverest artist does not know what to do with. How is he to treat a subject which appears before him with December in her face and May in her costume—with faded eyes and eyebrows, and dark glossy tresses above them—fallen colorless cheeks, and bright roses beside them—withered throat and neck covered only with a necklace or a velvet band, which calls aloud for stout silk above and good flannel below it—a figure either shrunk and mummified, or heavy and unwieldy, but all scrupulously shown! If he paints her exactly as she is, he paints a monstrously absurd thing: if he suits the face to the roses, and the neck to the necklace, he does not paint her at all. In either case he makes no picture of what might be the most picturesque thing in the world. Lady Mary Wortley says that age and ugliness are inseparable—being arrogant herself with youth and beauty, and everything else that could heighten either; but we deny the proposition *in toto*. Some women are never good looking at all till they are old—all have a right divine to the picturesque by the very nature of old age—and a few, whom we have been privileged to know, have been the loveliest objects mind or eye could dwell upon.

Let us look for a moment at the portrait of the old woman who is an old woman indeed. See the plaited border, or the full ruche of the cap, white as snow, circling close round the face, as if jealous to preserve the oval that age has lost; the hair peeping from beneath, finer and more silken than ever, but white as that border, or grey as the shadow thrown by it; the complexion withered and faded, yet being relieved, as Nature has appointed it to be, by the still more faded tints of the hair, in a certain degree delicate and fresh; the eyes with most of their former fire extinguished, still, surrounded only with the chastened hues of age, brighter than anything else in the face; the face itself, lined with deep wrinkles, but not one that the painter would spare; the full handkerchief, or rich bustling laces scrupulously covering neck and throat, reminding us that the modesty of her youth has survived, though not its charms; some deep sober shawl or scarf, which the French rightly call "*le drapeau de vieille femme*," carefully concealing the outline of the figure, though

not its general feminine proportions—all violent contrasts, as all violent passions, banished from the picture, but a harmony in their place which is worth them all.

Think also of the moral charm exercised by such a face and figure over the circle where it belongs—the hallowing influence of one who, having performed all her active part in this world, now takes a passive, but a nobler one than any, and shows us *how to grow old*:—who, having gone through all the progressive periods of life, and their accompanying rank in the estimation of mankind—the palmy days of youth and admiration—the working time of cares and consequence—the honorable maturity of experience and authority—now casts them all aside, and asserts a far higher claim to our respect, namely, the simple fact of her age;—who knows that to all who have eyes to see and hearts to feel, her silver locks are more precious than the most golden tresses money could purchase—her pale cheek more interesting than the finest bloom art could simulate—her modest coverings more attractive than the most wonderfully preserved remains of beauty she could exhibit—her whole venerable aspect of age more lovely than the very best imitation of youth she could possibly get up;—who not only makes old age respectable and honorable, but even enviable in the eyes of those who are still toiling in the heat and burden of the day.

Why is so sweet a picture and so edifying a lesson not oftener seen in our circles?—why are we tried with the unbecoming appearance of those who won't be old and can't be young, and who forfeit the respect it is so painful to withhold? There is something preposterous in the mere idea of any rational being studiously denying what it is her highest interest to assert: as well might a banker not wish for credit, or a poet for fame, or a preacher for belief, or an heir for his inheritance, or a statesman for place, as age not wish for reverence. Doubtless if there were any way of making old people young, either in looks or anything else, it would be a delightful invention; but, meanwhile, juvenile dressing is the last road we should recommend them to take. She who is ashamed to wear a costume as old as herself, may rely upon it she only looks older than her costume.

Of course there are many who belong to this class more from necessity than choice, and who simply do as others do, whatever the fashion may be—also many, or most,



we would hope, who are irreproachable on the score of propriety, however they may fall short of our standard of the picturesque. But why should they not unite both? It is so obvious that the walls of an old hall should be hung with fine heavy tapestry, instead of being covered with flimsy paper, or faced with modern scagliola.

The French, we must say, are much cunninger than we in this matter. Indeed they know how to unite the very highest effect of *fashion* with a religious observance of the decorum due to years. Whenever one does see in an English assembly an ancient lady who makes no attempt to disguise her time of life, and yet pleases as a *splendid* picture, ten to one but your neighbor whispers—"How like the *Faubourg*!"\*

If all ages are to dance to one tune, it should be a minuet and not a jig. If there is to be but one standard of garb, we are bound in duty to consider the grandmother first. The grand-daughter will not look so ill in her close kerchief as she in the girl's low dress. It is so invidious, too, to fix any time for drawing the line between them. No one likes to tell their years, except the impertinently young, or the wonderfully old, and no one need if they do not belie them in other respects. The *certain age*, too, which is the true Rubicon, requires the most courage of all to avow. The conventual dresses of the old Catholic times, which were assumed equally by those who remained in the world as by those who quitted it, were an admirable assistance in settling this point. A total change is easier than a partial; and when a lady of the olden time found her secular garment no longer so becoming to her as it had been, she threw it off altogether, and suffered no mortification in assuming a garb

\* We must nevertheless leave the very worst aspect of female old age to the iron pen of a French authoress;—"Aux esclaves de la mode, quand toute jouissance d'amour-propre est enlevée, quand tout intérêt de passion est ravi, il reste pour plaisirs le mouvement, la clarté des lustres, le bourdonnement de la foule. Après tous les rêves de l'amour ou de l'ambition, subsiste encore le besoin de brui- re, de veiller, de dire: *j'y étais hier, j'y serai demain*. C'est un triste spectacle que celui de ces femmes flétries qui cachent leurs rides sous des fleurs, et couronnent leurs fronts hâves de diamans et de plumes. Chez elles tout est faux—la taille, le teint, les cheveux, le sourire. Chez elles tout est triste—la parure, le fard, la gaieté: Spectres échappés aux saturnales d'une autre époque, elles viennent s'asseoir aux banquets d'aujourd'hui, comme pour donner à une jeunesse une triste leçon de philosophie—comme pour lui dire: *c'est ainsi que vous passerez*."

which was no positive blazon of age, though the greatest accommodation to it.

Let no one think we exaggerate the importance of dress. As far as we see, there is nothing that can be proved to be half so important. Whether we visit old countries, or discover new, or read history, or study mankind under this aspect or that, but one and the same result invariably presents itself, viz. that human nature, in all times and in all latitudes, is found, has been found, and will ever be found with the same wants and wishes, passions, and propensities, promises and disappointments—only in a different dress:—that, as the author of *Sartor Resartus* would say, Man is the same clothes-horse, whether painted in the high ruff of Zuccherò, or in the low collar of Sir Joshua.

In a portrait painter this is especially apparent. Difference of costume is to him what difference of scenery is to the landscape-painter. It is not all, but it is a great portion of that which makes a Gainsborough not a Holbein, and a Cuyp not a Claude. It is as much, and more perhaps, the rigid stuffs which made Holbein stiff, and the flowing draperies which made Vanddyke graceful, or *vice versâ*. The portrait-painter, too, is after all the only real authority for the true spirit of a costume. Missals and monuments, and the Bayeux tapestry, and the Harleian manuscripts will furnish curious details for the antiquary, and such a satirist as Hogarth absurd extremes for the critic; but it is the general portrait-artist that can alone steer between the hobby of an individual, or the fashion of a season, and give us that prevailing effect under which the costume of a period should be viewed.

Holbein is our earliest authority for the real every-day aspect of English society. In his time that principle of deference for age was in vogue which we have been endeavoring to recommend. People started with the supposition that fifty years and upwards was the only sensible time of a woman's life; and those who had the misfortune to be younger had to make the best of it, being probably assisted by some suspicion that the greater the disparity between themselves and their costume the better they looked. The dress of the majority of Holbein's portraits is of all others best adapted to secure an honorable retreat for waning charms. Beneath the stern buckler of the deep stomacher it mattered



not what kind of shape lay concealed, for all were reduced to the same level. Beneath the stiff diamond-shaped cap—closed carefully between the edge and the temples with gold tissue—it was all one whether the hair was thick or thin, black, red, or white, for none at all was seen. The high make of the dress on back and shoulders covered what might be very beautiful in the bride, but prevented a deal of rheumatism in the matron. The modest and becoming partlet—a kind of habit-shirt made of good stout *opaque* materials—filled up all the space the gown left bare, and buttoned high up the throat with embroidered collar or frill. The handkerchief fastened upon the back of the cap in odd clumsy folds which puzzle costume hunters to account for, could be let down, as it had been generally worn in the previous reign, snug and warm round the shoulders, and kept out many a draught. The sleeves were full and close down to the wrists, with a ruffle half covering the hand, while all tell-tale outline was effectually stopped, as in Holbein's drawing of the buxom old Lady Butts, by a short mantle edged with fur. The cap more especially favored those whom, nowadays, we consider the worst treated. The decided colors of its materials, the jewels along the border, and the gold tissue often interwoven with scarlet threads, enlivened the duskiest complexion, while the stiff angular forms relieved the hardest features. The mask of the face stood out sharply defined, but well supported. The profile told nobly. The side of the cap descending along the cheek assisted to give the perfect oval in the young, and to conceal that junction between the throat and jaw-bone on which time is most legible. Altogether it was a head-dress too old in itself for any one to look very old in it. In this costume we see much to account for that peculiar truthfulness in Holbein which, to our view, so amply compensates for the absence of the laxer graces of a later period. With forms so settled and rigid no latitude was left to a painter. All ages looked stiff and decorous alike, or, if they did not, it was no fault of the dress.

But lest this should be thought too hard upon the young, it is evident that some choice was left to them, especially in the way of head-dress. This is seen in the drawings of Catherine Howard, of the Lady Audley, and of the exquisite Lady of Richmond with her downcast eyes, where a small circlet with drapery pendent from it

fits on about half-way of the head, advancing over the ears, and fastening under the chin; the hair being divided down the centre, and laid in simple bands low on the cheeks. This is a head-dress which the youngest beauty would find it no hardship to adopt, while, to show how much the costume makes the painter, Holbein's pencil is as graceful here as if it had been guided by Eastlake. The partlet too was made to come off on dress occasions, as we see in Anne Boleyn's and Jane Seymour's pictures—the square form of the stomacher showing the bust to advantage; and even when on, a button or two left unfastened answered the same purpose.

Queen Catherine Parr by Holbein is a good model also for those ladies who, though not precisely in the yellow leaf, are somewhat on the turn, Catherine herself not being above thirty years of age at the time. Her dress is black, in ample folds about the person; the throat seen, though the bust is covered; a slender border of hair visible beneath the close-sitting matronly hood; while the drapery pendent from it, and the large bustling sleeves, get rid of all that precision of outline which no one has any occasion to show or see.

From Holbein to Vandyke we may reckon a century; for the one died in 1554, and the other in 1641; and no century in English history shows such a complete revolution in female costume. In Queen Elizabeth, about half way between them, with her enormous ruffs, hideous wigs, allegorical garments, and equally overladen and exposed person, we see the representative of all that was extravagant, tasteless, and indelicate; and in the Queen of Scots, with her sweet hood, small lawn ruff, high sombre dress, and transparent veil over it, the model of all that was simple, graceful, and decorous: Each the head of a fashion of which our galleries afford us plenty of specimens; the elder and the plainer portion of the community, perhaps, oftener imitating the follies of her spinster Majesty than the proprieties of the widowed Mary, and *vice versâ*; a circumstance, we understand, especially observable at some late Fancy-Balls.

Still there remains no general picture on the mind; for the diversities of form were endless. Vandyke, like Holbein, seemed to lock the wheels of fashion for a time, and has bequeathed a distinct type. The great-grandchildren of those who had sat for Holbein now sat to him, but as differ-

ently apparelled as can well be imagined. Hair playing, drapery flowing, dropping laces, delicate linens, glossy silks—the stiff, wide, standing petticoat supplanted by a slender lengthened train—the head, the throat, the bust, the arms all bare—the contour of the figure all given, except where some rich drapery, secure in its own strength and glittering in its own light, wandered apparently at random across the figure, and was either caught up by a massive aigrette, or fell in ponderous folds below—a costume of apparent ease, but of infinite care—graceful, natural, withal a little indecorous—one which Vandyke alone seems to have been entitled to paint, and the young and the lovely to wear. Instead of the mean average of a lady's age being now rated at fifty and upwards, it fell to fifteen and under; for some of Vandyke's female portraits have even almost an infantine appearance, and with their playful hair curling all over the head, their short waists, tight pearl necklaces, thin transparent skins, and wandering artless eyes, and their full fair busts with only a rose by way of a tucker, they remind us of some round-chested child who has outgrown her frock, or of those waxen dolls, with expansive pink necks, which lie about without shame and without chemisettes in the open shops.

But, as we have explained before, a costume which is the special friend of youth and beauty, is a terrible tyrant to old age and homeliness. Any covering of Nature is better than any imitation of her, and imitations there will be when Nature herself is the Fashion. All whom she refused to help now did as they do still and ever will do—they helped themselves. Those who had neither fine hair nor fine complexions wore false; and what they could not mend they did not cover the more for that. We hardly remember any very old woman by Vandyke, except such as his *Infantas of Spain* and his *Margaret of Parma*, who are painted in their conventual garments; but there are plenty of specimens of a time of life for which such a costume as this was desperately out of season. His *Alathea Talbot* is an example. She had evidently always been ugly, and apparently never been young. Nevertheless she is represented with her hair curling all over her head, and low on to her eyebrows—a decided wig—her cheeks doubly painted, first by herself, and then by Vandyke—a heavy double chin—a dress sedulously open, and all de-

terioration of quality carefully made up for by a proportionate increase of quantity. Doubtless a fine Vandyke, but, for all that, a quiz! Even the heroic *Charlotte de la Tremouille*, Countess of Derby, whose young and graceful picture by Jansen was one of the greatest attractions at the British Gallery last summer, appears, when sitting to Vandyke, with at least ten years thrown off her dress, and many more than that added to her age.

It must be admitted, too, that the airy ringletty style of coiffure, which is one of the distinctive marks of this painter, was only becoming, even in the young, to the most evanescent species of beauty. To the higher styles of physiognomy it can never have been favorable. It suited small delicate features and waxen complexions, where it played in light golden or chestnut curls, and cast violet shadows on pink foreheads. It became the round pearly Flemish faces, always fair and always fat, of *Terburg's* and *Netscher's* ladies, who generally appear in this coiffure. It did well for faces like trim little villas, which may be overgrown with creepers, or overhung with willows; but fine features, like fine mansions, want space around them, and least of all can the smooth expanse of the forehead be spared; and dark complexions require the relief of still darker masses of hair; and dark massive hair is meant to lie languidly in grand easy forms, and not to twist and twirl and stand on tiptoe in trivial and transparent curls. We grudge the fine foreheads that have been frittered away by this coiffure, and long to lift up all that smothering fringe, and throw open the upper lights of the face. *Honthorst's* picture of the *Queen of Bohemia* is a specimen of this. She has the finely pronounced features, deep melancholy eyelids, and prophetic expression of *Charles I.*—a face, when young, to have bound with a classic fillet like a *Cassandra*—when old, to have swathed in drapery like one of *Michael Angelo's Fates*—or, at any age, to have crowned with a royal diadem like a *Queen* as she had been;—but which, as here given, with the dark heavy hair, like a curtain halfway down, hanging in a straight line over her eyebrows, and doubtless truer to reality thus than in Vandyke's lighter forms, looks as if all the real expression of the face were quenched—as if, like herself, it had been deprived of its native rights and inheritance.

This coiffure continues into the time of



Charles II., only that the little curls hang longer and looser, and seem, like the rest of the costume, to have arrived at their places more by accident than design. As for Lely's pictures, they are neither to be considered as authority for old or for young. His ladies can only be compared to Irish beggars, wandering roofless, without clothes enough to cover them, and what they have all hanging by a single pearl. The contour of the figure, utterly concealed in some parts by a huddled confusion of drapery, in others is not concealed by anything at all—a profusion of gown just about their knees, but a great falling off above, as if it had slipped from their shoulders and tumbled into their laps—a costume they have apparently slept in the night before coming to Sir Peter's studio, or might retire to rest in without change immediately on quitting it—all looking young and fair and merry, but none in the least innocent. As to an old woman by Lely, we might as well expect a young one by Rembrandt, or a refined one by Rubens. Such an anomaly does not exist. Poor Catherine of Braganza, in his second picture of her, painted with a loose scarf over her chemise, is as old a sitter as any he ever attempted, but she looks more like a bloated child cheated of a box of sugar-plums than a corpulent middle-aged ill-used woman.

We pass over Hogarth. Unquestionable as is his authority for portions and details of a woman's dress, we see it rather as subservient to his particular intention, and that intention one of singling out particular characteristics, than as indicative of the average appearance of society. Hogarth dressed his women doubtless strictly in the fashion of the day, but still always strictly for his own purposes. They are always ogling, leering, scolding, or simpering, and the dress doing the same. Neither would we have painted costume, nor the Spectator written upon it, had not that which fell under their notice been rather the novelty than the order of the day. Hogarth dealt in extremes. His costumes can be equally all that is modest, as all that is bold; and of course he was right, for a Hogarth will find both in any age or garb. He would have made Lely's loose undress look modest, or Holbein's rigid covering impudent, if it had suited his purpose; but this does not tell us how far the general character of the dress of that time was expressive of either.

We leap at once to him who has done more than any one else to vindicate the art

of portrait-painting as indigenous to our country—who started it afresh from its lethargy, and recovered it from its errors—placed himself at once above all his countrymen who have preceded him, and has remained above all who had followed. Like Holbein and Vandyke, Sir Joshua put his stamp upon the times; or rather, like a true artist and philosopher, he took that aggregate impression which the times gave. Each has doubtless given his sitters a character of his own, but this is not our argument. Each has also made his sitters what the costume of the time contributed to make them. If Vandyke's women are dignified and lofty, it is his doing, for he was dignified and lofty in all his compositions; if they are also childish and trivial, it is the accident of the costume; for he was never either in his other pictures. If Reynolds's sitters are all simple, earnest, and sober, it is because he was the artist, for he was so in all he touched; if they are also stately, refined, and intellectual, it was the effect of the costume, for he was not so in his other conceptions. For instance, Lady St. Asaph, with her infant, lolling on a couch, in a loose tumbled dress, with her feet doubled under her, is sober and respectable looking—in spite of dress and position. Mrs. Hope, in an enormous cabbage of a cap, with her hair over her eyes, is blowsy and vulgar in spite of Reynolds.

To our view the average costume of Sir Joshua was excessively beautiful. We go through a gallery of his portraits with feelings of intense satisfaction, that there should have been a race of women who could dress so decorously, so intellectually, and withal so becomingly. Not a bit of the costume appeals to any of the baser instincts. There is nothing to catch the vulgar or fix the vicious. All is pure, noble, serene, benevolent. They seem as if they would care for nothing we could offer them, if our deepest reverence were not with it. We stand before them like Satan before Eve, "stupidly good," ready to abjure all the fallacies of the Fathers, all the maxims of the moderns—ready to eat their own words if they disapproved them—careless what may have been the name or fame, family or fortune, of such lofty and lovely creatures—yea, careless of their very beauty, for the *soul* that shines through it. And then to think that they are all dead!

The mere inventory is soon given. An enormous pile of powdered hair, rising with



an easy curve direct from the forehead, and ascending story upon story, with jewels or feathers intermixed, or a scarf carelessly wound round it. The dress fitting close to the figure made high on the shoulders and low in front. The sleeves tight, and finishing at the elbow, with deep double or treble ruffles. The waist long and small, with a rich girdle slung around it. The skirt descending in heavy folds, much the same as in the Vandyke portraits, or tucked up round the waist in coquettish puffs, showing a rich petticoat underneath. Sometimes a graceful upper robe with collar and facings of ermine, entirely open in front, and held on apparently only by the loose sleeves through which the arms are passed. Plenty of rich laces, edge over edge up to the throat for the old, or a frill round the throat for the elderly—no tags or trumpery, or reliance on small manœuvres, but all in good large masses and continuous lines.

But the refined and intellectual side of this costume is not so easily described. This first resides especially in the shoulders and bust, which, owing perhaps to the superincumbent weight of the head, bend slightly forward with ineffable grace, showing us as plain as possible the flat well-shaped back we do not see. Beautifully does the dress sit round this portion of the figure, clinging closely rather than fitting tightly; with none of that stuffed appearance too common in our modern belles—(who seem as if they took the shape of their dresses, and not *vice versâ*—as if they were cast into them like metals into a mould)—but breaking into a thousand easy puckers and folds, as if the dress followed the sweet windings of the form in its own free way, rather than was strained tight to display it—we have said it was long and small—but we should not know where it was at all, but for those easy lines which wrap round it, and for that rich girdle which has slipped down naturally to the smallest part. Then the high make of the dress on the shoulders has a peculiar refinement, giving that vestal-like narrowness to this part of the person which conveys the idea of feminine delicacy and elasticity, rather than of masculine width and strength:—the chest, however, not contracted, but showing its free rise by the graceful oval with which the line of the dress dips across it. Lightly does this portion of the figure rise from the spreading drapery below, like an urn from its pedestal, and lightly does it carry that ponderous head-dress above,

as if its action were steadied but not encumbered by the weight.

In this high head-dress lies the intellect of the picture, and a thousand other charms. Wherever we see the upward line of the forehead continued, whether in the grandest specimen of ancient art, or the commonest costume of peasant life, we feel that a mental dignity is given to the whole person. It is the *idea* of elevation in the part where by nature it is most noble which conveys this impression. A woman thus costumed looks a High Priestess, dedicate to noble things. This is more especially the case when it is the hair itself which gives this height to the head. For, of all the weapons of beauty which a woman possesses for good or for evil, it is her hair in which lies most of the expression of either. It is the low head, with loose wandering tresses, more than any other feature of the dress or undress, which, from the days of the syrens of mythology to those of Charles II.'s "glorious gallery," has most undeniably revealed the Delilah. Gather them up, or conceal them under a hood, and the woman is reformed. On this account very long loose flowing hair is only suitable for children or very young girls. A woman with her hair on her shoulders infallibly looks untidy, or something worse.

What countenance is there also which does not improve with the uncovering of the forehead?—not protruding, bare and bald, as when the hair is tightly drawn back from it, which few can stand, but rearing itself up like a grand pillar beneath a lofty parapet, receiving shelter in return for yielding support, and looking firm and stately, as if able to bear that or anything else in the world we might like to put upon it. But it is not so much the forehead alone, as a particular part of it, for which we recommend this coiffure. It is that exquisite line along the roots of the hair—the graceful undulation of the *shores* of the head, thus given to sight, with which we are fascinated. Here the skin is invariably found finer, and the colors tenderer, than in any other part of the human face—like the smooth pure sands where the tide has just retired. This is a portion the more intended to be shown, inasmuch as time seems to make no impression upon it. It is always beautiful, whether peeped at under the sunny locks of childhood, or seen glittering among the snowy hairs of age.

Nor can there be a greater mistake than to condemn this style of head-dress, as

many thoughtlessly do, for the size it gives to the head. It may do this in fact, but it does not in idea, and it is the impression a costume produces on the mind for which we are contending. Wherever the face and forehead are left totally free, as in Sir Joshua's pictures, we feel the head-dress above them to be a distinct thing. They are not part of it, they only support it, and that most lightly, too. We should as soon think of calling Rubens' female figures in his "Abraham offering bread and wine to Melchizedek" at Lord Westminster's, large headed, because they are carrying great baskets of fruit. But the moment the face is covered in any way by the hair, or both face and hair are covered by anything else, as in the case of Mrs. Hope, with her loose coiffure and immense cap, the distinction ceases—head and head-dress become one, and the impression left is no longer of a head carrying a load with ease and freedom, but of one overpowered beneath it. This rule does not apply when such a cap or coiffure is seen on a child, as in Sir Joshua's picture of little Lady Caroline Clinton feeding her cocks and hens; for children by nature have large heads, and the intellectual expression produced by the bare forehead and face is out of character with them.

Even with the high coiffure we have been commending, it will not do to have any portion of the hair upon the forehead. We see this in the Duchess of Marlborough's picture, who, though with her hair raised up in the usual style of the day, has a part of it falling in loose boughs on the forehead, by which the whole lightness of the effect is destroyed. Conceal any part of the support, and that which is supported will instantly look top-heavy. Show the whole face, and you may put what you will upon it. This may have been partly owing, we admit, to the absence of powder in this instance—for, in no respect was the wisdom of our grandmothers more apparent than in the use of this ingredient. There may have been a thousand objections to powder—upon which all these books of costume are very eloquent—but those ladies knew that it heightened their complexions, brightened their eyes, and lightened their whole general aspect; and, like sensible women, were satisfied that such reasons for, were worth all that could be brought against it. At all events, let these have been what they may, we cannot help thinking our grandmothers quite as justifiable in imitating grey hair when young, as their

grand-daughters in buying Jew-black or Barber's-brown tresses when old.

It is true, perhaps, as respects the domestic habits of life, that the dress of Sir Joshua's portraits was not adapted for any very active utilitarian feats. It was not made for walking fast or far, for running, jumping, climbing, or any such extraordinary movement, but it was one in which, if a lady condescended to move at all, she did it with infinite grandeur and grace, and danced a minuet to perfection. The head-dress also did not precisely admit of a lady's nodding, or giggling, or romping—or of being forward, flighty, boisterous, or passionate—or awfully enthusiastic, lively, and bustling; but it was one in which she might smile bewitching, or frowning deadly—be graciously interested, or sovereignly indifferent—be sweet, feminine, earnest, and confiding—capricious, arch, sly, and even saucy to the greatest possible advantage.

From that time to this we consider there has not been a costume fit for a woman to wear; and how so many have condescended to live and die in the unbecoming absurdities which fill the fashion books and encumber our walls, we must leave for some "Lady of Rank" to solve. We have encroached long enough upon a subject which our fair readers may perhaps contend was no affair of ours from the beginning, but which they will remember we did not venture upon till we had most distinctly proved so to be.

Some interesting observations might be further made, if they would allow us, on the subject of English women's dressing as compared with that of the French and Germans; and in both cases we would venture to promise to bring them off triumphant. Against the Germans this would be no great victory, for we should philosophically define them, men and women, as the worst dressed nation in the world; but we would not hesitate to assert their general superiority even to the French. That these do excel in one important point of taste—namely, consistency of costume with age—we have freely admitted. They are also better students, in several ways, of position and occasion:—but we think that it might be made pretty clear that, wherever they do excel us, it is less from a superiority of principle than from a happier turn in an intenser vanity.

We adhere, then, to our old creed, that if Nature has given man a strong instinct for dress, it is because she has given him woman as an object for it. Whatever,



therefore, may be the outward practice of the present day, the moral foundation is right. She dresses herself to please him, and he dresses her to please himself; and

this is a distinction between these two animals which will perhaps apply to more subjects than that of *dress*.

From Tait's Magazine.

### ALFRED TENNYSON.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF A "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

THE subject of the following sketch seems a signal example of the intimate relation which sometimes exists between original genius, and a shrinking, sensitive, and morbid nature. We see in all his writings the struggle of a strong intellect to "turn and wind the fiery Pegasus," of a most capricious, volatile, and dream-driven imagination. Tennyson is a curious combination of impulse, strength, and delicacy approaching to weakness. Could we conceive, not an Eolian harp, but a grand piano, played on by the swift fingers of the blast, it would give us some image of the sweet, subtle, tender, powerful, and changeful movements of his verse, in which are wedded artificial elegance, artistic skill, and wild, impetuous impulse. It is the voice and lute of Ariel; but heard not in a solitary and enchanted island, but in a modern drawing-room, with beautiful women bending round, and moss-roses breathing, in their faint fragrance, through the half-opened windows. Here, indeed, lies the paradox of our author's genius. He is haunted, on the one hand, by images of ideal and colossal grandeur, coming upon him from the isle of the Syrens, the caves of the Kraken, the heights of Ida, the solemn cycles of Cathay, the riches of the Arabian heaven; but, on the other hand, his fancy loves, better than is manly or be-seeming, the tricky elegancies of artificial life—the "white sofas" of his study—the trim walks of his garden—the luxuries of female dress—and all the tiny comforts and beauties which nestle round an English parlor. From the sublime to the snug, and *vice versa*, is with him but a single step. This moment toying on the carpet with his cat, he is the next soaring with a roc over the valley of diamonds. We may liken

him to the sea-shell which, sitting complacently and undistinguished amid the commonplace ornaments of the mantel-piece, has only to be lifted to give forth from its smooth ear the far-rugged boom of the ocean breakers. In this union of feminine feebleness and imaginative strength, he much resembles John Keats, who at one time could hew out the vast figure of the dethroned Saturn, "quiet as a stone," with the force of a Michael Angelo, and, again, with all the gusto of a milliner, describe the undressing of his heroine in the "Eve of St. Agnes." Indeed, although we have ascribed, and we think justly, original genius to Tennyson, there is much in his mind, too, of the imitative and the composite. He adds the occasional languor, the luxury of descriptive beauty, the feminine tone, the tender melancholy, the grand aspirations, perpetually checked and chilled by the access of morbid weakness, and the mannerisms of style which distinguish Keats, to much of the simplicity and the philosophic tone of Wordsworth, the peculiar rhythm and obscurity of Coleridge and a portion of the quaintness and allegorizing tendency which were common with the Donnes, Withers, and Quarleses, of the seventeenth century. What is peculiar to himself is a certain carol, light in air and tone, but profound in burden. Hence his little lyrics—such as "Oriana," "Mariana at the Moated Grange," the "Talking Oak," the "May Queen"—are among his most original and striking productions. They tell tales of deep tragedy, or they convey lessons of wide significance, or they paint vivid and complete pictures, in a few lively touches, and by a few airy words, as if caught in dropping from the sky. By sobs of sound, by half hints of meaning, by

light, hurrying strokes on the ruddy chords of the heart, by a ringing of changes on certain words and phrases, he sways us as if with the united powers of music and poetry. Our readers will, in illustration of this, remember his nameless little song, beginning

"Break, break, break,  
On thy cold grey crags, O sea!"

which is a mood of his own mind, faithfully rendered into sweet and simple verse. It is in composition no more complicated or elaborate than a house built by a child, but melts you, as that house would, were you to see it after the dear infant's death. But than this he has higher moods, and nobler, though still imperfect aspirations. In his "Two Voices," he approaches the question of all ages—Whence Evil? And if he, no more than other speculators, unties, he casts a soft and mellow light around this Gordian knot. This poem is no fancy piece, but manifestly a transcript from his own personal experience. He has sunk into one of those melancholy moods incident to his order of mind, and has become "awearied of the sun," and of all the sun shines upon—especially of his own miserable idiosyncrasy. There slides in at that dark hour a still small voice: how different from that which thrilled on Elijah's ear in the caves of Horeb! It is the voice of that awful lady whom De Quincey calls *Mater tenebrarum*, our lady of darkness. It hints at suicide as the only remedy for human woes.

"Thou art so full of misery,  
Were it not better not to be?"

And then there follows an eager and uneasy interlocation between the "dark and barren voice," and the soul of the writer, half spurning, and half holding parley with its suggestions. Seldom, truly, since the speech by which Despair in Spenser enforces the same sad argument, did misanthropy breathe a more withering blight over humanity and human hopes; seldom did unfortunate, by a shorter and readier road, reach the conclusion, "there is one remedy for all," than in the utterances of this voice. Death in it looks lovely; nay, the one lovely thing in the universe. Again and again the poet is ready to yield to the desire of his own heart, thus seconded by the mystic voice, and, in the words of one who often listened to the same accents, to "lie down like a

tired child, and weep away this life of care." But again and again the better element of his nature resists the temptation, and beats back the melancholy voice. At length, raising himself from his lethargy, he rises, looks forth—it is the Sabbath morn, and, as he sees the peaceful multitudes moving on to the house of God, and as, like the *Anciente Mariner*, he "blesses them unawares," straightway the spell is broken, the "dull and bitter voice is gone," and, hark!

"A second voice is at his ear,  
A little whisper, silver-clear,"

and it gives him a hidden and humble hope, which spreads a quiet heaven within his soul. Now he can go forth into the fields, and

"Wonder at the bounteous hours,  
The slow result of winter showers,  
You scarce can see the grass for flowers."

All nature calls upon him to rejoice, and to the eye of his heart, at least, the riddle is read. Nay, we put it to every heart if this do not, more than many elaborate argumentations, touch the core of the difficulty. "Look up," said Leigh Hunt to Carlyle, when he had been taking the darker side of the question, and they had both come out under the brilliance of a starry night, "look up, and find your answer there!" And although the reply failed to convince the party addressed, who, looking aloft at the sparkling azure, after a pause, rejoined, with a deep sigh, and in tones we can well imagine, so melancholy and far withdrawn, "Oh! it's a sad sight;" yet, apart from the divine discoveries, it was the true and only answer. The beauty, whether of Tennyson's fields—where we "scarce can see the grass for flowers,"—or of Leigh Hunt's skies, "whose unwithered countenance is young as on creation's day," and where we find an infinite answer to our petty cavils—is enough to soothe, if not to satisfy, to teach us the perfect patience of expectancy, if not the full assurance of faith.

Tennyson, in some of his poems as well as this, reveals in himself a current of thought tending towards very deep and dark subjects. This springs partly from the metaphysical bias of his intellect, and partly from the morbid emotions of his heart. And yet he seems generally to toy and trifle with such tremendous themes, to touch them lightly and hurriedly, as one might hot iron, at once eager and reluctant



to intermeddle with them. Nevertheless, there is a perilous stuff about his heart, and upon his verse lies a "melancholy compounded of many simples." He is not the poet of hope, or of action, or of passion, but of sentiment, of pensive and prying curiosity, or of simple stationary wonder, in view of the great sights and mysteries of Nature and man. He has never thrown himself amid the heats and hubbub of society, but remained alone, musing with a quiet but observant eye upon the tempestuous pageant which is sweeping past him, and concerning himself little with the political or religious controversies of his age. There are, too, in some of his writings, mild and subdued vestiges of a wounded spirit, of a heart that has been disappointed, of an ambition that has been repressed, of an intellect that has wrestled with doubt, difficulty, and disease.

In Locksley Hall, for instance, he tells a tale of unfortunate passion with a gusto and depth of feeling, which (unless we misconstrue the mark of the branding iron) betray more than a fictitious interest in the theme. It is a poem breathing the spirit, and not much inferior to Byron's "Dream," in all but that clear concentration of misery which bends over it like a bare and burning heaven over a bare and burning desert. Locksley Hall, again, is turbid and obscure in language, wild and distracted in feeling. The wind is down, but the sea still runs high. You see in it the passion pawing like a lion who has newly missed his prey, not fixed as yet in a marble form of still and hopeless disappointment. The lover, after a season of absence, returns to the scene of his early education and hapless love, where of yore he

"Wandered, nourishing a youth sublime  
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result  
of time."

A feeling, cognate with, and yet more imperious than those his high aspirations, springs up in his mind. It arises in spring like the crest of a singing bird. It is the feeling of love for Amy his cousin, sole daughter of her father's house and heart. The feeling is mutual, and the current of their true love flows smoothly on, till interrupted by the interference of relatives. Thus far he remembers calmly; but here recollection strikes the fierce chord of disappointment, and he bursts impetuously forth—

"O, my cousin, shallow-hearted. O, my Amy, mine  
no more.  
O, the dreary, dreary moorland. O, the barren, barren  
shore."

Darting then one hasty and almost vindictive glance down her future history, he predicts that she shall lower to the level of the clown she has wedded, and that he will use his victim a little better than his dog or his horse. Nay, she will become

"Old and formal, suited to her petty part;  
With her little hoard of maxims, preaching down  
a daughter's heart."

But himself, alas! what is to become of him? Live he must—suicide is too base a back door out of existence for his brave spirit. But what to do with this bitter boon of being? There follow some wild and half-insane stanzas expressive of the ambitions and uncertainties of his soul. It is the Cyclops mad with blindness, and groping at the sides of his cave. He will hate and despise all women, or, at least, all British maidens. He will return to the orient land, whose "larger constellations" saw a father die. He will, in his despair, take some savage woman who shall rear his dusky race. But no—the despair is momentary—he may not mate with a squalid savage; he will rather revive old intellectual ambitions, and renew old aspirations, for he feels within him that the "crescent promise of his spirit has not set." It is resolved—but, ere he goes, let every ray of remaining love and misery go forth in one last accusing, avenging look at the scene of his disappointment and the centre of his woe.

"However these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall.

Now, for me, the woods may wither; now, for me, the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath andholt;

Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain, or hail, or fire, or snow,

For a mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go."

And thus the ballad closes, leaving, however, with us the inevitable impression that the unfortunate lover is not done with Locksley Hall nor its bitter memories, that Doubting Castle is not down, nor giant Despair dead—that the calls of the curlews around it will still resound in his ears, and the pale face of its Amy still unutterably

beloved, will come back upon his dreams—that the iron has entered into his soul—and that his life and his misery are henceforth commensurate and the same.

Among the more remarkable of Tennyson's poems, besides those already mentioned, are "The Poet," "Dora," "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," "Ænone," "The Lotos Eaters," "Ulysses," "Godiva;" and "The Vision of Sin." "The Poet" was written when the author was young, and when the high ideal of his art was just dawning upon his mind. It is needless to say that his view of the powers and influences of poetry is different from what prevails with many in our era. Poetry is, with him, no glittering foil to be wielded gaily on gala days. It is, or ought to be, a sharp two-edged sword. It is not a baton in the hand of coarse authority—it is a magic rod. It is not a morning flush in the sky of youth, that shall fade in the sun of science—it is a consuming and imperishable fire. It is not a mere amusement for young love-sick men and women—it is as serious as death, and longer than life. It is tuned philosophy—winged science—fact on fire—"truth springing from earth"—high thought—voluntarily moving harmonious numbers. His "Poet" is "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love," and his words "shake the world."

The author, when he wrote "The Poet," was fresh from school, and from Shelley, his early idol. Ere writing "Dora" he had become conversant with the severer charms of Wordsworth; and that poem contains in it not one figure or flower—is bare, literal, and pathetic as the book of Ruth. Its poetry is that which lies in all natural life, which, like a deep quiet pool, has only to be disturbed in the slightest degree to send up in dance those bells and bubbles which give it instantly ideal beauty and interest, and lo! the pool becomes a poem!

His "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" is a poem of that species which connects itself perpetually, in feeling and memory, with the original work, whose quintessence it collects. It speaks out the sentiments of millions of thankful hearts. We feel in it what a noble thing was the Arabian mind—like the Arabian soil, "all the Sun's"—like the Arabian climate, fervid, golden—like the Arabian horse, light, elegant, ethereal, swift as the wind. "O, for the golden prime of good Haroun Alras-chid!" O for one look—though it

were the last—of that Persian maid, whom the poet has painted in words vivid as colors, palpable almost as sense. Talk of enchantment! The "Thousand-and-one Nights" is one enchantment—more powerful than the lamp of Aladdin, or the Open Sesame of Ali Baba. The author, were he *one*—not many—is a magician—a genie—greater than Scott, than Cervantes, equal to Shakspeare himself. What poetry, passion, pathos, beauty of sentiment, elegance of costume, ingenuity of contrivance, wit, humor, interest, variety, tact in transition, sunniness of spirit, dream-like wealth of imagination, incidental but precious light cast upon customs, manners, history, religion—everything, in short, that can amuse or amaze, instruct or delight, the human spirit! Like the Pilgrim's Progress—devoured by boys, it is devout study for bearded men.

Tennyson has expressed, especially, the moon-light voluptuousness of tone and spirit which breathes around those delicious productions, as well as the lavish magnificence of dress and decoration, of furniture and architecture, which were worthy of the witch element, the sunny climate, and the early enchanted era, where and when they were written. But we doubt if he mates adequately with that more potent and terrible magic which haunts their higher regions, as in the sublime picture of the Prince's daughter fighting with the Enchanter in mid air, or in the mysterious grandeur which follows all the Adventures of Aboulfaouris. With this, too, indeed, he must have sympathy; for it is evident that he abundantly fulfils Coleridge's test of a genuine lover of the Arabian Nights. "Do you admire," said the author of *Kubla Khan* to Hazlitt, "the Thousand-and-one Nights?" No; was the answer. "That's because you *don't dream*." But surely, since the "noticeable man, with large grey eyes," awoke in death from his long life-dream, no poet has arisen of whom the word were more true than of Tennyson, whether in reproach or commendation, asleep or awake—"Behold this dreamer cometh."

In "Ænone," we find him up on the heights of Ida, with the large foot-prints of gods and goddesses still upon its sward, and the citadel and town of Troy, as yet unfallen, as yet unassailed, visible from its summit. Here the poet sees a vision of his own—a vision which recorded in verse, forms a high third with Wordsworth's "Laodamia" and Keats's "Hyperion," in a classical style.



Less austere and magnificent than the poem of Keats, which seems not so much a torso of earthly art as a splinter fallen from some other explored world—less chaste, polished, and spiritual, than Laodamia, that Elgin marble set in Elysian light, it surpasses both in picturesque distinctness and pathetic power. The story is essentially that of "Locksley Hall," but the scene is not the flat and sandy moorland of Lincolnshire, but the green gorges and lawns of Ida. The deceived lover is CEnone, daughter of a River God. She has been deceived by Paris, and her plaint is the poem. Melancholy, her song, as that of a disappointed woman—melodious, as that of an aggrieved goddess. It is to Ida, her mother mountain, that she breathes her sorrow. She tells her of her lover's matchless beauty—of her yielding up her heart to him—of the Deities descending to receive the golden apple from his hands—of his deciding it to Venus, upon the promise of the "fairest and most loving wife in Greece"—of his abandonment of CEnone, and of her despair. Again and again, in her agony, she cries for Death; but the grim shadow, too busy in hewing down the happy, will not turn aside at her miserable bidding. Her despair at last becomes fury; her tears begin to burn; she will arise; she will leave her dreadful solitude—

"I will rise and go  
Down into Troy, and, ere the stars come forth,  
Talk with the wild Cassandra; for she says  
A fire dances before her, and a sound  
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.  
What this may be I know not; but I know  
That, wheresoe'er I am, by night and day  
All earth and air seems only burning fire."

And fancy follows CEnone to Ilium, and sees the two beautiful broken-hearted maidens meeting, like two melancholy flames, upon one funeral pile, mingling their hot tears, exchanging their sad stories, and joining, in desperate exultation, at the prospect of the ruin which is already darkening, like a tempest, round the towers and temples of Troy. It is pleasant to find from such productions that, after all, the poetry of Greece is not dead—that the oaks of Delphos and Dodona have not shed all their oracular leaves—that the lightnings in Jove's hand are still warm—and the snows of Olympus are yet clear and bright, shining over the waste of years—that Mercury's feet are winged still—and still is Apollo's hair unshorn—that the Mythology of Homer, long dead to belief, is still alive to the airy purposes of poetry—that,

though the "dreadful Infant's hand" hath smitten down the gods upon the capitol, it has left them the freedom of the Parnassian Hill; and that a Wordsworth, or a Tennyson, may even now, by inclining the ear of imagination, hear the River God plunging in Scamander—CEnone wailing upon Ida—Old Triton blowing his wreathed horn; for never was a truth more certain than that

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

We had intended to say something of his "Lotos-eaters," but are afraid to break in upon its charmed rest—to disturb its sleepy spell—to venture on that land "in which it seemed always afternoon"—or to stir its melancholy, mild-eyed inhabitants. We will pass it by, treading so softly that the "blind mole may not hear a footfall." We must beware of slumbering, and we could hardly but be dull on the enchanted ground.

While the "Lotos-eaters" breathes the very spirit of luxurious repose, and seems, to apply his own words, a perfect poem in "perfect rest," "Ulysses" is the incarnation of restlessness and insatiable activity. Sick of Ithaca, Argus, Telemachus, and (*sub rosa*) of Penelope too, the old much-enduring Mariner King is again panting for untried dangers and undiscovered lands.

"My purpose holds,  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die."

Tennyson, with his fine artistic instinct, saw that the idea of Ulysses at rest was an incongruous thought, and has chosen rather to picture him journeying ever onwards towards Infinity or Death—

"It may be that the gulphs will wash us down—  
It may be, we shall reach the happy isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we know."

And with breathless interest, and a feeling approaching the sublime, we watch the grey-headed Monarch stepping, with his few aged followers, into the bark, which is to be their home till death, and stretching away towards Eternity. And every heart and imagination cry out after him—"Go, and return no more."

"Godiva" is an old story newly told—a delicate business delicately handled—the final and illuminated version of an ancient and world-famous tradition. Its beauty is, that like its heroine, it is "clothed on with chastity." It represses the imagination as gently and effectually as her naked virtue did the eye. We hold our breath, and

shut every window of our fancy, till the great ride be over. And in this trial and triumph of female resolution and virtue, the poet would have us believe that Nature herself sympathized—that the light was bashful, and the sun ashamed, and the wind hushed, till the great pilgrimage was past—and that, when it ended, a sigh of satisfaction, wide as the circle of earth and heaven, proclaimed Godiva's victory.

The "Vision of Sin" strikes, we think, upon a stronger, though darker, chord than any of his other poems. There are in it impenetrable obscurities, but, like jet black ornaments, some may think them dearer for their darkness. You cannot, says Hazlitt, make "an allegory go on all fours." A vision must be hazy—a ghost should surely be a shadow. Enough, if there be a meaning in the mystery, an oracle speaking through the gloom. The dream is that of a youth, who is seen riding to the gate of a palace, from which

"Came a child of Sin,  
And took him by the curls, and led him in."

He is lost straightway in mad and wicked revel, tempestuously yet musically described. Meanwhile, unheeded by the revellers, a "vapor, (*the mist of darkness!*) heavy, hueless, formless, cold," is floating slowly on towards the palace. At length it touches the gate, and the dream changes, and such a change!

"I saw  
A grey and gap-toothed man, as lean as Death,  
Who slowly rode across a withered heath,  
And lighted at a ruined inn."

And lighted there, he utters his bitter and blasted feelings in lines, for which we have not room; but reminding us, from their fierce irony, their misanthropy, their thrice-drugged despair, of Swift's "Legion Club;" and—as in that wicked, wondrous poem—a light sparkle of contemptuous levity glimmers with a ghastly sheen over the putrid pool of malice and misery below, and cannot all disguise the workings of that remorse, which is not repentance. At length this sad evil utterance dies away in the throat of the expiring sinner, and behind his consummated ruin there arises a "mystic mountain range," along which voices are heard lamenting, or seeking to explain the causes of his ruin. One says—

"Behold, it was a crime  
Of sense avenged by sense, that wove with time."

Another—

"The crime of sense became  
The crime of malice, and is equal blame."

A third—

"He had not wholly quenched his power—  
A little grain of conscience made him sour."

And thus at length, in a darkness visible of mystery and grandeur, the "Vision of Sin" closes:—

"At last I heard a voice upon the slope  
Cry to the summit, Is there any hope?  
To which an answer pealed from that high land,  
But in a tongue no man could understand;  
And on a glimmering limit, far withdrawn,  
God made himself an *awful rose of dawn*."

A reply there is; but whether in the affirmative or negative we do not know. A revelation there is; but whether it be an interference in behalf of the sinner, or a display, in ruddy light, of God's righteousness in his punishment, is left in deep uncertainty. Tennyson, like Addison in his "Vision of Mirza," ventures not to withdraw the veil from the left side of the eternal ocean. He leaves the curtain to be the painting. He permits the imagination of the reader to figure, if it dare, shapes of beauty, or forms of fiery wrath, upon the "awful rose of dawn," as upon a vast background. It is his only to start the thrilling suggestion.

After all, we have considerable misgivings about placing Tennyson—for what he has hitherto done—among our great poets. We cheerfully accord him great powers; but he is, as yet, guiltless of great achievements. His genius is bold, but is waylaid at almost every step by the timidity and weakness of his temperament. His utterance is not proportionate to his vision. He sometimes reminds us of a dumb man with important tidings within, but only able to express them by gestures, starts, sobs, and tears. His works are loopholes, not windows, through which intense glimpses come and go, but no broad, clear, and rounded prospect is commanded. As a thinker, he often seems like one who should perversely pause a hundred feet from the summit of a lofty hill, and refuse to ascend higher. "Up! the breezes call thee—the clouds marshal thy way—the glorious prospect waits thee, as a bride for her husband—angels or gods may meet thee on the top—it may be thy Mountain of Transfiguration." But, no; the pensive or wilful poet chooses to remain below.

Nevertheless, the eye of genius is flashing in Tennyson's head, and his ear is unstoppered, whether to the harmonies of nature,



or to the still sad music of humanity. We care not much in which of the tracks he has already cut out, he may choose to walk; but we would prefer if he were persuaded more frequently to see visions and dream dreams—like his “Vision of Sin”—imbued with high purpose, and forming the Modern Metamorphoses of truth. We have no hope that he will ever be, in the low sense, a popular poet, or that to him the task is allotted of extracting music from the railway train, or of setting in song the “fairy tales of science”—the great astronomical or geological discoveries of the age. Nor is he likely ever to write anything which, like the poems of Burns or Campbell, can go directly to the heart of the entire nation. For no “Song of the Shirt” even, need we look from him. But the imaginativeness of his nature, the deep vein of his moral sentiment, the bias given to his mind by his early reading, the airy charm of his versification, and the seclusion in which he lives, like a flower in its own peculiar jar, all seem to prepare him for becoming a great spiritual dreamer, who might write not only “Recollections of the Arabian Nights,” but Arabian Nights themselves, equally graceful in costume, but impressed with a deeper sentiment, chastened into severer taste, and warmed with a holier flame. Success to such pregnant slumbers! soft be the pillow as that of his own “Sleeping Beauty;” may every syrup of strength and sweetness drop upon his eyelids, and may his dreams be such as to banish sleep from many an eye, and to people the hearts of millions with beauty!

On the whole, perhaps Tennyson is less a prophet than an artist. And this alone would serve better to reconcile us to his silence, should it turn out that his poetic career is over. The loss of even the finest artist may be supplied—that of a prophet, who has been cut off in the midst of his mission, or whose words some envious influence or circumstance has snatched from his lips, is irreparable. In the one case, it is but a painter’s pencil that is broken; in the other, it is a magic rod shivered. Still, even as an artist, Tennyson has not yet done himself full justice, nor built up any structure so shapely, complete, and living, as may perpetuate his name.

Alfred Tennyson is the son of an English clergyman in Lincolnshire. He is of a retiring disposition, and seldom, though sometimes, emerges from his retirement into the literary coteries of London. And yet wel-

come is he ever among them—with his eager physiognomy, his dark hair and eyes, and his small, black tobacco pipe. Some years ago, we met a brother of his in Dumfries, who bore, we were told, a marked, though miniature resemblance to him—a beautiful painter and an expert versifier, after the style of Alfred.

The particulars of his literary career are familiar to most. His first production was a small volume of poems, published in 1831. Praised in the *Westminster* elaborately, and extravagantly eulogised in the *Englishman’s Magazine* (a periodical conducted by William Kennedy, but long since defunct, and which, according to some malicious persons, died of this same article)—it was sadly mangled by less generous critics. *Blackwood’s Magazine* doled it out some severely-sifted praise; and the author, in his next volume, rhymed back his ingratitude in the well-known lines to “Rusty, musty, fusty, crusty Christopher,” whose blame he forgave but whose praise he could not. Meanwhile he was quietly forming a small but zealous cohort of admirers; and some of his poems, such as “Mariana,” &c., were universally read and appreciated. His second production was less successful, and deserved to be less successful, than the first. It was stuffed with wilful impertinencies and affectations. His critics told him he wrote ill, and he answered them by writing worse. His third exhibited a very different spirit. It consisted of a selection from his two former volumes, and a number of additional pieces—the principal of which we have already analysed. In his selection, he winnows his former works with a very salutary severity but what has he done with that delectable strain of the “Syrens?” We think he has acted well in stabling and shutting up his “Krakens” in their dim, ocean mangers; but we are not so willing to part with that beautiful sisterhood, and hope to see them again at no distant day, standing in their lovely isle, and singing—

“Come hither, come hither, and be our lords,  
For merry brides are we.  
We will kiss sweet kisses and speak sweet words.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Ye will not find so happy a shore,  
Weary mariners, all the world o’er.  
Oh fly, oh fly no more.”

The name of Tennyson always suggests to us those of Browning and Bayley. Of the works of Browning, with the exception of his brilliant “Paracelsus,” we are shamefully ignorant. But we have read

"Festus:" and who that has read has ever forgotten that prodigious poem? It is a Giant's Dream—say rather it is the work of a Lunatic Angel. Everything reels around you. As you enter, you find yourself in the centre of a tumultuous dance, in which Comets, Planets, and Stars are confounded. It is the "Faust" dreamed over again—with dread or ludicrous variations, all the poet's own. You find in it all contradictions reconciled—all improbabilities accomplished—all opposites paired—all formulas swallowed—all darings of thought and language attempted.—"What can come next?" is your incessant question, as you turn over its prodigious pages. "Is it *we*, or is it the author that is mad?" is another and rather ticklish inquiry, that irresistibly suggests itself; for madness, we feel, there is somewhere. It is, however, the madness of genius. It proclaims a furnace of soul heated seven times hotter than even that of commonly-gifted men. And whether the author lays the scene in Earth, or Hades, or Hell, or "Anywhere;" and whatever monstrous extravagancies of imagery and language he perpetrates (as when he speaks of "*feeding on buttered thunder*"), you feel you have to do with a powerful, capricious, ungovernable, fearless, and original spirit, who has dashed to pieces all the tables of common criticism, and whose only literary law is the great and awful soul within himself.

With Bayley, "silver is of no account." Golden images are even more plentiful than words. His figures rush out impetuously, like the pent breath of a diver, in thick, tumultuous succession. His pictures of nocturnal scenes, of the glories of the stars, are, in our judgment, unsurpassed in the compass of poetry. His soul and song swell up uniformly, and seem to fill the concave of the skies. It is as though a star were to break forth into singing, and proclaim the praises of her sister-orbs. So, with "harp, with harp, and voice of psalms," does Bayley's genius hymn the heavens.

A deep religion there is in "Festus," notwithstanding all his theoretical crotchets, and artistic absurdities. It is a boy of twenty wrestling with the mystery of the universe; and it is our wonder that he wrestles so faithfully and so nobly. We have no sympathy with his sentiments, but every sympathy with the spirit which animates and adds beauty to all.

Still, "Festus" is a perilous pledge—a

glove too gigantic for a youth to throw down. If he redeem it fully, he will prove himself to be, as Coleridge said of Shakespeare, "if he had grown to his full height, which he never did, he had not been a man, but a monster." If he do not redeem it, we may be compelled to call him (in another sense) a monstrous, not a man-like, birth; and his greatness may, after all, only be that of a huge hydrocephalic head—the token of powerful disease, and not of vigorous life and health. But we hope better things. We trust that, by stern self-culture, self-denial, and mild strong exercise given to his powers, he may rank—nay, does he not rank already?—with those of whom Keats speaks—

"But other spirits there do stand apart  
Upon the forehead of the age to come;  
These, these will give the world another heart  
And other pulses.

Hear ye not the hum  
Of mighty workings?  
Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb."

MR. ADAMS, THE ASTRONOMER.—The traveller who has come into Cornwall by the north road, must remember a long moorland tract between Launceston and Bodmin. If his journey was performed on the roof of the coach, against a biting south-wester, his memory will not need any refresher. The recollections of such an excursion are not to be effaced even by the consolations of the Jamaica Inn. A more desolate spot can scarcely be found. Yet nature sometimes grows men where she grows nothing else; and on this bleak moor she had produced at least one such man as, with all her tropical magnificence, she never produced within ten degrees of the equator. A few years ago a small farmer, named Adams, resident on the moor, had a boy, if we are correctly informed, who disappointed his father's hope of making a good agriculturist of him. His fits of abstraction and dreamy reverie were held to be very unpropitious. He somehow got a taste for mathematics, and this passion so grew upon him that he was at length abandoned to its impulses, and allowed to take his own way, in despair of a better. It was clear that he would never pick up prizes at a ploughing match or a cattle show—that the lord of the manor or 'squire of the parish would never have to stand up and make a solemn oration over him, showing him to wondering spectators as the man who had improved the breed of rams or fattened bullocks to a distressing obesity. Yet as the path to such fame was closed, there was still some small honor awaiting him. After a school training, he entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where, at the end of his undergraduateship, he became senior wrangler. He is now one of the mathematical tutors at that college, and the discoverer of the planet Neptune.—*West Briton*.



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## RECENT LITERATURE OF FRANCE AND GERMANY.

THE literature of France begins to exhibit cheering symptoms of returning health. The quotidian fever of the *Roman feuilleton* is evidently on the decline; and there is good reason to hope, that, ere long, it will become extinct, or at least cease to be epidemic, and figure only among the sporadic items in the literary bills of mortality. The disclosures made on the recent trials, in which Messrs. Dumas and Sue were parties, have damaged not only their personal reputation, but in no less a degree the commercial character of their manufactures. In spite of his numerous and well-organized staff of journeymen, in spite of the exceeding cleverness, fertility, and energy of the great master-manufacturer himself, who has accomplished, in the way of his trade, as he tells the world with becoming pride, "what no man ever did before, and no man will ever do again," in spite of all the unparalleled resources of the Dumas atelier, not to mention the relays of three horses always saddled and bridled, and three jockies, always booted and spurred, ready to glut the presses of the capital with copy; notwithstanding all this, the great contractor has broken down under the weight of his engagements. He has been forced to confess that literary fiction cannot be turned out of hand in as rapid abundance as cotton cloth, and that not even to him, unique among men, is granted the gift of unlimited production and unfailing success. Now, the system of *Roman feuilleton* presupposes these two impossible conditions. Criticism had demonstrated that truth, and now experience has fully ratified the conclusions of criticism. Monsieur Eugene Sue has tried with even worse success than M. Dumas, the fortune of legal warfare. It has been established in evidence that his "*Martin*" does not pay. Unhappy Monsieur Sue! Why did he venture into court? What infatuation prompted him to let that damning fact be recorded and blazoned to the world? Fatal, irrevocable doom of the *Roman feuilleton*! Worse than the lassitude of the brain-sucked author writing desperately to order,—worse than the utmost malignity of slashing or sneering criticism,—is the impracticable *vis inertia* of a public who have ceased to be amused, and will not buy.

The *Roman feuilleton* is dying out. Meanwhile, it will not have been the fault of M. de Balzac if it does not make an end worthy of itself. In his last novel, '*Les Parens Pauvres, La Cousine Bette*,' some of the peculiar attributes of this class of literature are carried out to an extraordinary degree of development. It is a downright nasty book, containing an ample assortment of turpitudes, adapted to every variety of vitiated taste. As a critic in the "*National*" has remarked, the work might have been better entitled, "*Guide des femmes entretenues*," or "*Manuel des maris complaisans et spéculateurs*." Among the personages of the novel we have a M. Hulot, a *chef de division* in the ministry of war, married to a handsome and virtuous woman, and father of a most charming daughter. This gentleman, at the age of fifty, plunges, by a strange anachronism, into all sorts of youthful excesses, and leads a merry life with grisettes, lorettes, and actresses. Then there is one M. Crevel, a retired perfumer, and captain in the *Garde Nationale*, a personage delineated in a style of extravagant caricature, exceeding even the ordinary license accorded to a *Roman feuilleton*. He makes certain proposals to Mme. Hulot, and backs them with an offer of three hundred thousand francs, telling her frankly at the same time that he is prompted by no other motive than a desire to be revenged on M. Hulot, who has filched his mistress from him. "Madame," he concludes, "je suis toqué de vous et vous êtes ma vengeance; c'est comme si j'aimais deux fois." And this is addressed to a lady in whom are combined "la distinction, la noblesse, la grace, la finesse, l'élégance, une chair à part, un tient broyé dans cet atelier inconnu où travaille le Hasard." Then there is the heroine of the story, the *femme entretenue, par excellence*, Mme. Marneffe, the lawful wife of a clerk in M. Hulot's office, mistress of M. Hulot and M. Crevel for lucre; mistress of Wincelas, M. Hulot's son-in-law, from motives of vanity, and mistress of a Brazilian from sensual inclination. She makes each of her four admirers believe that she is pregnant by him, and M. Marneffe, the putative father, calls all the possible fathers, himself included, "the five fathers of the church;" for he is

a cynical blackguard, this M. Marneffe, who trades openly in his own dishonor.

Mixed up with the doings of all these persons, we have cousin Bette (the poor relation), ugly, envious, and spiteful; she is at the bottom of all the intrigues and rascalities of this odious drama. The diabolical subtlety and malice with which M. de Balzac endows this country girl, suddenly transported to Paris, is surely inconsistent with the fidelity to nature on which he piques himself in his portraits.

Of course there is no such thing as poetical justice in the *dénouement*; that fashion is out of date. Mme. Hulot dies broken-hearted, and if Mme. Marneffe is punished, it is by falling a victim to the crime of another. M. Hulot, junior, a respectable *avocat*, contrives to have her poisoned. We understand that the novel has found many admirers, and that even among women of great pretensions on the score of refined taste and sentiment. A more disgusting book there is scarcely to be found in the detestable class to which it belongs, or one that more grossly outrages human nature and artistic truth.

Among the re-publications now in progress in Paris, two are deserving of special notice. These are the collected works of Chateaubriand, and an illustrated edition of Béranger, with entirely new designs by Charlet, Johannot, and others, and eight new *chansons* by the inimitable author. Two or three of the latter have appeared, and have acquired instantaneous and sterling popularity, particularly that one entitled "Notre Coq." We can only make room for three of the fourteen stanzas of which it consists; but these will afford no inadequate idea (*ex pede Herculem*) of the saucy military humor and admirable art of the whole composition. We cannot applaud either the religious notions of "Our Cock," who we fear has learned his theology in a bad school, or the moral of his song, which is a plain incentive to war; but we must make allowance for the force of habit in an old campaigner. The *chanson* begins thus:—

"Notre coq, d'humeur active,  
Las d'Alger, s'écrie : il faut  
Que jusqu' an bon Dieu j' arrive,  
Pour voir s'il s'endort là haut.  
J'ai response à tout qui vive.  
Co, co, coquérico,  
France, remets ton schako.  
Coquérico, coquérico."

Béranger is always singularly happy in his *refrains*: we need scarcely direct the reader's attention to the curious and startling effectiveness of this one. If the funds did not fall immediately on its publication, the bears were certainly not wide-awake. The cock flies up to heaven, looking in at the stars and planets on his way, and noting the most striking particulars in each of them. Beneath the dome of the sun he encounters the Emperor, who lends him for a guide on his further journey, his own imperial eagle:—*Du ciel il connaît la route*. St. Peter is smoking out of a window when they arrive at the celestial gate, and being no friend to cocks, for reasons of his own, he refuses the traveller admission; but an angel sets all right, and the cock struts in. After a short stay, during which he comports himself in rather a free-and-easy manner, he is ordered back to earth, for there is yet work there for him to do.

"Sous le drapeau tricolore  
Vas échauffer cœurs et bras,  
De vous j'ai besoin encore.  
Coq, bientôt tu chanteras  
Le reveil avant l'aurore.  
Co, co, coquérico,  
France, remets ton schako.  
Coquérico, coquérico."

"L'oiseau, prompt comme la foudre,  
Rentre au quartier général,  
Disant: L'on en va découder;  
Dieu fait seller son cheval;  
Les anges font de la poudre.  
Co, co, coquérico,  
France, remets ton schako.  
Coquérico, coquérico."

The recent bibliography of France is particularly rich in the department of modern French history: no fewer than five important new works of that class are now before us. These are, a "History of the Two Restorations," by M. de Vulabellé,\* of which three volumes out of the six have appeared; the respective first volumes of two "Histories of the Revolution," the one by Michelet, the other by Louis Blanc; two volumes of Lamartine's "History of the Girondins;" and lastly, De Tocqueville's "Louis XV." complete in two volumes.

The two volumes of M. de Vulabellé's work already published, comprise the history of the Bourbon princes from the

\* 1814, CENT JOURS. 1815. *Histoire des Deux Restorations, jusqu' à la chute de Charles X. in 1830, précédé d'un Précis Historique sur les Bourbons et le parti royaliste depuis la mort de Louis XVI.* Tomes I., II., III. Par ACHILLE DE VULABELLÉ.



emigration down to the embarkation of Napoleon for St. Helena; or rather, they embrace the history of France itself during that interval, notwithstanding that the author has endeavored to restrict himself within the narrower bounds appropriate to his nominal subject.

"Twenty-two years," he says, "divide the 10th of August, 1792, from the 12th of April, 1814, the day on which the Count d'Artois made his entry into Paris. During the first half of that period, the brothers of Louis XVI. had recourse successively to foreign invasion, to civil war, and to plots and conspiracies. The narrative of the efforts then made by the Royalists and the Bourbons belongs to the history of the Republic and the Consulate; the intrigues and the protestations of these princes, after 1804, fall within the province of the historians of the Empire. We will therefore draw upon those two epochs only for such facts as are indispensable towards the perfect understanding of the events that led to the Restoration."

As he goes over ground previously trodden by other historians, M. de Vaulabelle corrects some of their errors, or at least gives his own new reading of certain points. Thus, for instance, the account he gives of the manner in which the Five Hundred were turned out of doors by Bonaparte's brother-in-law, Leclerc, and his soldiers, differs considerably from the commonly received versions of the matter. The soldiers did not drive the deputies before them at the point of the bayonet; they merely marched up the hall, carrying arms, and occupied all the benches, one by one, as the members slowly withdrew from them.

"The Five Hundred made only a passive resistance. There was neither violence nor tumult. The deputies did not jump out of the windows as was stated; they did not run away, leaving their garments sticking to the bushes in the garden, as the story has been falsely told. On leaving the hall they all went and deposited their robes, girdles, and caps in the robing room. The greater number then went away to Paris; some fifty remained in St. Cloud; and it was this fraction that, having almost immediately re-assembled in formal sitting, passed, that evening, in concert with the Council of Ancients, the decree which declared the Directory to be dissolved."

The work is agreeably written, and gives evidence of care and conscientiousness on the part of the author. It is the third and the best which France now possesses on the same subject. The Abbé de Montgaillard's "*Histoire de France*," from the reign of Louis XIV. to 1825, with a continuation

to 1830, by his brother, the Count of Montgaillard, is caustic, clever, and curious; it may be consulted with advantage as an exponent of the views of a portion of the royalist party, but that is all. Its statement of facts even is not always correct. M. Capefigue's "*Histoire de la Restauration*," is perhaps the dullest, most insipid, and worthless book he has ever written, and that is saying a great deal.

Louis Blanc's History of the Revolution is to fill ten volumes, the first of which contains 592 pages. We cannot help thinking that he makes rather an excessive claim upon the patience of his readers. He comes too late in the day to be heard at such extreme length, especially since, although generally a very entertaining writer, he is not one whose political or philosophical judgment possesses any weight. His *forte* lies in narrative, and the delineation and dramatic exposition of character. Unfortunately, whilst the nature of his powers is peculiarly adapted to the concrete, his vanity, or some strange bias of his humor, continually urges him towards abstractions. He meets you upon the very threshold of this book, with a spick-and-span new metaphysical system which is to underlie the whole course of the succeeding narrative. Three grand principles, he says, share the world and history between them: viz. authority, individualism, and fraternity. The Catholic Church was the great incarnation of authority until the time of Luther, who introduced individualism, or the principle which gives man an exaggerated notion of his own rights, and no notion of duties, and makes government consist in mere *laissez faire*. Individualism rules the present; it is the soul of things as they are, but it is to be superseded some day by the principle of fraternity, for the future evidently belongs neither to the Pope nor to Luther. What is commonly called the French Revolution was, in fact, two revolutions, quite distinct from each other; namely: that of '89, effected in behalf of individualism; and that "which was only attempted tumultuously in the name of fraternity, and which fell on the 9th Thermidor" (a pretty euphemism for the Reign of Terror).

Out of all this jargon we collect that it is the author's design to prosecute his old feud with the *bourgeoisie* or middle class, the representatives of individualism, and to labor at the apotheosis of Robespierre, the apostle of fraternity. It is allowable to a

historian to have a theory, or in other words, to embody the meaning of what he relates in some general formula; but it is not allowable to start *à priori* from an arbitrary, narrow, and inflexible set of dogmas, and with a predetermined purpose to find them illustrated and confirmed in every point of historic detail. Now this is the very course pursued by Louis Blanc in his "History of Ten Years," and in his present work he seems bent on following out the same system, with even a greater degree of sophistical rigor.

His first volume is entirely introductory, and treats of the origins and causes of the Revolution; in quest of which he goes as far back as the beginning of the fifteenth century—at the same time remarking, with great truth, that he might have chosen any other still more remote point of departure; since, in ascending from effects to their causes, we are led continually upwards, until our inquiries terminate in the unknown, or in the Great First Cause. But a beginning he must make somewhere, and, as he has a theory to corroborate, he finds it convenient to begin with John Huss and Protestantism, the establishment of which he calls the inauguration of individualism in the Christian world, in politics and philosophy. This forms the subject of the first of the three books into which this preliminary essay is divided. The second book recounts the rise and progress of that middle class, "whose individualism naturally resulted in the establishment of the Empire." The third book is devoted to the eighteenth century, and aims at demonstrating how, "in spite of the efforts of Jean Jacques Rousseau, Mably, and even Necker, individualism became the principle of the *bourgeoisie*, and triumphed—in philosophy, through the school of Voltaire; in politics, through the school of Montesquieu; in industry, through the school of Turgot."

The range of matter comprised within this volume is, as we see, very extensive, and (apart from the writer's crotchety theories) it is treated with much spirit, force, and elegance. The book is particularly well adapted to the habits of a desultory reader; for, in fact, it resolves itself upon analysis into a series of smart magazine articles on Huss, Luther, and Calvin, Montaigne, the League, Feudalism, the Fronde and Jansenism, Louis XIV., the Regency, Voltaire, the Encyclopædists, Rousseau, &c. In justice to the author, of whose philosophy in general we have spoken so disparagingly,

we will translate the reflections with which he concludes his essay:—

"What!" he exclaims, "must we have blood, always blood, even when the conflict is for supremacy of ideas in their purely abstract essence? What law is this that to every great progress assigns, as its condition, some great disaster? Revolutions, like the plough, fertilize the soil only by rending its bosom. Wherefore? Whence comes it that duration is but destruction prolonged and self-renovated? Whence has death this power of engendering life? When thousands of persons perish beneath the ruins of the social edifice, 'what does it matter?' we say; the species advances." But is it just that whole races should be tortured and annihilated, that at some future day, in some undetermined epoch, other races may arise and enjoy the fruits of their predecessors' toils and sufferings? This immense and arbitrary immolation of the beings of yesterday to those of to-day, and of those of to-day to those of to-morrow, is it not of a nature to excite the profoundest repugnance of the conscience? To the wretches slaughtered before the altar of progress, what can progress seem but a sinister idol, an execrable and false divinity!

"These it must be owned would be terrible questions, had we not two principles to rely on for their solution; namely, the corporate unity (*solidarité*) of races, and the immortality of the human race. For, when once we admit that everything is transformed, and nothing is destroyed; when we believe in the impotence of death; when we are persuaded that successive generations are varied modes of one universal life that improves as it goes on; in a word, when we adopt the admirable definition devised by Pascal's genius, 'Humanity is a man who lives on and on, and is ceaselessly learning,' then the spectacle of so many accumulated catastrophes loses the appalling force with which it had oppressed the conscience; we no longer doubt the wisdom of the general laws that govern the world, or the existence of eternal justice; and we can follow, with unflinching gaze, the periods of that long and painful gestation of truth which is called history.

"Good alone is absolute, alone is necessary. Evil in the world! it is an immense accident; and this is why it is its part to be evermore vanquished. Now, whilst the victories of good are definitive, the defeats of evil are irrevocable. Printing will keep its ground; torture will not be re-established, nor will the fires of the Inquisition be lighted again. What do I say? It is becoming manifest, by the course of things, and by the common tendency of serious minds, that henceforth progress will never again be accomplished under violent conditions. Already commerce has demonstrated, in the mutual relations of nations, that war is not requisite for the propagation of ideas; and, in the affairs of civil life, reason proves, with continually increasing clearness, that order may be maintained without the aid of the executioner. Religion has ceased to make martyrs; it is high time that politics should cease to make victims."

The presses of Germany continue, as



usual, to pour forth abundant floods of printed sheets; the quantity seems even to be on the increase, but the quality declines in still more rapid proportion. The catalogues indicate the accustomed chaos of erudition, laborious technicality, and vapid *belletristik*; but, except in the department of lyric poetry, the dreary, cumbrous mass is scarcely enlightened by a ray of creative genius. Among the prose works, of a purely literary character, that have appeared in Germany within the last few months, one only appears to us to deserve that we should commend it to the attention of English readers. It is a treatise by the illustrious author of the "Village Tales of the Black Forest," on the theory of a subject, of which he has already evinced a practical mastery, scarcely equalled, and certainly unsurpassed, by any living writer in the world.\* In this treatise, Auerbach investigates the essential character of what, for want of a better phrase, we must crudely call "Folk literature;" both that which emanates from the people themselves, and that which is composed expressly for their use by more conscious artists. By "people," he means the great multitude of those who derive their notions of things chiefly from their own experience and from the immediate present, mingled with some traditional lore drawn from public and private history. The views and principles of these persons do not assume the form of a logical system, with an orderly sequence of premises and conclusions, but stand side by side promiscuously, and are expressed in proverbs that appeal for warranty of their truth to instinct and intuition rather than to ratiocination. Their feelings likewise find utterance of an equally direct kind; and in the songs and ballads of the untutored people are to be found the most exquisite, because the most natural and unsophisticated, lyric embodiments of human emotion. Poets of the greatest genius, and of the most consummate art, fully acknowledge this unrivalled quality of primitive song, and own that their highest triumph, as regards emotional expression, consists in the nearest possible approach to the simplicity and truth of many a thought enclosed in the rude setting of popular minstrelsy. How came the obscure poets of the people by this prerogative of excellence? They

owe it to the training thus described by Auerbach:—

"A village child grows up under primitive and natural circumstances. \* \* \* He is a living type of the first stage of the development of our race, the patriarchal condition. His life exhibits the same immediate connexion with nature, with trees, plants, and animals. His yet undeveloped mind feels its close affinity with them; he lives with them; trees and bushes are his comrades, silently he grows as they do. He feels a special attraction towards animals, which stand nearer to him by reason of the individuality of their lives; he ascribes to them his own sensations, and endows them, as well as the inanimate objects around him, with the attributes of human nature. \* \* \* The village is a little world which the mind of the boy can easily embrace. He knows every person by name, and is acquainted with their condition and circumstances. As it is the custom for people to salute each other when they meet, and to exchange some friendly words—a custom from which even little children are not excluded—the boy does not grow used every hour to pass people whom he does not know, with whom he has no manner of intercourse or relation, and who are as alien to him as the remotest bodies in space. Hence there grows up in the mind of the village child a sort of family feeling of community with those about him. Whoever has been born and bred in a village or a small town, often curiously remembers men and circumstances the most various and peculiar, which come bodily before the mind's eye, though he may never have been long or intimately connected with them.

"In later years this little world can no longer be thus apprehended as a whole; it always reminds the spectator of the greater world, and appears to him as a fragment. The contemplative mind, coming to it from abroad, no longer rests with such self-forgetfulness on outward things. One is too much engrossed with general or personal matters, and must of course pass by a thousand things without heeding or caring for them.

"Hence it comes that teachers, clergymen, and public functionaries, can seldom penetrate so deeply into the ways of village life as a child who has been surrounded by them from his birth. And even if they succeed—which seldom happens—in breaking through the ugly and deformed husk, and getting at the genuine kernel, still they bring with them, for the most part, to the contemplation of the matter, too many extraneous thoughts and reflections of all sorts. They cannot thoroughly understand this way of life because they were never at home in it.

"Hence I am inclined to maintain, that none but a person to the manner born thoroughly comprehends the life, ways, and doings of the common folk.

"The boy, especially in his earliest years, belongs entirely to what directly meets his eye: he stops at every object, loses himself completely in the interest it excites, and makes it wholly his own. With no conventional rules to bias his

\* *Schrift und Volk. Grundzüge der volksthümlichen Literatur, angeschlossen an eine Charakteristik J. P. Hebel's.* Von Berthold Auerbach. Leipzig. 1846.

natural tendencies, or to distort his vision, he seizes the true aspect of things with their perplexing, but, at the same time, characteristic peculiarities. He has a world stored up within him, of which nobody, scarcely even himself, knows anything. By and by, perhaps, he will be astonished to see the apparitions of these things rise up in his mind spontaneously, or in obedience to his call."

The present barrenness of Germany in the field of prose literature, is in some degree redeemed by the better promise of her recent poetry, notwithstanding that the four foremost men in her lyric choir have been scarcely heard, or not at all, for the last two years. Heine has published nothing since his wicked, witty, charming, shocking *Deutschland*; Anastasius Grün is silent; Freiligrath has only followed up his *Glaubensbekenntniss* with half a dozen short, but rather furious pieces,\* somewhat prematurely hymning the advent of the revolution so long prophesied for Germany; lastly, the author of the "Poems by a Living Man," gives no sign of life. Far be it from us, however, to object to the temporary silence of Herwegh's overbold and presumptuous muse, if we may venture to hope that he is employing this interval of retirement in such a manner as shall enable him to justify the too rapid success of his early efforts. Inordinate sudden popularity is one of the most dangerous mischances that can befall a young writer, and if Herwegh is wisely preparing himself against the reaction of his own spurious fame, we cannot but applaud his purpose, and wish that his unquestionably vigorous, but hitherto one-sided and misused powers, may yet display themselves in the full development of healthful maturity.

In the absence of the recognised leaders, some of the newer men have been rising into celebrity during the last year or two; among whom, Moritz Hartmann,† Geibel,‡ Leopold Schefer,§ and Karl Beck,|| are deserving of honorable mention. The ablest and most original of these four is unquestionably Hartmann, whose first volume has been most favorably received by the best judges, and has already attained

to the well-merited honors of a second edition. His new volume contains some very striking pieces, but also, it must be confessed, a few which we could freely dispense with, and which seem to serve only as stuffing to swell out the volume to the normal bulk of twenty sheets.

Geibel is a poet of altogether different metal from Hartmann; he has none of the latter's strong conceptions and vivid expression; but he is a pleasing, graceful writer, endowed with a light and joyous fancy, that flies the sombre atmosphere of the North and revels in the sunshine of Greece, Italy, and Spain.

Leopold Schefer's first two works, the "Lay Breviary" and the "Vigils," found many admirers for the fervor and exaltation of their philosophic faith, notwithstanding the poverty and embarrassment of the language in which the poet struggled to express the rich exuberance of his thoughts. His new work has sorely disappointed all his dispassionate friends, all those whose souls are not steeped and dyed to the core in Hegelism. It is in fact a versified treatise, as crabbed and obscure as the great master's *phenomenology*, and as utterly devoid of poetry.

Karl Beck has within him the elements of a genuine poet, but his productions too often resemble those of a mere poetaster. His lyre is seldom in tune. His music is a vulgar termagant, who can utter only turgid platitudes when she would reprove the vices of the age, and flies into a passion when she attempts to console its sorrows.

Rückert still continues his learned labors in the field of Eastern poetry, and has lately added to the list of his admirable translations that of a collection of Arab poetry of the earliest times, entitled *Hamāsa*. This collection, which was made by Abu Temmam, a renowned poet of the court of the Egyptian caliphs in the ninth century, is extremely valuable for the light it sheds directly on the early history of Arabia, and also for that which it casts by reflection on the poetry and the social state of Europe in the middle ages, in which the Arab influence played so important a part. It is a curious coincidence that the *Hamāsa* was put together at the very period when Charlemagne was making his collection, now unhappily lost, of all the old lays and poems of the Germans.

\* "*Ca ira! Sechs Gedichte* von Ferdinand Freiligrath. Herisau, 1846.

† "*Kelch und Schwert*" (Cup and Sword), von Moritz Hartmann. Leipzig, 1845. "*Neue Gedichte*," by the same. 1846.

‡ "*Geibel's Gedichte*." Berlin, 1846.

§ "*Der Welt-priester*" (The Secular Priest), von Leopold Schefer. Nuremberg, 1846.

|| "*Lieder vom armen Mann*" (Songs of a Poor Man), von Karl Beck. Leipzig, 1846.



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## THE LAST DAYS OF THE TUDORS, AND THE OLD PALACE OF GREENWICH.

How little can we realize the notion of England, as a subject province, ridden over by the rampant Danes, for instance; or of London, abject under the sway of a semi-barbarian horde, to the descendants of whom we think it a great condescension in the present day if we ask them to dinner, or procure them an introduction to Almack's!

Fancy, if you can, sage matron, or mournful spinster, or soft youth, or staid bachelor, who may peruse these pages, these desperate savages encamping themselves on Blackheath, just above the courtly scenes which afterwards received the gentle name of Placentia. There, on that knoll, adown which roll holiday youths and tittering maidens, and which is now enclosed in Greenwich Park, settled a dark mass of human beings, for our ancient conquerors were always attired in black—it was the national color of the Danish tribes, and even their standard was a raven; for black was not then a funereal hue, and it was not until after the Danes had been converted to Christianity that they assumed scarlet, and purple, and fine hues, and threw their "nighted color" off. So behold them, like a flock of carrion-crows, settling on the ground; at their head, issuing from his tent, perchance, stalks the great Canute, in his circlet of gold around his brows; his powerful hands garnished with a ring; and his tunic and mantle adorned with cords, and ribands, and tassels; his bare arms enriched with massive bracelets, whilst his long ringlets, the pride of his nation, fell down even to his girdle.

Greenwich, called Grenevic by the poor Saxons, long suffered as the Danish headquarters, whence they ravaged the fair country to the south, east, and west of that station. They penetrated to Canterbury, committed a dreadful massacre there, and carried off an archbishop to their camp. Portray to yourself, my pious layman or zealous churchman, an Archbishop of Canterbury in durance vile. But he behaved like an archbishop. When a large ransom was demanded, he meekly answered, "My poor peasantry would be ruined to raise it." They threatened to kill him; he replied, that his life was not worth so much as that his people should be ruined for his sake.

Then ensued a scene of horror. The prelate was brought before the assembly of the Danish chiefs at Greenwich; and there they cried out to him, "Bishop, give gold, or you shall be made a public spectacle!" They were flushed with wine, and on the venerable man refusing to comply, they started from their seats, and struck him with the flat end of their axes, whilst by some he was pelted with stones. At length one of them, secretly a convert to Christianity, move by compassion, gave a final blow. The brave prelate sank to the ground, and died. Horror of the deed quickly followed; the body of the murdered prelate was bought by the citizens of London with a large sum, and buried in St. Paul's, where it rested—graced by a miracle or two, no doubt, over his mangled remains—until Canute interred it with pomp at Canterbury. But mark the sequel, and see what poetical justice achieves in this wicked world. His name, Alphage, was enrolled among the saints of the Church; where his body fell, there was erected a church which, still designated St. Alphage, is the parish church of Greenwich. And where are his murderers? Where the "black soldiers," as the hating Saxons called them? Where their long, fair, silken hair, and their bracelets, and their rings? Away with them, carrion-crows, to the drear north!

The wild range of Blackheath was cleared of the monsters, and the peaceful shores of Greenwich were calm, and the waves of the flowing river no longer were tinged with blood; when—conceive the impertinence!—the manor of East Greenwich was given by Alfred the Great to the Abbey of St. Peter at Ghent; and to Ghent it appertained, until bold King Henry V. suppressed the alien monasteries, and granted Greenwich, with Lewisham, to the Carthusian monastery at Shene. It was the principal manor of Greenwich which was thus disposed of; but there was a subordinate one, in which that compound of oppression and piety, Edward I., made an offering of seven shillings at each of the crosses of the Virgin Mary, and then he gave this smaller manor to Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter; at his death Humphrey—our well-known friend, Duke Humphrey, of dining

out-memory—was presented with the manor, and also with a license to fortify and embattle his manor-house, and to make a park of 300 acres. There had been some kind of a palace on this favored spot, and this Duke Humphrey rebuilt; he enclosed the Park, and erected a moated tower on the very spot where the Observatory now stands: nay, more, he caused to be bestowed upon it the graceful name of Placentia, or “the Manor of Pleasaunce;” but dying in 1447, the place, now extremely beautiful and commodious, reverted to that cormorant, the Crown.

Henceforth Placentia was a royal abode; the barges borne on the wave seldom brought anything lower than a prince of the blood-royal to become its inmate, and queenly ladies chose it for their *accouchemens*; for it was retired, yet cheerful, the very scene for dalliance and for sport, and for a nursery. Let us see if we can bring its chief characteristics to mind, far-famed Placentia.

It stood close to the water's edge, having a brick front, battlemented and turreted; raised on a long terrace, in the centre of which a flight of steps led to the river. From the prints taken of it before its destruction in the time of Cromwell, it appears to have resembled an old manorial residence of the fifteenth century rather than a palace; but within the process of time the splendors of royalty were manifested, and the house was adapted for courtly festivities. Eltham, which had long been the favorite residence of our English kings, began to be neglected; and Greenwich, or Placentia, was the besetting temptation to expense. Edward IV. enlarged and beautified it; and even Henry VII. relaxed the iron hand with which he grasped his treasures, and bestowed them on Placentia. Leland, who was an eyewitness of the gay scenes enacted there, has celebrated them in Latin. I shall be content, and content my readers with Hasted's version, in English, of its praises:—

“Lo! with what lustre shines this wish'd-for place,  
Which, star-like, might the heavenly mansions  
    grace;  
What painted roofs, what windows charm the eye,  
What turrets, rivals of the starry sky!  
What constant springs, what verdant meades be-  
    sides,  
Where Flora's self in majesty resides!  
And, beauteous all around her, does dispense  
With bounteous hand her flowing influence.”

Not, however, that our ancestors knew much of floriculture. Their scope was lim-

ited, and their flowers of the antiquated, and what we should now venture to call the vulgar kind; for there is an aristocracy in flowers, as well as in those that wear them. The rose, delicate race, maintains its caste; but the pansies, in which our ancestors delighted, and the pomegranate flower, were long out of vogue; fashion or taste has recalled the former to our catalogue of choice flowers; but the daisy, the eglantine, the chief ingredients in the bouquets of Edward IV., Henry VII., and Henry VIII., are now only wild flowers.

The meadows of England boasted, even in those remote times, all their floral beauties. Peele, a poet of the sixteenth century, enumerates

“The primrose, and the purple hyacinthe,  
The daintie violette, and wholesome minthe;  
The double daisie, and the cowslip, queene  
Of summer flowers, do overspeere the greene;  
And round about the valley as ye passe,  
Ye may no see, for peeping flowers, the grasse.”

Shakspeare has immortalized Love and Idleness; Chaucer has raised the daisie in the scale of floral consequence; but we hear little of garden-flowers until after Placentia had ceased to be, and vulgar Greenwich had replaced her royal graces. Gardens, cultured with the few vegetables then known, alleys and bowling-greens, doubtless formed the external attraction of Placentia; to say nothing of that sure appendage the skittle-ground, of the tilt-yard, and the occasional banqueting-house. But we must not forestall the days of Elizabeth.

A fairer, a gentler, a less happy Elizabeth was the first of our queens consort who resided at Placentia. This was Elizabeth of York. Her childhood was spent in this delicious home; and here her married life, one probably of constraint, if not of sorrow, was also passed.

Henry VII. loved the spot well; and, indeed, we may imagine how important a residence Placentia had become when we consider that York House was then not a royal abode, Whitehall not in existence, and that the old palace of Westminster was, in this reign, injured by fire. The crafty, sagacious Henry, loved probably the proximity to the Thames, inasmuch as he could view from his very chamber-windows the naval treasures upon which he had begun to place a dependence for the future glory of England.

In the serene atmosphere of Placentia was born the turbulent spirit of the Eighth



Henry, and from his accession the true glories of Placentia may be dated.

The first signal event which occurred there was the marriage of Katharine of Aragon to the young king. Tournaments graced the occasion, for which the Spanish bride had afterwards so much reason to mourn, and England, so far as the Reformation was the effect of Henry's repudiation of Katharine, to rejoice. Her dignified form, her large, melancholy eyes, her grave attire, must have presented a strange contrast to the round face, over-loaded costume, and jocularly of her young consort, then one of the most popular princes that Englishmen had ever looked upon; for his very vices were popular, inasmuch as they brought him down to the level of other men. Very staid, discreet, domestic princes, have never been popular in England, unless those respectable virtues be dashed with religious enthusiasm, as in the case of Edward the Confessor; or accompanied with great learning, as in Edward VI.

The flower of the English nobility graced the lists on this occasion. First came Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, whose manly prowess and fine person procured him what we should call, in these days, supreme *haut ton*; which comprised, in those times, superexcellence in the mimic fight, superfineness in the garments of the man, and in the trappings of his horse. A dashing splendor and a reckless dissipation, even to the vice of gambling, was essential to the fine gentleman of that day. High blood was requisite—not too *high*—the kinsmen of royalty were generally out of favor; personableness and youth were essentials, for Henry liked not the old and the ugly even of his own sex.

And Brandon realized all these notions of a *preux chevalier*,—he was elegant, manly, courteous, and a skilful politician to boot. Educated in habits of the strictest intimacy with the young king, he held a supreme place, not only in all the courtly revels but in the tender heart of Mary Tudor, the sister of the monarch. What a little romance is her brief history? Loving, in secret, the gallant Brandon, married by state policy to the old King Louis of France, compelled when she entered her new home to behold Brandon in the procession, Brandon in the revels, Brandon in the lists, Brandon in the dance and the masque; her enamored heart yielded, but not fatally, to the charm of a youthful love. It pleased King Louis to betake himself to

another world, and, as the Fates would have it, Brandon was sent with letters of condolence to Mary from her friends. After a courtship of four days they were married, and the union was as happy as love and youth could render it, and their felicity was closed only by death."

Such was one of the chief actors in the revels of Placentia, and Brandon shared in every diversion; sometimes riding on May-day to Shooter's Hill to take the air, where the royal guard received them in the garb of foresters; sometimes conspicuous in horse-racing, and then galloping homewards to a sumptuous banquet in Placentia's Halls. The Howards, and the Nevilles, and the Greys shared these scenes, and challenged all comers in the lists, and joined in solemn dancings: but the disguisings and mummeries were the favorite pastime. In the Hall of Placentia an entertainment, which has been described as the first masquerade England ever witnessed, was introduced. This was on the day of the Epiphany, when the king, with eleven of his gay courtiers, apparelled in garments long and broad, wrought over with gold, appeared in vizors and caps; and after these twelve maskers had made their appearance, there came six more, who prayed the ladies to dance, but were by some refused, as the custom of concealing the face, a fashion introduced from Italy, was then new in England, and was not approved of by the dainty fair.

There was long a prejudice against a practice which led to so much intrigue. Yet, by a law passed in the time of Henry VII., it had been forbidden for "any person to hunt by night with painted faces or vizors;" a prohibition from which the existence of the mask before the reign of his son has been inferred. It was probably first introduced into scenes of amusement in the time of Henry VIII.; when once adopted, it was not relinquished for centuries. Stubbes, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, complains that "when the ladies ride abroad they cover all their faces, leaving holes in them against their eyes, whereout they look; so that if a man that knew not their guise before should meet one of them, he would think he met a devil, for face there he can see none, but two broad holes against their eyes, with glasses in them." The use of the mask in England at public places, or in walking or riding, was abolished by royal proclamation, early in the reign of Queen Anne; the famous Duchess

of Tyrconnel, the once beautiful Frances Jennings, being one of the last noted characters that adopted this mode of disguise for political purposes. There she sat in the Exchange, near Temple Bar, carrying on her pretended trade as a milliner, whilst around her she was collecting secretly suffrages for the exiled James II., whose active partisan she had long in secret been.

Such is the origin, such was the decline of the mask; but that was only one of the many and varied amusements which caused the walls of Placentia to ring with rude laughter, and brought an assemblage of youth and fashion to its apartments. There was, in fact, an incessant round of diversions for the courtly, in which the common people were not debarred from sharing. Let us take a day in the fifteenth century, and see how our ancestors spent it. Our present life is one of work; theirs had its duties, but its galas were the predominant feature of that bemourned-over period. Our forefathers only wanted one thing—security. In the midst of laughter, “when the heart was gladdest,” they might be despatched, with a bare show of form, putting aside justice entirely, to the Tower; or they might find it convenient to lay down a good round sum for their lives: but these were trifles.

Behold our gracious King Henry at his meals, with Katharine at his side. First comes the morning repast—the *déjeuner*, not *à la fourchette*, for forks were not introduced until a late period of our Defender’s reign; in short, they were not in common use before the Restoration. By successful practice, the fingers were enabled to carry the meat steadily to the mouth; and in this way—faint not, my modern D’Orsay!—did eat the accomplished Surrey; also the glorious, romantic Wyatt; and, I blush to write it, the lovely Anne Boleyn. Alas! one can fancy Anne of Cleves in that attitude, but one shrinks from the notion that Mary Stuart or Anne Boleyn should have daily countenanced such iniquitous contaminations. But so it was: for centuries our ancestors had not progressed in refinement; spoons and knives were coeval with the Confessor, who appears to have been a true gentleman; but forks were long in blessing our island, and were for ages regarded with distrust, as an over-refined Italian custom.

The breakfast, however, consisted merely of a glass of ale and a slice of bread; and that being despatched, my hero went forth

to his hawking, or his maying, or his hunting, or his wooing, or his sleeping, or his tournament, or his wrestling and fencing. Every season had its appointed pleasures. New Year’s Tide, as it was called, was ushered in with presents and good wishes; a custom observed with as much formality in the cottage of the peasant as in the palace of a king. New Year’s Eve was passed by all classes in mumming or disguising, frolicking away among the lower classes from house to house—a sport often productive of the most licentious freedom; and perhaps in the Hall of Placentia, when the mumming went on, there was not the most refined propriety imaginable even whilst the saintly Katharine graced the revels. Then on New Year’s Day came the gifts, costly enough, from the adulatory subjects to the king, who, as well as his daughter Elizabeth, always took care, though they returned the presents by others, after a fashion, that the balance of value received should be in their own favor.

Next came Twelfth Day, observed since the reign of Alfred in this country; yet I make bold to say, that perhaps not half a million of people in England remember that it is kept in commemoration of the arrival of the Eastern magi, twelve days after the Nativity, at Bethlehem; and these magi being presumed to have been kings, Twelfth Day is often called the Feast of the Three Kings; and hence the choice of a king and a queen, selected from their drawing a piece of cake with a corn or bean in it. And on Twelfth Day went round the wassail-bowl, and then was enacted the masque which Wyatt wrote in Henry’s time, and to which Ben Jonson in later days lent his great powers.

These diversions were all carried on early; so that when our monarch of the sixteenth century had despatched his hasty, and probably at six o’clock, pretence of a breakfast, when he had finished his sport, he returned home to a dinner at eleven o’clock in the day; sitting down, let me assure the votaries of Francatelli or the disciples of Soyer, to a banquet by no means contemptible. It was served, to be sure, on ordinary days on pewter, with silver for high days. The feet rested, it is true, on nothing better than a carpet of rushes; but it was by no means, even on ordinary occasions, so poor or so coarse as we may think it. The bread, to begin with, was whiter than that in France. First,



they had the manchet, which was the finest : next the chete, or wheaten bread ; then the ravelled bread, which was coarse ; and then the brown bread, of two sorts. And the delicate creatures, those aristocratic Courtenays, and Nevilles, and Greys, and Howards, were fond of eating with their beer soft saffron cakes, stuck with raisins, which gave a flavor to the drink ; yet they were esteemed by travellers to be more polite in their eating than the French, and the character has endured till now. Even in Henry's time the French ate enormously of bread.

Lamb was much used ; and brawn, adopted from the French (for it was never known in England until the siege of Calais), had become a favorite dish. The victors on that occasion were puzzled at their prize of large masses of brawn. They guessed it to be a dainty ; they roasted, they baked it, they boiled it, but still they could not make it eatable. The friars mistook it for fish, and the Jews would not believe that it was a part of a hog. However, it was soon established as a national dainty.

After the meat came a variety of subtleties, jellies of all colors, codinats and mardinats, sugar-bread, ginger-bread, and florentines ; and then appeared a dessert, inveighed against by the learned Dr. Caius, who deprecated "after mete" the display of quinces or marmalade, of pomegranates, oranges sliced, pomecitres, myrtle-berries, caraways in comfits, and other consolations to one's mundane infelicity : but the desserts went on, nevertheless.

These repasts were prolonged several hours, and the wine went round pretty freely. Spanish wines, Canary wines, Greek wines, were to be had in abundance ; to these often succeeded what Harrison calls "sundrie sort of artificial stuffe ;" such as hypocras and wormwood wine ; also clarey, or claret, and brachet. The stronger the wine, the better were the company pleased ; and as they grew merry over their cups, they were wont to call the strongest wine *theologicum* ; and to send for a supply of it from the parson of the parish, in case their own failed. This Scandal surely must have been before the Reformation. The clarye or claret was, it must be mentioned, a compound mixture, like hypocras ; and receipts for the "crafte to making of clayre," the "crafte to making ypocras," "the crafte for braket," were to be found in the possession of every good superintendant of a household. Fancy such a compound as the following :—

"*The Receipt to make Clayre, or Claret.*—For eighteen gallons of good wyne, take half a pounce of gynger, a quarter of a pounce of longe pepper, an ounce of saffron, a quarter of an ounce of coliaunder, two ounces of calomole dromaticum, and a third of as moche honey that is claryfied as of youre wyne ; strayne thym thro a clothe, and doo it into a clene vessel."

This sounds more like an apothecary's prescription than a cook's or steward's compound for a jovial feast. The wine was not set on the table in cups and cruises, but each one called for a cup of such as he "listed to have," and having drunk, he delivered the cup to one of the servants, who, having cleansed it, restored it to the cupboard, a sort of sideboard set in stages, from whence he had fetched it. By this custom, much drinking was, it was thought, avoided ; "for should the full pots," observes old Harrison, "stand continually at the elbow, or near the trencher, divers would alwaies be dealing with them ; whereas they now drink seldom, or only when necessitie urgeth." Nevertheless, sobriety was by no means a virtue of our ancestors. In Queen Elizabeth's time, thirty-six different sorts of wine were in common use ; and certain noblemen had each permission to import a considerable quantity of wine free from impost. Nor must we forget, in particular, to mention the beer ; since

"Heresy and hops, picareel and bere,  
Came into England all in one yeare ;"

the Reformation being signalized by the introduction of liquors distilled from hops. When our nobleman or knight had come in hot from the chase, it was then in his power to call for a cup of March beer, generally a year old for the gentle, scarcely a month old for the domestics, who often covenanted to have their beer as old and their bread as new as possible. How little is that class altered in some of its characteristics !

And what was the conversation during all this plentiful banquet ? What the intellectual resources by which it was succeeded ? Let us look in imagination upon the supposed assembly at noon-day in the Hall of Placentia, let us follow its personages to their afternoon's diversions. There sit the magnates of the land, in their doublets, and petticoats, and breeches stuffed out with horsehair and cotton, on account of which it was found necessary, according to the testimony of an old Harleian manuscript, to make a scaffold round the parlia-

ment house in Henry's time, the members who wore these huge, bombastic garments not being able to sit on the ordinary seats. They are waited upon by cup-bearers and servitors, bare-headed, who, when the repast was ended, clear away the crumbs from the cloth with a large wooden knife. Among them are the class of *buffetiers*, corrupted into beef-eaters; these had the care of the sideboard.

Silence at table was deemed an essential of good breeding; and well might it be, for swearing was in its zenith at this period. The hospitality of the English, exceeded only by that of the Scotch, was universally acknowledged by foreigners, notwithstanding the following lines by a vagrant Frenchman who visited our country:

"Four days to spend  
With asking friend,  
In London fair  
I reckon'd;  
The first in glee  
Pass'd merrily,  
Not quite so well the second;  
The cold third day  
I saw display  
A *congé* so explicit,  
I left the place,  
Nor gave him space  
To bid me end my visit."

After the dinner came, on *fête* days, the Mystery or Morality, composed in a tragi-comic style, with a strong devotional tendency, interspersed with low humor. The Mystery always exhibited some scriptural story, most ludicrously versified (though with no profane design); the Morality had more contrivance, and often broke out into a bold originality. The famous "Coventry Play," for instance, is said, though in a gross and rude style, to have forestalled the idea of Milton's *Paradise Lost*; nor is it to be wondered at that those fierce and uncontrollable spirits, those free imaginations heightened by a picturesque superstition, should display themselves in efforts of a true though an uncultured genius.

I must not forget the ballad-singing, which rose in its style, and consequently in public favor, at this period; nor music in general. For the Tudors loved it; one of the few gentle characteristics of that family was a taste for that science. Henry VIII. was a composer as well as a performer; his son understood it well, and played on the lute before the French ambassador; and even the gloomy Mary was not unskilled in the art. "Use sometimes for your recrea-

tion," writes the broken-hearted Katharine of Arragon to her, "your virginals, and lute, if you have any;" and this wise injunction was prefaced by a solemn exhortation "to suffer cheerfully, to trust in God, to keep her heart clement." Great, indeed, was the mind from which these instructions proceeded. The virginals, be it known, was an instrument contained in an ill-shaped, clumsy-box, apparently the first of our keyed instruments, and was entirely laid aside in the eighteenth century. Queen Elizabeth, too, excelled on the virginals, and played even on the violin, as well as the poliphant, an instrument like a lute, now quite obsolete; and each of these monarchs had a royal band, which played during dinner-time. It was Elizabeth's pleasure to listen to twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums during her repast, and these, together with fifes, cornets, and side-drums, made the hall ring for half an hour together; for that masculine animal delighted in loud music. This taste for music was general all over the country; it was an indispensable accomplishment of fashionable life.

Music, which, as old Fuller observes, "sang its own dirge at the time of the Reformation," had not then arrived at its period of entombment; it was, however, defective in originality, and partook of the pedantry and foppiness of the times, eternal fugues upon uninteresting subjects being the test of a composer's merits. Yet even at inns, according to Fynes Morison, you were offered music, which you may either take or refuse; and after supper music books were brought out, and a part was offered to every person who sat round the social board. The streets were gladdened, too, by the sounds of instrumental music from barrel-heads and benches; and blind harpers and tavern minstrels gave, as Puttenham contemptuously relates, "a fit of mirth for a groat," whilst the tale of Sir Topaz, the adventures of Bevis of Southampton, the exploits of Guy earl of Warwick, resounded to the eager ears of blacksmiths and inquisitive boys. In the time of the Tudors flourished the great Tallis, whose stupendous song of forty parts, still extant, affords a specimen of his dogged industry. His exertions were carried on in the precincts of Placentia, and the old church of St. Alphage at Greenwich, which was taken down in 1720 to be rebuilt, received his remains. Strype preserved his epitaph; but his bones were heaped into a



common mass with those of the great and small, whose bodies lay in St. Alphage. One verse of the inscription runs thus :

"He served long time in chappele with great prayse,  
Foure sovereigns' reignes, a thing not often seen ;  
I mean King Henry and King Edward's daies,  
Queen Marie and Elizabeth our queene."

The musicians of that period, be it observed, were always courtiers ; and, whether Protestants or Romanists, contrived to "tune their consciences to the court pitch."

Since the noon-day repast was celebrated by the performance of a noisy band, it may easily be conceived that there could be no conversation ; nor were the delights of a calm, social intercourse to be looked for at this period, when, if we may judge by the sermons of Bishop Latimer and other authorities, every judge was corrupt. Murder went unpunished ; insolence to the poor was above control, even their wages went unpaid ; the very gentlewomen of London, according to Philip Stubbes, were grossly immoral. The women, too, were manly ; the men, especially in Elizabeth's reign, were said to be growing *womanish* : one scarcely knows which of these two evils is the most revolting. "The old manly courage," writes Dr. Caius, "sterile courage and painfulness of England are utterly driven away ; in the stead thereof men nowadays receive womanliness, and become nyce, not able to withstande a blaste of wynde." The fashion of revenging wrongs by private assassination marks more plainly the decline of chivalry than any other circumstance. The show of it still remained in Henry's days, and many were the fierce encounters in the tilt-yard of Greenwich. The jousts formed, probably, no infrequent topic of discourse, even whilst bright eyes looked out, and graceful forms were passing to and fro in the halls of Placentia. One word about the language of this period. Three distinct tongues, or rather two languages and a dialect, were spoken and written in this island, besides the English and the Scottish. The Cornish was then a language of a distinct character, and is said to have excelled the Welsh in sweetness ; the Welsh was another ; the Erse a third : and of these the Cornish has alone entirely ceased to exist.

The dance and the banquet finished, on some occasions, the long day. What a chapter might be written on this charming subject ! But I must hasten past it to matters of fact and note connected with the

history of Placentia. Fancy, however, its gallery dimly lit up with sconces, for chandeliers came not until Elizabeth's days (the first ever seen in this country were at Penshurst, and were given by her to the lord of that place). Dark enough, doubtless, were the ante-chambers ; and dark, we, in our days of extravagant light, should call the very gallery itself. Yet it was illumined by gorgeous dresses, on the gold gardings of which the light fell, by blazes of diamonds, by white plumes, and whiter necks and shoulders ; for, as I take it, complexion has been on the decline in England for these two centuries, the pure, unmixed blood of our ancestors giving that mark of aristocratic delicacy in its fearful perfection. But, hold ! ere I begin this all-important topic, and venture to conduct my readers into the gallery where Elizabeth trod a measure, or sanctioned *La Volta* by her regal favor, let me see what changes came over Placentia in the latter portion of her father's time, and in the gloomy interregnum of all joy and the brief period of all holiness of her brother Edward's and bigotry of her sister Mary's time.

A true tragedy was enacted at Placentia, when the happy, the kind, yet *not* immaculate Anne Boleyn was summoned from its shades to meet her doom. It followed fast upon a scene of merriment, for a grand tournament had been held, and Anne, recently recovered from an unpropitious child-birth, was the fair star by which the gallants of the court were guided in their homage. Her brother, the accomplished and ill-fated Lord Rochford, and Henry Norris, a gentleman of the privy-chamber, were the challenger and defendant in these fatal lists. In the course of the proceedings, Anne dropped a handkerchief. Norris, it has been asserted, took it up ; and the king, in great wrath, quitted the tilt-yard. The scene was speedily concluded, for Anne, alarmed and surprised by this outbreak of jealous fury, hastened from the jousts, and embarked in her barge for Westminster, bidding a last adieu to the peaceful beauties of Placentia, which she never more beheld. Three years before, that palace had been honored by the birth of Elizabeth, of whom her hapless mother predicted, even when her own doom was decided, "that her conditions should be noble ;" and noble they were.

With the death of Anne, the festivities of Placentia were not wholly closed ; for here Henry, then helpless and disgusting in

person, entertained the twenty-one Scottish nobles who had been taken at Solway Moss, and here gave them their liberty, unransomed. The tyrant perished from off the face of the earth, and the delicate form, and stately though youthful presence of King Edward, graced Placentia. It was not, as has been erroneously stated, his birthplace; but it was the home in which his last sigh was breathed. The short span of life which he was destined to run could not, after his accession, have been a very happy period. The cabals of the great crown officers; the struggles between the young king's sense of duty to his people and love for the Seymour family; the insurrections and the freedom of religious discussions, to say nothing of the fearful visitation of the sweating sickness, must have grieved his tender, premature heart. And then the obstinacy of his eldest sister and proposed successor on the subject of religion, grieved a spirit as patriotic as it was pious.

He heard of the certainty of his early doom without a murmur. The people believed him to be sinking under a slow poison, administered by the Duke of Northumberland; but pulmonary disease was far advanced. During his decline, his fears, too surely realized of his sister's bigotry, saddened a spirit fit for heaven. How few youths of seventeen would face death calmly for themselves, yet fear its effects for others! His gradual decay was hastened by the violent remedies of a low quack, a female doctor, employed, with no good designs, by the Duke of Northumberland. Placentia witnessed his agonies and his patience. As he lay expiring, he sent for his sisters; they came, but hearing by the way that he was dying, with characteristic hardness they turned back. No kindred stood by his death-bed, but he expired in the arms of a Sidney; and his setting rays of reason were brightened by immortal hopes. And thus from Placentia passed away that face and form of grace and beauty, and those eyes of starry lustre, upon which historians have fondly expatiated. "He was," says Bishop Nicolson, "the historian of his own reign; for his noted journal, printed from the Cotton MS. by Bishop Burnet, contains an admirable register of characters, events, and opinions."

During the mournful reign of Queen Mary, Placentia seems to have been deserted; but brighter days were in store for those who lingered about the old haunts of the gay and courtly, and who trusted that

they might yet live to see sports and pastimes succeed the monastic gloom of Mary's time. Elizabeth fulfilled these expectations, for Placentia became her summer residence; and here that famous order of council, forbidding any nuncio from the Pope to enter this realm, was passed.

One of the favorite spectacles of the Tudor monarchs was the muster of the City watch. This was a guard supported by the different companies, and subjected to military rules; it amounted to fourteen hundred men. And at Greenwich, on the lawn behind the palace, they mustered, attired in coats of velvet and chains of gold, with pikes, halberds, and flags, the gunners in coats of mail. At five o'clock in the afternoon, the queen came into the gallery over the park-gate, with the ambassadors and a train of lords and ladies. Then was the guard drawn up in battle array, drums beating and flutes playing the while. An imitation of a close fight ensued. And when, upon the conclusion of the spectacle, the queen thanked the civic authorities heartily, a shout arose which shook the old walls of Placentia, caps were thrown up, and the queen even "shewed herself very merry." Well did she, bred up in the heart of England, and well versed in the opinions of every class—nursed as she was by the stern, rugged nurse, Adversity—know the temper of her subjects. She saw that they delighted in military pomps and shows—graced by her presence withal. And quickly, ere the enthusiasm of her loyal people had time to cool, she had set up in Greenwich park a goodly banqueting-house, made with fir-poles and decked with birch-branches, and all manner of flowers, both of the field and garden, as roses, lavender, marigold, July flowers, and strewed with herbs and rushes; and there were tents for the kitchen and for the officers, and a place for the king's pensioners, who were to run with spears.

The queen rode on horseback to the park-gate, and there witnessed the sport; that being finished, she proceeded to the banqueting-house, and supped. Then came a mask, and then a great banquet, for the previous occasion was a private regaling, seemingly; and then followed great casting of fire and shooting guns till twelve at night, and then Placentia was still as ever, for the queen soon departed on her progress. Well did she love her country palace, too; and well disposed was she also to Eltham. Greenwich had been her nursery, Eltham



her place of recreation; for often, in her infancy, was the future monarch carried over to the latter place for the sake of the air. Doubtless the interest of these scenes, in which Elizabeth so gaily mingled, not merely presiding, was much increased by her single state; for there is something prospective in celibacy. Matrimony is like the last chapter of a stereotyped book; celibacy like an existence of which the prospectus only is drawn out.

And well did Roger Ascham comprehend the mingled coquetry and firmness of Elizabeth's nature, when he read to her his own answer to the inquiry of Steineus, the learned man of Strasburg, as to the queen's marrying. "In the course of her life," thus wrote Ascham, "her majesty resembles Hyppolite, and not Phædra." Hyppolite, be it known, was a queen of the Amazons and a warrior; Phædra was amorous, to use an old-fashioned word. The queen, when this letter was shown to her, read it over very bashfully, but said nothing. And the uncertainty of the mass of her subjects as to her real disposition went on, adding the stimulus of curiosity and conjecture to the other attributes of that divinity which necessarily doth "hedge in a queen."

The times were still picturesque, though no longer chivalric; and the delicate differences of faith, the partial reformation, and the vestiges of old superstition, maintained the showy attributes of the old faith. Old St. Alphage, for instance, had not, when Elizabeth ruled the destinies of Greenwich, lost all its wonted pomp; for the queen, whose sentiments with regard to the reigning faith were always problematical, wished to bring the service of her Reformed Church as near to that of the Romish Church as possible. As a legislator, she was Protestant; as an individual, one might almost risk the assertion that she was inclined to Papacy. One of her first acts was to expunge from the Litany, "From the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome, and all his detestable enormities, Lord deliver us all!" for which all must commend her. And still there blazed in her chapel lighted tapers; there was to be seen an altar and a crucifix; and the Knights of the Garter, whom Edward had forbidden to worship the altar, revived in her day that custom. Out of her closet Elizabeth's voice was sometimes heard calling upon her chaplain to desist from denouncing the sign of the cross; and she thanked her chaplains for preaching in

behalf of the Real Presence. Her objections to the marriage of the clergy are well known. Thus clung to her heart some superstitions of her infancy, heightened perhaps by a detestation of the Puritans, and of the democracy to which their political dogmas tended. What a singular state of confusion was reduced to order and uniformity in process of time by her wise confidence in Archbishop Parker! At first, nothing could exceed the variety of methods in which service was performed. "Some ministers," writes Strype, in his *Annals*, "in a surplice, some without; some with a square cap, some with a round cap, some in a button-cap, and some in a round hat; some in scholars' clothes, and some in others."

But leaving the important questions of the surplice, and the tippet, and the cornered cap to grave assemblies, Elizabeth kept up the spirits of her people by shows, and masks, and dances; and Placentia knew in her reign its brightest days. Nor were the diversions, in which the queen shared, always the most refined. "This day," writes Rowland White, "the queen appoints a Frenchman to doe feates upon a rope in the conduit court. To-morrow she hath commanded the beares, the bull, and the ape, to be bayted in the tilt-yard; and on Wednesday she will have *solemne* dancing." What a contradiction those terms "solemn dancing" seem to imply! yet there is a dignity, even a degree of enjoyment, in solemn dancing, when performed to fine music, and graced by youth and beauty. Elizabeth was herself the chief performer; and as she grew older, she the more eagerly promoted those diversions which seemed to require agility and youth. Picture her to yourself, in her sixty-seventh year, her red, false hair hanging like golden threads on either side of her face; two large pearls by way of ear-drops; her neck uncovered, as was the custom for all unmarried English ladies; her dress of white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans; and over this a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; an oblong collar of gold and jewels adorned her neck and bosom, dancing away like a damsel of fifteen!

Thus she advanced to join in the grave measures; wherever in her progress she turned her head, the courtiers fell down upon their knees. Her royal father exacted this observance, and James I. was the first who suffered it to be omitted; "one instance," observes an eminent historian, "of

the best of the Tudors' superiority in despotism over the most imperious of the Stuarts."

Then began the pavin, "the doleful pavin," as it was called, derived from the Latin word *pavo*, a peacock, from the peculiarity of the step and measure. For this dance was made still more solemn by the introduction of the *passamezzo* air, which obliged the dancers, after making several steps round the room, to cross it in the middle in a slow step, or *cinque pace*. This term, *passamezzo*, was not peculiar to the pavin, but was applied to other dances also, namely, the *passamezzo galliard*. The pavin was danced by gentlemen dressed in caps and swords; lawyers wore their gowns in the performance, princes their mantles; whilst ladies danced it in long trains, the motions of which in their movements resembled those of the peacock. The pavin is supposed to have been of Spanish origin.

Then came the measure, danced by the gravest characters, even by lawyers in the inns of court, chancellors, chamberlains, and ambassadors. When Beatrice compares love-suit to a dance, she thus refers to a measure:—"For hear me, hero, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a *measure*, and a *cinque pace*; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly, modest, as a *measure full of state* and ancients; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the *cinque pace* faster and faster, till he sink into his grave."

Then came the canary dance, performed with various strange fantastic steps, very much in the savage style; and these principal dances were succeeded or intermingled with brawls, corantos, galliards and fancies, or by the bewitching La Volta.

As was the pavin the ancestor of the minuet, so is La Volta the parent of the waltz. Thus writes Sir John Davies in his *Orchestra*:—

"Yet there is one, the most delightful kind,  
A lofty jumping (the *saulese waltz*?) or a leaping  
round,

Where, arm in arm, two dancers are entwined,  
And whirl themselves in strict embracement round,  
And still their feet an anapest do sound.  
An anapest is all their music's song,  
Whose first two feet are short—the rest are long."

—*The Cellarius.*

Thus was there a perpetual variety in this fascinating amusement; and the gallery of Placentia was trodden in the mazes

of the dance by many a slender nymph or gallant youth, whose names have figured, some bravely, some sadly, in history. In process of time the measure fell into decay rather than disuse. Selden, in his *Table-Talk*, laments that the court of England was much altered. "Formerly," he writes, "at a *solemn* dancing, first you had the grave measures, then the corantos and the galliards, and this kept up with ceremony, and at length, to trenchmore and the cushion dance. Then all the company dance; lord and lady, groom and kitchenmaid—no distinction. So in our court in Queen Elizabeth's time, gravity and state were kept up; in King James's time things were pretty well; but in King Charles's time there have been nothing but trenchmore and the cushion dance, omnium gatherum, trolly-poly, hoity-toity." What a commentary upon the personal influence of a monarch upon the manners of his court!

And it was the queen's pleasure, doubtless, as well at Placentia as elsewhere, not only to have a variety of dances, but to present herself under a variety of aspects to her loving—and, when she looked at them—kneeling courtiers. Doubtless she was, in the early part of her life, if not handsome, yet a very dignified, fascinating person, endowed with that inimitable ease and self-possession, not to say assurance, which the consciousness of high rank and impertinent confidence give; and then, such an intellect, such spirits, such bodily strength, and such unscrupulous lavish expense upon her person!

Every one has commended Queen Elizabeth's eyes—the safest feature to commend in a plain woman's countenance. Sir Richard Baker declares, that "they were lively and sweet, but shortsighted; the whole compass of her countenance somewhat long, yet of admirable beauty:" yet no physical charms are said to have been equal to those of her conversation. "She had a piercing eye," says Fuller, "where-with she used to touch what metal strangers were made of, which came into her presence." What a formidable being! But she counted it, as the same old writer coolly observes, "a pleasant conquest, with her majestick look to dash strangers out of countenance, so she was merciful in pursuing those whom she overcame, and afterwards would comfort and cherish them with her smiles of perceiving towardliness and an ingenuous modestie in them!" Kind enough; but fancy having the whole eyes



of an assembled company drawn on one by the queen's most merciful glances!

Whatever opinions might be formed as to her exterior, the queen had a vast respect for the tributes of posterity; for every picture drawn of her by an unskilful or unflattering hand was knocked into pieces and cast into the fire. She left, however, no brilliant testimonial to her charms when she allowed one of the portraits at Hampton Court, that in a fancy dress, to remain. It is painted without a shadow in the face; the very head-dress is a high cap, fantastic in a degree, and evidently taken from the pattern of her majesty's fool. The dress is in the worst possible taste, and decked with jewels. But not always did Elizabeth thus report herself. At Hatfield there is a portrait of her, which, whilst it points to her turn for allegory and apt devices, displays her in her best looks. The face is handsomer than in her other portraits—it is young. Her head, surmounted by a coronet and aigret, taking from the height of her features, is decorated also with a long gauze veil suspended from the back; her yellow hair, probably in this case her own, falls in two long tresses. On the sleeve of her close-bodied gown is wrought a serpent, and the lining of her robe is embroidered with eyes and ears—this to denote wisdom and vigilance; and truly her wisdom had too often the crookedness of the serpent. In her right hand she holds a rainbow, on which is inscribed this flattering motto:—"Non sine sole Iris." Thus, tall of stature—according to her own opinion, "neither too high nor too low," comely in limb, and full of dignity and courage, Elizabeth received in her presence-chamber at Greenwich, ambassadors, and prelates, and courtiers, and wooers. Here, in June, 1585, she was offered the sovereignty of the Low Countries by deputies from the United States; and here, in the following year, she entertained the Dutch ambassador. Let us record in what state, and in how fair a scene, she welcomed these important personages; let us offer a slight sketch of the presence-chamber of Queen Elizabeth in her favorite palace of Placentia, and of the order in which she permitted her adorers to have access to her majestic self.

The walls of the presence-chamber were hung with tapestry, which now, representing landscapes or figures, formed an universal hanging for upper and lower rooms. When first used, tapestry was attached to the bare

walls; but it was soon found necessary, in order to prevent the effects of damp, to suspend it on wooden panels at a certain distance from the brick-work of the walls. Thus Shakspeare makes very frequent allusions to the hiding-places afforded. "I will ensconce me behind the arras;" "I whipt me behind the arras;" are expressions which can only be explained by knowing how the tapestry was suspended. Such were the walls. The floor of the presence-chamber at Greenwich was, as Henzner relates, strewed with *hay*—a strange contrast to the increasing magnificence in furniture in these times. At Windsor, the tapestry is said to have shone with gold and silver, and silk of different colors; and this splendor was emulated even by the middle classes. The house of the opulent man, described in a little work called *The Mirror of Magistrates*, published in 1576, is described as being "hanged with tyssue, arrace, and gold." The cupboard heads set out and adorned upon the richest, costliest, and most glorious manner," with one "cuppe cast high upon another;" and all this with a floor strewn with hay!

The state in which the queen came forth from her apartment into her presence-chamber at Greenwich, to go to prayers, was such as the ghost of Wolsey might have approved. First went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed, and bare-headed; next came the chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse between two persons, one of whom carried the sceptre; the other the sword of state, carried in a red scabbard studded with golden *fleurs-de-lis*.

Then appeared the queen. I have said enough of her ordinary attire to show that she would not ill accord with the stately chamber along which she moved. And an admirable actress was she in this living pageant! for she did not move along like a puppet, but, as she walked towards her chapel, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, whether foreign ministers or others; and English, French, Italian, Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch, came alike easily and fluently to this matchless queen—this hateful woman; and as she spoke, he to whom she addressed herself sank on his bended knees. The ladies of the court followed next, dressed, for the most part, in white. On either side her majesty was guarded by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the ante-chapel next the hall, petitions were

offered to her, which she received most graciously; whilst acclamations of "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" answered by,—“I thank you, my good people,” rose to the vaulted roof. And thus she oftentimes showed herself to her subjects, walking much in the park, and the great walks then formed out of Greenwich park. Not always came she forth in such good humor, as when Henzner, from whose *Itinerary* the foregoing scene is derived, beheld her. Sometimes she appeared with an ill countenance, on which occasion Hatton was wont to pull aside a suitor, and desire him not to proffer his suit, saying,—“the sun does not shine to-day.” Nay, if the dress of her leal subjects happened not to please her, she expressed her disgust in a mode truly characteristic of her coarse mind and habits. “I do remember,” says Sir John Harrington, “she *spit* on Sir Matthew’s fringed clothe, and said, ‘the foole’s wit was gone to ragges.’ Heaven spare *me* from such jibing!” Her maids of honor—but this was on more private occasions—sometimes felt the smart of her majesty’s fair, but hard hand.

In her chapel at Greenwich there was excellent music. The service scarcely exceeded half an hour. But, whilst the stately queen still prayed, the following ceremonial took place in the hall, to which she afterwards returned, in the same state as she went, to dinner. A gentleman of her household entered the room with a rod, and another with a table-cloth; and after he had kneeled three times with the greatest veneration, he spread the table-cloth. Then both retired; and then there came two others, one with a rod, and another with a salt-cellar, and a plate and bread; and when these two had kneeled three times, they placed the bread and salt on the table with similar ceremonials. At last came an unmarried lady, a countess, and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting knife: the countess was dressed in white silk. Her office was to rub the plates with bread and salt; and she performed her part with as much awe as if the queen had been present. Whilst she and her co-partner stood there, the yeomen of the guard entered bare-headed, in scarlet, each with a golden rose on their backs, and brought into the hall a course of twenty-four dishes on gilt plate; of each of these the lady-taster in white silk gave to each yeoman a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he brought, to guard against poison. During the latter part of this ceremonial,

the queen’s favorite band of twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall resound. The guards were the tallest and stoutest men that could be selected for this service, which, after all, was but a preliminary one, since a host of unmarried ladies soon appeared, and with a particular solemnity carried the dishes off the table into the queen’s private chamber, where she dined with few guests.

Well might Horace Walpole observe,—“The kind of adoration and genuflection used to her person, approach to Eastern homage. When we observe such worship offered to an old woman, with bare neck, black teeth, and false red hair, it makes one smile; but makes one reflect what masculine sense was concealed under those weaknesses, and which could command such awe from a nation like England.”

But all was not spectacle, pageantry, tilt, and tournament; and the polite world, even of Placentia, had to encounter not only the terrors of the queen’s wrath, but those of convulsed nature. What a fearful, yet ludicrous account Holinshed gives of the earthquake of 1570, which was severely felt in London, and partially throughout all England. It happened about six o’clock in the evening. The great clock-bell in the palace of Westminster struck of itself, as well as “divers other clocks and bells” in the steeples of the London churches. The gay gentlemen of the Temple being at supper, ran out of the hall with their knives—forks they knew not—in their hands. The people at the theatres rushed from their seats, and made haste to be gone. A piece of the Temple church fell down, a portion of Saint Paul’s was also loosened and fell; and chimneys were shaken down in abundance. All this was but the work of one minute, for the earthquake lasted in London no longer; but at the coast it was felt three times. The sea foamed, the slips tottered, a fragment of the cliffs at Dover was loosened, whilst the bells in Hythe church rang loudly, touched by no mortal hand. Then again, thirteen years afterwards, high and low, wise and simple, were affrighted by an astrological prediction, asserting that the conjunction of the two superior planets, Saturn and Jupiter, was to take place in that year; and the verification of this celestial commotion was to be attended by suitable earthly agitations, which actually did occur, in the tempestuous and boisterous winds which blew that year.

Greenwich had not the honor of receiv-



ing Elizabeth's last sigh. She died at Richmond; but her successor still loved the gentle glades of Placentia, and often tenanted the beautiful palace. Here the daughter of James I., the Princess Mary, and others of his children were born; and Anne of Denmark delighted in it so much, that she laid the foundations of the "House of Delight"—a banqueting-house, now the abode of the ranger. A fairer queen finished the work; and, under the hands of Inigo Jones, employed by Henrietta Maria, that banqueting-house, which is called by Horace Walpole the most beautiful of the great architect's works, was completed. The ceilings were painted by Horatio Gentileschi; and the whole was so sumptuous, as to be pronounced the finest thing in England of the sort. And here Charles and his lovely consort passed many gay, and, perhaps, serene hours, before the breaking out of those fatal wars which suspended all the efforts of taste, and crushed every peaceful art.

Placentia sank beneath the fatal blast by which so many noble houses in England were desolated. But not by the cannon, or the mine, or the flame, fell the fair fabric, but by the slow process of a mournful decay—the effects of desertion.

On the passing of the ordinance for the sale of crown lands, Placentia, now called Greenwich House, was reserved for the State. Two years afterwards it was resolved to keep it for the residence of the Lord-Protector. But Oliver had it *not* then. The Parliament wanted money, and in 1652 the House of Commons voted that Greenwich House should be sold for ready payment, and some of the premises were sold. The palace and park remained, however, unsold, and devolved upon Oliver and his family. But Placentia was now no longer worthy of that fair name, and already nodded to its fall. Its once firm battlement, its square, round, octangular towers, its spacious chambers, were now decaying and ruinous; and it was deemed necessary—I would that it could have been otherwise—to build a new and more commodious palace in its stead.

At this time, Henry, earl of St. Alban's, was made keeper and steward. Henceforth let us bid adieu to the fair dreams of the past. Placentia ceased to be: yet never did a nobler successor replace the delightful associations of the Tudor times.

The tale has been often told, yet will I tell it once more; how, out of the wreck of

a decaying and venerable structure, rose one of England's noblest boasts—how, out of the haunts of pleasure, was framed the retreat for the brave, the haven for the sea-worn veteran, the port in which the dismantled vessel, so soon to be laid on its side for ever, finds rest and safety.

Charles II.—few are his good deeds—intended to build upon the site of the old palace, which he ordered to be pulled down, a magnificent palace of freestone; one wing of this, at the expense of 36,000*l.*, was completed. Here he occasionally resided, but the work stood still; and in the reign of the utilitarian Mary and the discreet William, the wing of King Charles's unfinished building was, on the proposition of Sir Christopher Wren, converted into that hospital for seamen, which their majesties had determined to found. The celebrated Lord Somers was one of the commissioners of the palace lands, &c., which amounted to upwards of two hundred. The foundation of the Hospital was laid in June, 1696. It consists, in its present state, of four distinct piles of building, distinguished by the names of King Charles's, Queen Anne's, King William's, and Queen Mary's. King Charles's and Queen Anne's are those nearest to the river; of this, the eastern part was erected by Webb, after the design of his father-in-law, Inigo Jones. Queen Anne's buildings occupy the north-west angle; King William's, the southernmost; and Queen Mary's, the south-east. I do not attempt any description of these noble edifices, my heroes are the Tudors; yet can I not help recording with a smile, that Sir Christopher Wren, a true-born Englishman, gave his time, labor, skill, and superintended the whole, for several years, without any remuneration. The funds of the Hospital arose partly from an annuity of 2000*l.* a year, granted by William III.; partly from public subscriptions; and very greatly from the confiscated estates of the unhappy Earls of Derwentwater, James and Charles Ratcliffe, who both died on the scaffold in 1715 and 1745.

One word more about the Tudors. The Observatory now rises, a glorious object, doubtless, on the spot where the tower built by Humphrey of Gloucester once stood. The Observatory is fine; but I would rather see the tower there, in its proper spot, overlooking the great metropolis, and commanding, as it were, the shipping in the river.

This tower had no small portion of romance connected with it. Sometimes it

was a residence for the younger branches of the royal family ; sometimes a secret abode of a favorite mistress ; sometimes a prison ; sometimes a place of defence. Mary of York, the fifth daughter of Edward IV., died in this "fayre Towre." Henry VIII. visited there a "fayre" lady whom he loved, and whose name no curious historians have been able to divine. He sometimes sailed down in his barge from Westminster to catch these stolen interviews.

In Elizabeth's time, the tower, prettily called Mirefleur, contained the Earl of Leicester as a prisoner, when he had offended the queen by marrying the Countess of Essex. The tower is supposed to have been

that mentioned in *Amadis of Gaul*. At length it was beautified and enlarged by Henry, the learned earl of Northampton, who had a grant of it from James I. ; and in the Great Rebellion it had grown to such importance, under the name of the Castle of Greenwich, that the parliament took steps to secure it. But, alas ! in the time of Charles II. it was taken down, and a Royal Observatory erected on its site, on—I am ashamed to say it—the recommendation of Sir Christopher Wren. So away went the last vestige of the Tudors, the last subsidiary to the grandeur of the famed Placentia.

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## REIGN OF LOUIS XV.

It is not a little remarkable that French historians, a numerous and enterprising class, should have, hitherto, occupied themselves but little with the reign of Louis XV. That the private memoirs, which treat of the political concerns of that period, are few in number, may be accounted for by the general degradation of the age. Sordid selfishness was its leading characteristic ; and the contemporary writers who have bequeathed to us the narratives of their personal experience, were, for the most part, too deeply imbued with the ignoble spirit of their times to comprehend or expound any higher themes than the vices and frivolities of an inglorious court, the intrigues of harlots and panders, and the vicissitudes in the fortunes of men, whose low ambition befitted the condition of a monarchy from which the soul of honour had departed. As for the graver French writers of our day, they seem to have been deterred by the apparent barrenness of the subject, and its total want of grandeur or dignity ; and to have abandoned it to the congenial pens of Alexander Dumas and his brother *routés* of the *feuilleton*.

And yet there is a point of view in which the annals even of this Byzantine reign are deserving of careful study. We cannot jump in thought from the days of Louis XV. to those of Mirabeau, Marat, and Robespierre ; the interval that separates them

is as broadly marked in the order of ideas as that of time. The reign of Louis XV. filled up sixty years of the 18th century, and witnessed the growth and accumulation of those causes that led to the great catastrophe of '89. In this long period, the national manners, customs, and ways of thinking underwent a radical change ; the old social land-marks lost their significance—one great class declining in power and credit, while others rose into novel importance ; a daring spirit of inquiry and scepticism, the precursor of terrible innovations, pervaded all ranks, and left untouched no institution or tradition, no principle, moral or religious, social or political. It matters not that the men who figured in this dismal epoch of transition were, with very few exceptions, odious or contemptible, and that, such as the actors, such were the events in which they were immediately concerned. The history of decay and death is a needful complement to that of life and vigorous action ; the frivolous courtiers of Louis XV., though they knew not what they were doing, yet wrought as efficiently, after their kind, as greater and better men ; and, in their acts and deeds lay the germs of those prodigious events that have signalized our own times.

The subject has at last found an able and judicious exponent in M. de Tocqueville. The title he has given to his work may perchance tend to excite some preju-



dice against it on this side of the Channel, where it begins to be understood that the much abused word—Philosophy—has scarcely in any way been more wronged than in its often forced and unwarranted connexion with History. “Philosophical History,” “Historic Fancies,” and so forth, are all of them phrases very apt to suggest to English minds the idea of a mongrel work, in which a pert or dawdling dilettantism supplants, more or less, the essential attributes of history. But those persons who might be deterred by such considerations from the perusal of de Tocqueville’s book may re-assure themselves. He says, very truly, “The book I present to the public is not a metaphysical work. Facts are narrated in it in detail; and I have endeavored to group them in such a manner that their consequences may become salient.” That is to say, the work is conceived, ordered, and composed in a philosophical spirit; but it is not obtrusively disquisitional, argumentative, or dogmatic. A history, written according to any other plan than that which de Tocqueville has pursued, may be “picturesque,” or “critical,” or “pragmatical,” or belong to any other of the categories to which the French and Germans reduce this species of literature; but it is not History proper, at least according to our English conceptions of the genuine import of that word.

From first to last, the reign of Louis XV. presents but the continuous flow of that revolutionary tide which had set in before the decease of his predecessor. There was no pause, no re-action. Men and things, the best and the worst, all worked together in the same direction. Cardinal Fleury, the most respectable statesman of the reign, scarcely contributed less than the scoundrel Dubois to the ruin of the monarchy. The first public act of the regent Orleans was an irreparable infraction of the royal authority. His prerogatives as regent having been inconveniently restricted by the will of Louis XIV., he caused most of the provisions of that document to be set aside by the parliament which he had gained over to his interest. The functions of that anomalous body were by no means definite. The regent, for his own personal purposes, set them in some respect above those of the crown, and made the parliament so far an oligarchy.

“Whence did the Parliament derive the right of deciding questions, that so essentially concerned

the whole nation? During the League, it had deliberated on the choice of a king. It had broken the will of Louis XIII. These facts prove only the confused notions that prevailed respecting the basis of our institutions; they do not establish a right. The deceased king had made certain arrangements, which appeared to the magistrates not to be in harmony with the laws of the realm. Guardians of the laws, they annul these last commands of the head of the state; here, then, was a power above the king. And in whose hands was this power? In those of men appointed only to try causes,—men who were irremovable, irresponsible, and who held their posts by right of purchase. And these men take upon them to exercise, without any commission from the people, a power, the possession of which, by the nation itself, is contested! Here was a great anomaly, the consequences of which were not slow to make themselves felt. The pretensions it gave rise to became the source of a perpetual conflict between the two powers, the judicial and political, the limits of which had never been clearly defined.

\* \* \* This great struggle between the magistracy and the throne provoked inquiry into the mysteries of royalty, and the rights of nations, and led, in the course of seventy-five years, to the destruction of the magistracy and of royalty.”

The great misfortune of France, during the epoch we are considering, was the continual want of an able hand to guide the vessel of the state upon the new and untried path on which it had entered. Consummate wisdom and firmness were requisite in the ruler, under whose control the changes, rendered inevitable by time, should have been effected without those violent shocks that rend and contuse the whole frame of society. But Philip of Orleans and Louis XV. were destitute of all those qualities which their immensely difficult position demanded. They were weak men, fatally weak, and their negative defects were more disastrous to their country than their worst positive vices, though these were enormous.

“Nature had endowed the duke of Orleans with all the gifts that fascinate men. His countenance was agreeable and engaging. He united with natural eloquence a voice of remarkable sweetness. Brave, and full of talent, his penetration was never at fault, and his intelligence was of a nature to shine in the council-chamber, no less than at the head of armies. Those who approached his person became attached to him, for they found him good-natured, agreeable, and easy. Men bewailed his defects without ceasing to love him, allured as they were by his gracious demeanor, and by the affability of his temper, in which he was said to resemble his grandfather, Henry IV. He enjoyed the rare advantage of retaining friends to the hour of his death. He readily forgot offences, and bore with insults. But his soul, endowed with so many fine qualities, was devoid

of that one which develops and gives value to all others—it lacked strength. Without energy for crime, he was equally deficient in it for virtue. After the loss of his first governor, it was his evil fate to have his education intrusted to Dubois, the most corrupt of men. This Dubois, son of an apothecary of Brives la Gaillarde, founded his hopes of fortune on the complete demoralization of the prince committed to his care. Inspired by the genius of vice, he divined and favored the vices of others, and above all, the passions of his master. He taught him that virtue is only a mask put on by hypocrisy, a chimera, not to be reckoned on in the affairs of life; that religion is a political invention, necessary only for the people; that all men are knaves and deceivers, and, therefore, that integrity serves but to make man a dupe. Madame, the regent's mother, said to that prince, 'My son, I desire only the good of the state, and your glory. I have but one request to make of you for the sake of your honor, and on that point I demand your plighted word: it is, that you will never employ that rogue of an abbé, Dubois, the greatest rascal in the world, and one who would sacrifice the state and you to his own slightest interest.' The duke of Orleans gave his word, but never concerned himself in the least about keeping it. A short while afterwards he named that same Dubois councillor of state. The debauchery into which that man had urged him, became at last a necessary of life for his languid and *blasé* soul, burdened by the *ennui* of the court. He liked the scandal and the buzz of tongues it occasioned; the imputation even of incest did not dismay him. Every evening he assembled his *roués*, his mistresses, some opera-girls, frequently the Duchess de Berri, and men of obscure origin, of brilliant wit, and renowned for their vices. All the disorders of the court and the town were passed in review. They drank to intoxication, the conversation became cynical, impieties issued profusely from every mouth; at last, a wearisome satiety separated the boon companions; those who could no longer support themselves on their legs were carried away, and on the next evening the orgie began again. \* \* \* This prince, intrepid in the face of the enemy, was timid in his habitual relations: still, he never allowed his mistresses or his *roués* to meddle with politics. Fear, however, or importunity, obtained favors from him more easily than rightful claims, a facility which accounts for the bad use of the public wealth, which we shall have to point out. He was often lavish of promises, which he could not or would not keep. His word, therefore, was never trusted, and the number of the discontented was swollen by all those whom he had deceived. Faithless himself, he could not believe in the good faith of others. As he knew nothing of human nature but its vile propensities, with him probity was naught, and clever vice became the object of his favor. The corrupter of his youth was the ready minister of his wishes, and rose to the highest dignities, in spite of the contempt in which he was held by the public, and even by his master. Yet, a day was coming when it would be discovered that this union of weakness and infamy

rested on no solid basis, and that these two men scorned and played upon each other."

The regent's daughters resembled their father in the impurity of their lives; but it is a fact of some interest, as regards human nature, that his only son, the Duke of Chartres, displayed a constant and invincible abhorrence of the turpitude of his father's court. Vice, when it does not seduce, disgusts. Unfortunately, the young prince was a man of narrow mind. Engrossed in devotional practices and unprofitable studies, he secluded himself from public life, and died, unnoticed, in the Abbey of St. Genevieve. The Dauphin, son of Louis XV., exhibited a no less signal example of uprightness in the midst of a loathsomely depraved court, and he was, furthermore, distinguished by his mental capacity, and his high and generous spirit. De Tocqueville believes he died broken-hearted, a martyr to the infamy of his sire, and the desperate condition of his country.

Louis XIV. left the state burdened with 2,500 million francs of debt; the Regent increased that amount, in seven years of peace, by 750 millions. There was no limit to his prodigality; he indulged in it both from natural inclination, and with a deliberate design to extinguish all opposition in universal corruption. Scorning virtue, he was perfect in the theory of vice. He knew well the abject obedience to which men are forced to descend, when once they have compromised their honor and their conscience. The mischievous effects of Law's prodigious swindle were incalculably aggravated by the license which the Regent granted to the cupidity of his courtiers. He was the only man in the realm who disdained to derive any personal profit from the stock-jobbing mania of the day; but he was too easy and good-natured to hinder those about him from ruining themselves and others to their hearts' desire. Then, when the re-action came, he sanctioned, with equal *nonchalance*, the most violent and inquisitorial proceedings against all who were suspected of possessing wealth. Clement by nature, and often known to mitigate in secret the operation of his own rigorous commands, he established a financial reign of terror, decreeing spoliations, domiciliary visits, confiscations, and imprisonments without end. "Liberty," says our author, "has its troubles and its agitations; but can they be compared with the despotism of the period



we are considering? a despotism exciting contempt still more than indignation, and yet preparing horrible tempests."

The moral effects of the Mississippi scheme but too well accorded with the regent's cherished purpose to undo the honor and honesty of the nation. The rapid and enormous changes of fortune, produced in the stock-market, excited a frenzy of infidelity and prodigality that extinguished for a while all sense of rectitude, all care for reputation, all regard for the common dictates of worldly prudence. As Montesquieu remarks, those who had been at first corrupted by their wealth, were afterwards further corrupted by their poverty. Nor was the influence of these things on the constitution of society less profound and lasting. The downfall of aristocracy, and the inauguration of democratic power, were essentially involved in the transactions of a period when all France was become a nation of stock-jobbers. The event marked the violent, disorderly commencement in that country of the momentous change, still in progress, which constitutes the cardinal feature of the history of the nineteenth century, namely, the transfer of power from a caste, the hereditary possessors of the soil, to the holders of personal property. The *Bourgeoisie*, or middle class, had partially risen to political importance in the times of Louis XIV., whose jealousy of the nobles induced him to give the preference to men of humbler birth as his ministers. Many men of the burgher class rendered eminent services to the state during the calamities that marked the close of the great reign. Fabert, Bossuet, Massillon, Flecher, Racine, and Molière, belonged to it; Catinat had practised as a lawyer. But it was under the regency, and chiefly through the disorganizing effects of the Law mania, that the barriers of caste were irreparably overthrown. The high-born gamblers who then jostled the lowest of the populace in the sordid scramble for lucre, could never again assume the conventional superiority which they had desecrated and exposed in its naked shame to the eyes of the vulgar. The doings of the *Rue Quincampoix* were a great levelling lesson never since unlearned: the lacqueys, hucksters, and journeymen, who there stood, shoulder to shoulder, with the owners of the proudest historic names, made up their minds to the very logical conclusion that, since the nobles had chosen to descend to an equal footing with them, the

time might come when, under other circumstances, they themselves might rise to an equality with the nobles.

The financial history of Law's system may be thus summed up. It created paper-money or stock to the amount of six thousand millions of francs, out of which four thousand and twenty-nine millions were annihilated by the bankruptcy of the state, and six hundred and twenty-five millions went to swell the national debt. Terrible as were the sufferings occasioned to the nation by this perversion and waste of its resources, the wonder rather seems that the mischief was not more severely felt. Our author's remarks on this head are particularly interesting:—

"The system had disappeared. There is no denying that its consequences, onerous as they were for the future, were, in some respects, productive of present advantages. The lavish profusion of the newly enriched, by creating new wants, gave a novel impulse to industry; skilful calculations and bold enterprises became more usual in commerce, and those who exercised that calling acquired greater social consideration. The utility of credit began to be understood; men of ability studied its principles, and taught how the errors that endanger it were to be avoided. Paris, thenceforth, acquired that influence over France which is become so preponderating in our day. The East India Company, remaining erect above the ruins it had caused, demonstrated the power of association in commercial affairs, and enriched the state, by developing that active potency in all parts of the world. Lords, gentlemen, financiers, and *bourgeois* took part in it, and a community of interests established mutual good will and a sense of equality amongst them; lastly, the abundance of the circulating medium allowed of a large and liberal diminution of the taxes. It was possible to appropriate some funds to the roads and canals, which, until then, had been entirely neglected. Their administration became regular, and was intrusted to a special body. The first paved road was opened from Paris to Rheims. If the towns had suffered excessively, the rural districts, those foster-mothers of the state, endured but a temporary distress. This is what explains the fact, that the financial revolution of the system left after it but few traces on the public fortune."

The general policy of the regency was no less objectionable than the means by which it was worked out. It was made subservient, in all respects, to the personal object of securing the regent's accession to the throne, in case of the young king's death. "It is a great misfortune for a nation," says De Tocqueville, "to have the interest of its chief distinct from its own; for the former always predominates." We are reminded by this remark of another Orleans,

in whose too partial care for the interests of his own dynasty, France sees the same truth unhappily exemplified. There was a curious inconsistency in the regent's conduct, with a view to the succession of the crown. To strengthen himself against his competitor, Philip V. of Spain, he purchased the support of George I. of England, by the most abject concessions, and an entire subversion of the policy of Louis XIV.; and yet he was not so passionately bent on being king as all this would seem to imply, or as slander declared him to be. On the contrary, his assiduous care was unceasingly employed in fostering and preserving the frail life that stood between him and the throne.

George I., as well as the regent, was actuated by potent motives of interest, distinct from those of the great empire over which he ruled. The aggrandizement of his German dominions lay nearer to his heart than the prosperity of Great Britain. So far, therefore, it would seem that he and his ally of France were placed in exactly similar conditions; and that concessions should have been reciprocal between them, instead of being altogether one-sided. But, in all their mutual dealings, the advantage was wholly on the side of George, in the first place, and, in a secondary degree, on that of his English subjects. This is partly to be accounted for by the instrumentality of the prime minister, Dubois, who was the hired servant of king George. When an English minister congratulated Dubois on his appointment, the latter replied—"If I were not restrained by a sentiment of respect, I would write to his Britannic Majesty to thank him for the place with which Monseigneur the regent has honored me." A few days afterwards he wrote to Stanhope, "I owe all to you, even to the place I hold, which I passionately long to make use of after your own heart, that is to say, for the service of his Britannic Majesty, whose interests will always be sacred for me." But the traitorous character of her prime minister was not the primary or the most influential cause of the disadvantages which France sustained in her relations with foreign powers, especially with England. French writers are fond of imputing a strange, demoniac power of craft and fraud to the diplomacy of perfidious Albion; it affords them a ready theme for flashy declamation, and a plausible means for salving the sore places of their national vanity. De Tocqueville is

more just and rational. He attributes whatever successes have attended the diplomacy of Great Britain in its struggles with that of continental nations to the natural force of circumstances, to the singleness of purpose with which the national interests of a free people, as understood by themselves, are pursued in all their dealings with the rest of the world; whereas, the policy of arbitrary governments is often made subservient to the ambition or caprice of individuals, to the private interests of a dynasty, or the crooked designs of royal favorites. He notices a curious instance in point, when speaking of the treaty of March 16, 1731, by which England recognised the Pragmatic Sanction, and engaged to lend a fleet for the conveyance of 6000 Spanish troops into Italy, to occupy the duchies of Parma and Placenza in behalf of the Infanta:—

"It has been remarked, that in almost all the diplomatic conventions acceded to by England, there exists a point so small in appearance as to escape observation, but which afterwards expands by degrees to the advantage of British commerce. To indemnify them for the transport of the Spanish troops to Leghorn, the English only required the privilege of sending one vessel every year to Porto Bello. Yet this slight concession ruined the commerce of the mother country with its colonies. Up to that time the galleons returning to Mexico, carried thither the merchandise requisite for the use of the inhabitants. A single English vessel did not seem likely to create a dangerous competition; but that vessel was never unladen; its cargo was continually kept up by very small vessels dispatched from the islands belonging to Great Britain, and of too small a tonnage to excite jealousy; and as the English goods were cheaper and of better quality than the Spanish, they quite drove those brought by the galleons out of the market."

As to the stipulations between George I. and the regent, our author pronounces judgment as follows:—

"To both it was requisite for the security of their respective positions that the peace of Europe should not be disturbed. But George I., at the head of a free government, could only consolidate his dynasty, by persuading his people that he would apply himself, before all things, to the interests of England; whilst the Duke of Orleans, an absolute master, was not to be stopped by any obstacle, even though he should sacrifice the interests of France to his own. The one derived his strength from the consent of a satisfied people; that of the other was drawn only from his own self-seeking. It was natural, therefore, that the former should constantly have the upper hand of the latter; and events proved that it was so."

If the regent did all that in him lay to



ruin France in his own day, at least it was not his fault if he did not prepare for her a ruler capable of retrieving her fortunes and assuaging her sufferings. The affectionate and judicious care he bestowed on the young king, was the only pure and redeeming trait in the foul history of his life. It was his constant endeavor to give Louis XV. a taste for business, and to fit him for worthily exercising his royal functions. From the time the young king was ten years old, the council was always held in his presence. He generally listened in silence on these occasions; but whenever it chanced that he expressed an opinion, it was such as afforded a favorable indication of his mental capacity.

"The Duke of Orleans revenged himself for the calumny that had branded him with the name of a poisoner, by redoubling his attention and kindness towards the young monarch. He never addressed him but with all the tokens of profound respect, mingled with affection and even fondness. He explained the affairs of state to him in detail; took his orders, and consulted his inclination before granting favors in his name. He long bore with Marshal de Villeroy's pertinacity in remaining present when the regent thought proper to speak in private with the king, as if the life of Louis XV. would have been exposed to danger in such an interview. Nevertheless, he felt poignantly the suspicions that were ceaselessly propagated against him. Indifferent as he was to public opinion, and, in many respects, to his personal reputation, he shed tears on reading the atrocious imputations contained in the philippics of Lagrange Chancel."

But the regent's good intentions, and Massillon's noble lessons, were miserably frustrated by the two men to whom the education of the young monarch was more immediately committed—Marshal Villeroy, his governor, and the Bishop of Fréjus, his preceptor. What they taught him was the fear of the devil rather than the love of God; the sense of his own greatness, rather than of his duties as a king.

"Marshal Villeroy, in whom extreme mediocrity was cloaked under a vanity without bounds, tried to give himself importance, by exciting his pupil's fears as to pretended dangers, from which he was only to be preserved by assiduous watchfulness. The child, thus subjected to painful impressions which he durst not manifest, acquired the habit of being reserved, secret, and false. Villeroy, a turgid flatterer, and a servile adorer of royalty under Louis XIV., thought the quality of royalty was sufficient for the man placed on the throne. The monarch's youth, the misfortunes of his family, his personal graces, and a few happy expressions attributed to him, and which did honor to his heart, had excited the liveliest and most af-

fectionate interest in his favor. He was adored. He had an illness in 1721; fears were entertained for his life, and the public affliction was extreme. His convalescence excited transports of joy. The garden of the Tuileries was continually thronged by a people eager to behold their young sovereign, and his presence was hailed with endless acclamations. The Duke of Beauvilliers would have taken advantage of the circumstance to remind his pupil of the obligations and the zeal for the good of his subjects which so much love imposed upon him; but Villeroy cried out, 'Look, my master, look; all this people is yours. There is nothing there but belongs to you; you are master of all you see.' Thus it was that he who was soon to dispose of the destiny of twenty-five millions of human beings, was trained to selfishness, and taught the falsest of all lessons. He was taught to entertain an exaggerated conception of his rights, but was left without those notions of duty which alone could have taught him to use them rightly. Accordingly, the soul of the child, filled with the idea of his own importance, and cramped by vanity, never rose to the ambition of great things.

"The Bishop of Fréjus was already advanced in years when he was appointed, by the will of Louis XIV., the preceptor of that monarch's grandson. He was endowed with great powers of wit and fascination; he was frugal and orderly enough to be able to dispense with riches; and, under an appearance of disinterestedness in all things, he skilfully dissembled an ambition of which he slowly prepared the success, as if the protracted length of his existence had been revealed to him; but his matter-of-fact and lucid mind was totally devoid of warmth and elevation. Never did the passionate desire to make a great king stir in his cold heart. His pupil seemed to him to want the energy of character and the strength of will that betoken a superior man; and instead of striving to inspire him with those qualities, he only sought to command and sway his affections. Louis XV. was of a weak and sickly constitution in childhood; it was thought dangerous to weary him with study, and he became accustomed to indolence. When years had invigorated his temperament, his preceptor did nothing to stimulate his slothful disposition and expand his ideas. He allowed him betimes to contract the habit of distrusting his own judgment, and seeing only with the eyes of another, that is to say, with Fleury's. We find him, during a long ministry, relieving the king from all cares of business, managing all the affairs of state by himself alone, and allowed that deplorable apathy to become inrooted, which, during a reign of fifty-nine years, made the sovereign the sport of men's passions and intrigues, degraded the royal power, humiliated France, and bequeathed to his successor the difficulties and perils that spring from public discontent and contempt for authority.

"The administration of the Bishop of Fréjus was the happiest period in the reign of Louis XV. He was one of that small number of ministers whose memory the people honored, because he loved the state and strove to diminish its burdens without compromising the honor of France. Neverthe-

less, inflexible history, whilst recording the good he did, has still heavy reproaches to bring against him. Fleury was keen and subtle even to knavery. His economy often degenerated into a penuriousness prejudicial to the public affairs; he did not forget injuries, and his resentments were implacable. Those who had served the government of the Duke of Bourbon remained always in disgrace with him. He never forgave the queen for having entered into the plot framed against him by Madame de Prye. He always excluded her from state affairs, and in this way he contributed to destroy the domestic concord and mutual confidence of the royal pair. The favors which the queen asked for were refused, and if she complained to the king he answered only, 'Do as I do, Madame; do not ask anything of him.' For one thing especially Fleury can never be forgiven,—his having prolonged the childhood of Louis XV. and encouraged his natural indolence and distrust of himself, in order to rule without impediment. Fleury, a priest, bishop, and cardinal, misunderstood the interests of religion, and those of the state connected therewith. His hand bore heavily on the Jansenists, whose opinions differed in some points from his own; but its touch was light for the men without faith, who were beginning to propagate incredulity."

Fleury judged rightly that France had need of rest and quiet to retrieve her shattered fortunes; and he was both by temperament and by his views as a statesman, peculiarly suited to secure that great desideratum. He prescribed for the spent and suffering frame of the State the same sober regimen and placid habits by which the thrifty, unostentatious old man cherished his own vital powers, and maintained himself in full possession of the reality of power, which was all he cared for. Confidence was re-established at home and abroad under his auspices, and commerce expanded, because it had a warrant for its security in the moderation of the minister. But though he could afford his country temporary repose, his was not the hand that could urge and guide her renovated strength upon a new and hopeful career. He had neither the creative genius, nor the ardor of soul, nor the physical energy requisite for such an arduous task. His best qualities were negative, and passiveness was the leading characteristic of his policy. When he deviated into a more active course, it was but to indulge the petty malice of his cold and selfish nature. It would be idle to speculate now on what might have befallen, had an able and vigorous man, in Fleury's position, endeavored wisely to correct the abominable wickedness of the clergy, to amend the multitudinous abuses in every department of civil affairs, and to lead off

into some safer channels the gathering flood of revolutionary doctrine and opinion. Whatever might have been the issue of such an enterprise, Fleury never conceived or attempted it.

"Between the Jansenists, whose character was dishonored by glaring fraud and trickery, and a clergy disgraced by the vices of a portion of its members, and who were accused of believing more in the Pope than in Jesus Christ, philosophism had an easy task. It fared with Cardinal Fleury as it often fares with persecutors. They rancorously pursue the object of their hatred, which is often of secondary importance, and they do not see, or they despise the danger that threatens the whole body of society. The *Lettres sur les Anglais*, otherwise called *Lettres Philosophiques*, published at that time by Voltaire, gave him no concern; and he was pleased to consider the *Lettres Persanes* as affording due grounds for Montesquieu's admission into the Academy."

The people of Byzantium busied themselves with disputes about the miraculous light on Mount Thabor when Mahomet II. was at their very gates. Fleury was immersed in paltry theological squabbles, while the citadel he pretended to defend was beleaguered by an intrepid and indefatigable army that had sworn to give no quarter. He could not see a phenomenon that had grown up under his own eyes.

"The revolution that occurred in England in the latter half of the seventeenth century gave rise to keen controversies on the kingly power, and the sovereignty of the people. The latter principle triumphed in England. It was not much adverted to by the French so long as they were intoxicated by the marvels of their great king's reign, and felt proud of being his subjects; but it began to gain ground amongst them towards the close of that reign, when the *prestige* of glory was overcast by evil fortune, and religious persecution raised up many enemies against royalty. The first attacks upon the absolute authority of kings proceeded from Protestant refugees. Next came Massillon, who, in his *Petit Carême*, taught, in the name of heaven, that authority emanates from the people, and should be exercised for the people; the legitimized princes themselves" [the bastards of Louis XIV.], "constantly invoked the sovereignty of the nation against the severities of the regency. Moreover, the relations established between the government of the regent and that of Great Britain, put France in communication with the political institutions of that nation. Ideas of the ponderation of powers, and of representative government, crossed the Straits, and Montesquieu gave body to these yet vague notions.

"It was likewise a refugee who introduced scepticism into the domain of religion. Bayle, who found doubt more convenient than affirmation, established a general pyrrhonism, and furnished, with Freret, almost all the arguments used



by the philosophers after him. Men's minds were already disposed to incredulity. The cause of this lies further back, and is to be sought for among the changes effected by the Reformation. As long as it was militant it rather consolidated than shook the religious principle; on both sides men attached themselves strongly to the articles of faith for which they exposed their lives; but when peace succeeded to the tumult of arms, the reformist body became subdivided into a host of sects, all assuming to be the organs of heaven, and the exponents of the truth. Out of this chaos doubt arose; and incredulity followed doubt by a natural filiation."

But to return to Fleury, we have yet to speak of the blackest stain upon his character as a minister and as a man. Not content with enervating the mind of his royal pupil, and unfitting him for ever for the discharge of his momentous duties, not content with estranging his affections from the queen, it was the cardinal's pleasure that Louis should plunge into open profligacy. Up to the age of two-and-twenty the king evinced no disposition to conjugal infidelity. He was then remarkably handsome, and the ladies of the court vied with each other in efforts to allure him. His confidential attendants, according to the invariable tactics of their class, were eager to provide him with a mistress, and took care to make him observe the amorous advances of the fair dames around him. At first his answer was on all such occasions, "The queen is a much finer woman." But the pertinacity of his tempters, seconded by the weakness and vacuity of his own nature, at last prevailed; and his panders, Bachelier and Lebel, cast the bashful and reluctant young monarch almost by force into the arms of Madame de Mailly. At the head of the triumphant conspiracy was that grave and reverend person, that zealous and demure churchman, Cardinal Fleury. Unseen he directed all the machinations of the plot, selected the mistress, and contrived the interviews. Madame de Mailly was perfectly free from ambition, the greatest of merits in the old minister's eyes, for it relieved him from all apprehension on the score of his own influence; her love for the king was genuine and disinterested, and she even beggared herself for the sake of her sordid lover, whose avarice was such that he did not blush to amass money in a time of famine by jobbing in corn. As single-hearted and fond as La Valliere, and still more unhappy, like her she died penitent, a victim to the base ambition of her own sisters.

If Louis had been slow to cast aside the

restraints of decorum, it is notorious with what desperate assiduity he afterwards revelled in depravity, and helped to bring about that catastrophe which he had ability enough to foresee, and heartlessness enough to disregard, because he believed it was not to happen in his day. His reign may be divided into five portions, two of which we have briefly glanced at—namely, the regency, and the ministry of Cardinal Fleury; the remaining three are denoted by the names of the three successive *mattresses en titre*, Mesdames de Chateauroux, de Pompadour, and du Barry. The first of these was a proud and ambitious woman, one of the three sisters of Madame de Mailly, who supplanted her in the king's favor. She desired to exalt the glory of her royal paramour, and under her influence Louis seemed for a while to shake off his apathy and sloth; she insisted that he should apply himself to the business of government, and appear at the head of his army. But her reign was brief; she died suddenly, and the king relapsed into his old habits. Then came the vindictive procuress, Madame de Pompadour, who filled the Bastille with the victims of her resentment, and the *Parcs-aux-Cerfs* with female children kidnapped, or purchased, or tempted to offer themselves voluntarily, to be instructed in the principles of religion and the practices of vice by the devout and debauched monarch. When Pompadour died, it was quite in accordance with the fit and natural sequence of things, that du Barry should step from a brothel to take her place as virtual queen of France.

There was likewise a natural fitness in the manner of death that befell Louis XV. Alarmed by some symptoms of contrition manifested by him, the Countess du Barry, who had long followed the system of Madame de Pompadour, prevailed on the king to make an excursion to Trianon, where he would find a young girl whose charms would dissipate his gloomy thoughts. But the girl was already laboring under the latent stage of small pox; the king caught the infection and died in a few days, at the age of sixty-four, and after a reign of fifty-nine years. His death was welcomed with joy by the nation which had once regarded him with such genuine and warm affection. When some one bantered the priest of St. Geneviève on the inefficacy of the prayers and ceremonies at the shrine of the saint on the occasion of the king's illness, "Why," replied the priest, "is he not dead? What more would you have?"

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### A LITTLE TALK ABOUT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

PERCHANCE the reader is familiar with Vertue's groundplan of the Palace of Whitehall, or a well-engraved bird's-eye view of that very interesting pile, "as it appeared about the reign of James the First." In either case, he may trace that, at the period above named, in the left distance, might be seen Arlington House; the mansion of Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, one of the famous "Cabal." This property was afterwards purchased by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who obtained an additional grant of land from the Crown, pulled down the old mansion, and, at a short distance from it, built, in 1703, the large red brick edifice subsequently known as Buckingham House. It was in the heavy, yet ornate, style of the time, the house and offices occupying three sides of a quadrangle; the red brick and stone finishings, relieved by figures; on the entablature of the eastern front was inscribed in large gilt Roman capitals, "Sic siti lætantur lares;" and the front to the north bore "RUS IN URBE;" with sculptural impersonations of the seasons. Pennant describes the mansion as "rebuilt in a most magnificent manner." The duke has left a curiously minute picture of his mode of living at Buckingham House, in a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, of which Pennant cunningly said:—"He has omitted his constant visits to the noted gaming-house at Marybone, the place of assemblage of all the infamous sharpers of the time. His Grace always gave them a dinner at the conclusion of the season, and his parting toast was, 'May as many of us as remain unchanged next spring, meet here again.' I remember the facetious Quin telling this story at Bath, within the hearing of the late Lord Chesterfield, when his lordship was surrounded by a crowd of worthies of the same stamp."

The site of the mansion, and the grounds, was formerly the once famous Mulberry Gardens: it must have been a strange retreat. Defoe describes it, in 1714, as "one of the great beauties of London, both by reason of its situation, and its building." At the date of the old print we have spoken of, no buildings extended beyond St. James's, to the left; the north was open to Hamp-

stead, and the view of the Thames almost uninterrupted from the south-west corner of the park.

The Duke of Buckingham died in 1720: his duchess, daughter of James II. by Catherine Sedley, lived here till her death. She was succeeded by the duke's natural son, Charles Herbert Sheffield, on whom his Grace had entailed the property, after the death of the young duke, who died a minor. It was purchased from Sir Charles by King George the Third; and, subsequently, "Buckingham House, now called the Queen's House," was, by Act of Parliament, settled on Queen Charlotte, in lieu of Somerset House (settled in 1761 on the Queen Consort, in the event of her surviving the King), the latter edifice being vested in the King, his heirs, and successors, "for the purpose of erecting and establishing certain public offices." This purchase was made soon after the birth of the heir apparent to the throne, George Augustus Frederick, at Kew, August 12, 1762. Thenceforth, until her death in 1818, Queen Charlotte resided at Buckingham House, alternately with Windsor and Kew; and nearly all her fourteen children were born here, this being, indeed, the private town residence of the king and queen; whilst St. James's, "said to be the most commodious for royal parade of any in Europe," was used for drawing-rooms, levees, and state ceremonies. The domestic happiness of George the Third and Queen Charlotte at Buckingham House, and their personal superintendence of the early education of their children, must have formed a delightful relief to the courtly splendor of St. James's; whilst this retirement was important to the country; for, it has been well observed of the king, that "the decorum of his private conduct was of much service to him, as well as probably efficacious in no slight degree in giving a higher tone to the public manners, and in making the domestic virtues fashionable even in the circles where they are most apt to be treated with neglect."

We may here mention that the wall of what were called the gardens of Buckingham House, formed one side of the main street of Pimlico: these gardens must, how-



ever, have been strangely neglected; for, in 1817, they were described as consisting merely of a gravel walk, shaded by trees, with a spacious and unadorned area in the centre. In size and splendor, Buckingham House was rivalled by Tart Hall, long the depository of the Arundelian marbles: the latter mansion faced the park, on the present site of James-street; its garden wall standing where Stafford-row is now built.

We remember the dull, heavy façade of Buckingham House in 1825; the mansion itself stripped of its statues and sculptured ornaments, the fountain removed, and the basin in the lawn filled up in the taste that rushed from one extreme to the other—from the over-ornate to the taste which excluded ornament altogether; if we except the four fluted pilasters of the central portion, and the semicircular colonnade connecting it with the two wings, each having pilasters and a pediment, the whole forming three sides of a quadrangle. Mr. Pyne, in his "History of the Royal Residences," has left us a description of the interior, remarkable for its plainness: the King had, however, assembled here a large collection of pictures, and among them many of the works of his pet painter, Benjamin West: for his "Regulus," the King paid one thousand guineas, a liberal commission in those days, but now sometimes paid by our gentry, for a few sittings to a portrait-painter. Of far greater consequence to the country was the collecting of a magnificent library at Buckingham House by George the Third. This collection he bequeathed to the nation, and it is now deposited in a splendid apartment, built for its reception, in the British Museum. The public have, however, derived comparatively little benefit from the royal bequest; an administration which but ill accords with the spirit of the sovereign, who was what many influential persons of his time were not—an avowed friend to the diffusion of education; and, certainly, not afraid that his subjects would be made either more difficult to govern, or worse in any other respect, by all classes, from every individual of them, being taught to read and to write.

After the death of Queen Charlotte, Buckingham House continued a solitude of dust and decay: the surviving King lived in unhappy seclusion at Windsor until his death in 1820; and soon afterwards, the royal library was removed, as we have explained. There was little or nothing in the quiet regality of "the Queen's House" to

attract the garish taste of the Prince Regent in his decoration of Carlton House; and there was less to tempt George the Fourth, or to reconcile him to his palace in Pall-mall. Pictures, at once costly and portable, were, doubtless, carried off; but the old red brick mansion itself was abandoned for some five years; or, rather, it was left as a sort of "nest egg" for a more ambitious scheme. Dry rot, or, perhaps, satiety on the part of the royal occupant, led to the pulling down of Carlton House. It was then proposed to parliament to alter Buckingham House, so as to fit it for the residence of the sovereign; the task being confided to Mr. Nash, the architect favored by George the Fourth, and who had, unquestionably, shown great skill in carrying out the royal taste in the formation and construction of the palatial connexion of the site of Carlton House with Portland-place—now known as Waterloo-place, Regent Circus, Quadrant, and Street. The "alteration" of Buckingham House, by Nash, was commenced in 1825, and was apparently completed by 1828; when the wings were found to require raising, these alterations being estimated to cost 50,000*l.*, and the whole palace, 432,926*l.* The money was, however, grudgingly voted by Parliament, a Committee of the House of Commons expressing its dissatisfaction with such alterations, "not originally contemplated, for the purpose of rectifying a defect which scarcely could have occurred, if a model of the entire edifice had previously been made, and duly examined." A more artistical critic observes: "the wings, when first built, were found too small, and, in consequence, had to be pulled down and enlarged; the attic, from a similar cause, had to be raised, and thus we have lost what would have been the one picturesque feature of the pile, the pediment of the central portico standing out strongly relieved against the story; and it may also be added, the architect committed such a solecism as to build a dome which he afterwards acknowledged he was not at all aware would be visible from the park."

We suspect this failure in *remodelling* "the Queen's House" was unjustifiably attributed to Mr. Nash, the architect; we believe, with more justice to be ascribed to the king, who repeatedly interposed his royal will and pleasure in matters architectural, until a design reminding one of a house built of court cards was the result. There came out a grand Government pro-

ject, not for what Lord Bacon calls "a brief model of a princely palace," but for a scheme of cumbrous yet petty magnificence. The proposition was somewhat cunningly linked with the relaying out of the site of Carlton House, and of the enclosure in St. James's Park, to which latter, when disposed as a landscape-garden, the public were to be admitted. Thus, a boon was given to the people with the one hand, and a largeish grant for the palace was asked on the other. There followed all sorts of patriotic grumbling at the proposed expenditure, and criticism on the plans, more especially the additional plantations and flower gardens in the palace grounds; and the dug surfaces, the basin, fountains, and lake of several acres. Meteorogolists shook their heads, and grave gardeners quoted the fragment of Baconian philosophy: "fountains that sprinkle or spout water, or convey water, *as it never stays in the bowls or the cistern*, are a great beauty and refreshment; but pools mar all, and make the garden unwholesome and full of flies and frogs." The great object was to conceal the palace windows from view of the stables and the surrounding houses: and in so doing this by the above plan, it was maintained, that, by thickening the marginal belts on both sides of the hollow, to shut out London, Buckingham palace would be rendered a dam to a pond of watery vapor; and that a man must be something less or more than a king to keep his health in that place for any length of time. Then the locality was otherwise beset with nuisances: the smoke of several factories in the newly-built portion of Pimlico, rolled over the palace in huge volumes, and filled its courts: the King is known to have offered many thousand pounds for the removal of an individual nuisance, yet in vain; and, to this day, its fumes continue to float over the nursery of royalty, much to the discomfiture of those who are destined hereafter to sway the sceptre of the British empire.

However, the King came to the nuisance; and there was no royal road for its ridance. The grant of money was obtained, and the "remodelling" was proceeded with; it should, however, be termed *re-building*, for we believe the only portion of "the Queen's House" left standing was the ground floor, which accounts for the low-pitched and dark rooms in this portion of the present palace.

George the Fourth did not live to see this pet work completed; though, at about

the period that he passed from sublunary suffering, the grand arch—for the especial entrance of the sovereign and the royal family to the palace—was completed. This arch is the greatest work of mere ornament ever attempted in England. It has a centre gateway, and two side openings, and is of the size and general design of the arch of Constantine, at Rome; but is by no means so richly embellished, and is altogether a very blank affair compared with the Government design. The sculpture is omitted in the attic; and, in place of the reversed trusses above the columns, were to have been figures of warriors and panels of sculpture intervening; indeed, the fascia was to have been, altogether, far more highly enriched, the attic carried considerably higher, and crowned with an equestrian statue of George the Fourth, flanked with groups of military trophies, vases at the angles, &c. As it is, the sculpture is confined to a pair of figures and a key-stone on each face of the central archway, panels above the side openings, and wreaths at the ends: these are by Flaxman, Westmacott, and Rossi. The statue of George the Fourth was ordered of Sir Francis Chantrey, for 9,000 guineas; the Government put him to the expense of 100*l.* for parchments, and then were two years after the time agreed upon for the first payment! The statue, if we mistake not, is that which has been placed at the north-east angle of Trafalgar-square.

We may here complete the description of the arch. The material is white marble, now discolored by smoke and damp, and in appearance resembling a huge sugar erection in a confectioner's shop window. Upon the attic platform of the arch is a flag-staff, the crown of which is eighty feet from the ground; and from it, during the abode of the sovereign at the palace, the royal standard floats from sunrise to sunset; the silk standard, for state occasions, is thirty feet long, and eighteen feet deep, and cost nearly 200*l.*: it was first hoisted at the coronation of Queen Victoria, June 28, 1838. The gates were not put up until the summer of 1837; the central gates, designed and cast by Samuel Parker, are the largest and most superb in Europe; not excepting those of the Ducal palace, at Venice, or of the Louvre, at Paris: they are of a beautiful alloy, bronzed, the base of which is refined copper. Although cast, their enriched foliage and scroll-work bear all the elaborate finish of the finest chasing;



the design consists of six compartments, in each of which is a circle: in the two upper ones are the lion, *passant gardant*; beneath are the regal G. R.; and lowermost, St. George and the Dragon: the height of each gate is twenty-five feet; width, seventeen feet six inches; extreme thickness, three inches; weight of each, two tons thirteen cwt. They are so beautifully hung that a child might open and shut them. They now terminate at the springing of the arch, but Mr. Parker had cast, for the semicircular heading, a beautiful frieze, and a design of the royal arms in the central circle, flanked by state crowns; this portion was, however, irretrievably mutilated by the Government removing the gates from the foundry, in a common stage wagon, without due care; yet the work cost altogether 3000 guineas. The side openings are filled, meanly enough, with halberds. The central gateway, as first designed, was not sufficiently wide to admit the royal state coach; fortunately the blunder was discovered in time to be remedied. The railings enclosing the court yard, were also cast by Mr. Parker; the spear blades are tipped with Mosaic gold, which have long since been blackened by the canker of a London atmosphere. Nothing can be less effective than this "triumphal" arch: it is cold and blank, unfinished and unmeaning; had it been connected with the palace by a stone arcade or colonnade, the unity would have been improved; as it is, an isolated nonentity is the unsatisfactory result.

We come to a bit of historical gossip, showing that, in all probability, *the first cup of tea made in England was drunk upon the site of Buckingham Palace*; for the Earl of Arlington took the first pound of tea to England, having bought it in Holland for sixty shillings; and at this time the Earl resided in "Arlington House," taken down prior to the building of Buckingham House.\*

\* It will be remembered that against Arlington, as one of the Cabal ministry, articles of impeachment were preferred in 1674; one of the charges being that he had been wanting in fidelity to his trust as a privy councillor, as a sworn defender of the Protestant religion. The Earl met this and other charges against him so dexterously, that the impeachment was dropped. It has, however, lately been proved that Arlington was of the Catholic faith; for, in the "Autobiography of Sir John Bramston, K. B.," printed for the Camden Society, we find this entry:—"About this tyme the Earle of Arlington, Lord Chamberlain, died, a Roman Catholick, and they tell this storie of him. That day that he dyed he askt his phisitian if there were noe hope left of his life; whoe sayd he did not see none; he thought he would die verie speedilie. Then sayd my Lord,

We now return to the palace. Had the "triumphal arch" and its accessories been completed as originally projected, the cost of the archway, railing, and statue, would have exceeded 70,000*l*. As it is, the arch has been almost universally condemned as a monument of tasteless expenditure and extravagant folly. Cobbett, in his odd, sarcastic way, used to say, that he had often, in crossing the park, halted to look at the structure without being able to "make anything of it," in which unsatisfactory result there must have been many sharers.

The other arch, originally intended as a grand feature of the remodelling of the palace, may be noticed here: this is the costly "triumphal" structure facing Hyde Park Corner, which now forms the public entrance into the Green Park, by Constitution Hill, but was originally intended for the royal entrance to the palace gardens. This arch was built by Mr. Decimus Burton, in 1828; it is eighty feet in height, and has a single aperture, with an architrave surmounted by an archivolt, without a keystone; an innovation by no means pleasing. The sides are decorated with Corinthian pilasters, and sculptured wreaths of laurel, inclosing "G. R. IV.," and crowns, alternately. In each front, from the four central pilasters, a portico of four columns projects on two solid plinths. Above the entablature, on a lofty blocking-course, is raised an attic, surmounted by an acroterium; the soffite of the arch is sculptured in sunken panels; and within the piers are apartments, and stairs ascending to the roof of the attic; the entrances being at the side, and, with the windows, having a mean effect. The gates, by Bramah, are of massive iron scroll-work, bronzed; the design comprising the royal arms, in a circular centre: they are handsome, but less original than the superb palace gates we have just described. Mr. Burton's original design for the arch, it should, in justice, be mentioned, has not been carried out. He proposed to embellish the main piers with

'Fetch me a preist, for I am a Roman Catholick.' His seruants were amased, but he sayd he would haue a preist fetcht; 'Yet,' says he, 'I will not haue it knowne vntill I am dead.' Soe he had a priest, was absolved, and soe he died of that Church, tho' he had receaued the Sacrament very often, had taken the Test, where he renounced Transubstantiation, the worshipinge of the Virgin Marie, &c., seuerall tymes as a Peere in the Lords' House, and as the King's seruant, both in the last King's tyme and in this present King's, too."

groups of trophies; to place a figure of a warrior on each stylobate; to enrich the attic with a sculptural representation of an ancient triumph; to place a statue, flanking the attic, over each column; and to crown the acroterium with a figure of Victory, in a quadriga, or four-horse chariot. Had these embellishments been executed, the arch would not have been condemned, as it has been, for its insipidity of design, and absence of classic appropriateness. At this point, by the way, the late Sir John Soane proposed to erect an entrance into Piccadilly, of architectural stupendousness, and most elaborate sculptural enrichment: it was to consist of two large side arches, opening to Hyde Park and the Green Park, and a vast arch, spanning the Piccadilly roadway, at a height entitling to the epithet of triumphal. The cost would have been enormous; but, had the design been executed, it would have presented the most magnificent metropolitan entrance in Europe, and have been really worthy of "the city of the world."

Upon Mr. Burton's arch, as the reader is, doubtless, aware, has been placed Mr. Wyatt's colossal equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. Previous to this, to give security to the immense weight which the attic has now to carry, it was strengthened at each angle by a cross buttress; and the supporting slab is laid upon a strong brick arch. The statue was designed and cast expressly for this position, after the Queen's consent had been obtained for its location there; for which purpose, also, the funds were subscribed by the public: and, on the royal permission being granted, Her Majesty remarked, that were the monument placed upon the arch, as proposed, in leaving the palace for a ride, she should have the satisfaction of seeing the statue of the greatest man in her dominions.

To return to the palace, the view from the platform of Mr. Burton's arch comprises a *coup d'œil* of the royal gardens, and shows the vast circular reservoir, the lake, &c., and the pavilion, of which we shall speak in detail hereafter.

To resume, chronologically: soon after the accession of William the Fourth, it was resolved to complete the palace, and have it furnished as a royal residence. Previously, however, to this being done, in the summer of 1821, the public were admitted to view the interior of the palace, by tickets, for parties not exceeding six persons; and within the limited time many thou-

sands availed themselves of this privilege—ourselves among the number. The floors were then uncarpeted, but the mirrors were fixed throughout the several apartments. The general characteristic was a waste of gold, glare, and glitter, in the worst possible taste; the coved ceiling of the throne room, we remember, "fretted with golden fires," resembled the top of a work-box; the multitude of gilt capitals was very striking: each of these cost 30*l.*, whilst a contract for 13*l.* each had been refused! There were several pairs of gorgeous folding doors, of mahogany and plate-glass, overloaded with ormolu, each costing 300 guineas a pair: they were in very questionable taste, and were better adapted for a flashy gin-palace than the abode of royalty, and several of them were accordingly removed. We remember the obvious defect of there being but one state staircase; the sculpture gallery with only a borrowed light; and the library, at the door of which it was scarcely possible to read. In the principal floor, the octagonal apartment of the library of George the Third was unappropriated. It had been proposed to fill the compartments of the walls with the cartoons of Raphael from Hampton Court; but no sooner was this proposition intimated to the public than it was loudly protested against, and at length given up. Indeed, this removal of the cartoons would have been an injustice to the public for the mere purposes of private gratification.

In our stroll through the palace we were much struck with the picturesqueness of the garden-front, and the cheerfulness of the apartments in this portion of the plan. The terrace-walk was very beautiful; and at each extremity was an Ionic temple-like conservatory, the roof and walls filled with plate-glass, and each to be filled with the rarest plants.

It was a strange sight to witness the eagerness with which the holiday folks rambled through the stately staircases, corridors, and saloons of the vast palace; how a few, of a more contemplative cast, lingered beneath the canopy in the throne-room, from whence the sovereign, by a slight turn of the head, might desery the architectural glory of the metropolis—the matchless dome of St. Paul's cathedral. Then, the lofty windows of the ante-room were thrown open, and by this means two or three of the visitors had strayed out upon the floor of the great portico, and were enjoying the park prospect astride the balus-



trade. However, as the people reflected upon the vast outlay for the palace, they saw before them as a sort of compensation, the landscape-garden of the hitherto enclosed waste of St. James's Park; and it may be worth while to glance at the effects of the change. "Sixty years ago," wrote the late Theodore Hook, "the Mall continued the fashionable promenade, in the evening: it is now only useful as a thoroughfare from Whitehall to Pimlico, and evening promenade there is none; for the class of persons who give the tone to society dine at the hour at which their grandfathers supped, and dress for dinner at the period when their ancestors, two centuries since, were undressing for bed. But the beautiful garden which has superseded the swampy meadow, and the Dutch canal within the enclosure, is thronged in the summer evenings with those who *have* dined, and enjoy themselves quite as much as those who have not; and affords a new source of amusement to the public, and keeps pleasurehunters away from the suburban teagardens and bowling-greens, which within the last quarter of a century were so popular with Londoners."

Soon after the admission of the public to view the palace, its fittings were proceeded with; which occasioned the small wits to say that it was "*built for one sovereign, and furnished for another.*" Considerable alterations were also made in the palace itself by Mr. Blore: the cupola, or dome, was taken down, and replaced by one of much smaller size; and the principal front was raised, so as wholly to conceal the cupola from the spectator in the park, while it continued a feature in the garden-front, as was originally intended. This amendment had also the additional advantage of preventing the principal front from being overpowered by the wings, and of giving increased stateliness to the whole pile.

At length, the New Palace actually became a royal residence, being taken possession of by her Majesty, very shortly after her accession, viz. July 13, 1837. Thus, we see that seven entire years, or the whole reign of King William the Fourth, were spent in furnishing and altering the palace as a habitation for the sovereign; and even then, the state apartments were exceedingly limited in number, and by no means very spacious in themselves. King William and Queen Adelaide did not appear anxious to tenant the New Palace: they passed much of their time at Windsor, and a regular

season at Brighton; using St. James's for levees and drawing-rooms, and a few apartments were refurnished to fit this palace in some degree for a royal residence. Hence the completion of Buckingham Palace was not expedited. We may here state that the cost of the palace itself, including the architectural after-thoughts, but exclusive of the expense of furnishing, has been 673,777*l.*; and never was outlay more unsatisfactory to the country. Satire of all sorts has been freely let fly at the design. Dr. Waagen, the eminent German critic, quaintly says:—"Buckingham Palace looks as if some wicked magician had suddenly transformed some capricious stage-scenery into solid reality;" upon which another comments, "would that the same magician could re-transform it, and at the same time return the many hundreds of thousands of pounds it has cost into the exchequer."

The site of the palace, seen from Piccadilly, appears very low; and, in consequence, it is supposed to be smothered in the prospects from the windows. However, there is nothing so bad but that something may be said in defence of it; and so it is with the palace site. Looking at the structure, much of this censure may be correct: but situation cannot be duly appreciated by looking at it;—by looking from it, the extent and variety of the prospects can only be rightly estimated. In each direction, except on the Pimlico side, the views are not only the most extensive, but the finest in all the metropolis. From the eastern front, there is no other prospect in any part of London so magnificent. In the foreground lies St. James's Park, with the lake and island; on the left is the massive palace-house of the Duke of Sutherland; and next is the mansion of Lord Spencer, one of the best designs of Inigo Jones, with the other fine buildings which face the Green Park. On the right is Westminster Abbey; and in perspective the Horse-Guards, the Treasury, and the Admiralty; and beyond them are the dome of St. Paul's, and the spires of the City churches. Another fine feature, too, is the lofty colonnaded terraces of Carlton-gardens, and the statue-crowned York column. The view from the north side comprehends the Green Park, with the terrace of Piccadilly, from Devonshire House to the princely mansion of the Duke of Wellington; the beautiful entrance-screen to Hyde Park; and the loftier arch opposite, at the moment we write crowned with the most stupendous

bronze group of modern times. The foreground of this prospect, too, has been much improved by the removal of the Ranger's Lodge and shrubberies from the verge of the Green Park, on the south side of Piccadilly. The south side of the palace looks towards Pimlico. The garden, or west front, looks over an extent of sixty-three acres, laid out in the very best style of landscape gardening.

The approach to the palace is by the main mall of St. James's Park; and had the communication been made direct to Charing Cross, as contemplated, the road would be by a noble straight avenue to the marble triumphal arch already described. We may here add, that over the side gates in each face of this arch are figures of England, Scotland, and Ireland; Genius exciting Youth; Virtue and Valor; Peace and Plenty; and over the central archway are figures of Fame and Victory, and a sculptured keystone. It was, however, originally intended to place on the park face of the arch a representation in bold relief of the battle of Waterloo; and on the opposite face the battle of Trafalgar; besides medallions of Wellington and Nelson, groups of trophies, statues of heroes, &c.

Behind the arch, the palace comprehends a quadrangle, or open square, of 240 feet in extent on each side, being about the same size as the quadrangle of Somerset House. The principal and governing order is the Roman-Corinthian, raised on a Doric basement. The central mass of the design is composed of a bold *porte cochère*, or superior portico, of eight coupled columns, and corresponding towers, with four columns at either extremity. The tympanum of the centre pediment is filled with sculpture, and the pediment crowned with statues. The projecting wings or sides of the quadrangle are of a subdued character; the ends towards the park presenting Corinthian porticoes, surmounted with statues, and adorned with sculptures: on the left wing are figures of History, Geography, and Astronomy; and on the right, Painting, Music, and Architecture. Around the entire building, and above the windows, is a frieze combining in a scroll the rose, shamrock, and thistle; and extending from each wing, facing the park, is a screen or wall, with private entrances. The northern wing was originally occupied by the Duchess of Kent and her Royal Highness's household: it is now the royal nursery. Of the northern and southern fronts we have already

spoken: the octagonal apartment in the latter (intended for a chapel) has, we believe, been fitted up as an armoury. The garden-front is, however, in an architectural sense, the principal one: it consists of five highly ornamented Corinthian towers, the centre one being circular. A balustrade terrace, extending the whole length of this front, between the two Ionic pavilions, one of which has been converted into a chapel, adds greatly to the general effect, by seemingly increasing the elevation, while it spreads a broad base that augments the apparent strength and grandeur. The upper portion is embellished with statues and groups of trophies, and historical bas-reliefs, designed by Flaxman and others.

We will now examine the interior.

Having passed through the triumphal arch into the quadrangle, which is surrounded by a peristyle of Grecian Doric columns, instead of an arcade, we pass under the portico into the marble hall. The ceiling is only eighteen feet high, but is supported by an extensive range of double columns, standing on an elevated continuous basement, every shaft formed of a single piece of veined white (Carrara) marble, with Mosaic gold bases and capitals; whilst the marble floor has a Mosaic Vitruvian scroll border. Thence you ascend by a broad flight of steps to the sculpture gallery, one hundred and twenty feet in length, with marble columns and floor corresponding with the hall. The sculpture in the gallery consists chiefly of busts of eminent statesmen, and members of the royal family. This gallery extends the whole length of the central portion of the ground plan, corresponding with the picture gallery above it. It opens into the library, or council-room, which has a semicircular termination in the central portion of the garden front. When the door of this room is open, the vista from the grand entrance across the hall, sculpture gallery, and library, to the very windows opening to the garden terrace—indeed, through the entire edifice—is a scene of architectural picturesqueness. To the right and left of the library are moderately-sized rooms, which command the cheerful retirement of the garden scenery. These apartments, in their furniture and decoration, combine elegance and luxury with simplicity and comfort: they must be a welcome retreat from the gold and glitter of the state rooms; and opening upon the terrace, with its pic-



turesque vases of flowers, they enable you to enjoy in the beautifully undulated grounds, "a mimic Arcady embosomed in deep foliage," as it has been called, "a gay delicious solitude rescued from the *fumum strepitumque Romæ*."

Re-crossing the hall, a spacious flight of marble steps leads to the grand staircase, also of white marble, and on the left hand as you enter from the portico. This staircase consists of a centre and two returning flights, the former being carried up to the entrance to the armory, from which the effect is beautiful and theatrical. This staircase has lately been decorated, by Mr. Gruner, after the manner of the Italian masters; on the ceiling are four frescoes of morning, evening, noon, and night, on gold ground, with exquisite imitations of marble, &c. The staircase itself is too small; but the rail, supported on bold and rich Mosaic gold scroll-work, has a superb effect, especially in continuation of the golden capitals and bases of the columns in the hall. The library, by the way, is used as a waiting-room for deputations, which, as soon as the Queen is prepared to receive them, pass across the sculpture gallery into the hall, and thence ascend by the grand staircase, through an ante-room and the green drawing-room, to the throne-room. The mahogany folding doors, over-ornate with looking-glass and ormolu (of which we have already spoken), are here unsparingly introduced. Upon state occasions, or grand receptions, the hall and staircase are lined by yeomen of the guard, with the exons, lieutenant, and clerk of the cheque, the whole presenting a magnificent scene of pageantry and regal state. A staircase for the egress of company has been constructed on the right side of the hall, since the original plan was made.

The green drawing-room, which occupies the centre of the eastern front, and opens upon the upper or Corinthian story of the portico, is a superb apartment; the walls are hung with green satin, striped, relieved with tasteful gilding; the room is some fifty feet in length, and thirty-two feet in height; it has an almost endless series of looking-glass in door and shutter panels, and elaborate frames, which reflect a beautiful little panorama of the park enclosure, caught through the marble arch and the pillars of the exterior portico. When state balls are given, the spacious tent, formerly belonging to Tippoo Saib, is raised beneath the portico, and the windows being remov-

ed, refreshments are served here to the company: it thus has the effect of enlarging the saloon. It is lit by an "Indian sun," eight feet in diameter, set round a chandelier, which throws down the light upon the company with brilliant effect.

We next advance to the throne-room, sixty-four feet in length, which presents a blaze of elaborate enrichment. The walls are hung with crimson satin, striped; and the alcove, on the north side, with crimson velvet, relieved with a profusion of gilding, and emblazonry of arms, &c. The fascia consists of massive gilt wreaths, and two large figures bearing a gilt medalion of George the Fourth. In this recess is placed the royal throne, or chair of state. The ceiling of the room is coved, richly emblazoned with arms, and gilded in the boldest Italian style of the fifteenth century. Beneath is a white marble frieze exquisitely sculptured by Bailey—the design, the Wars of the Roses, Stothard's last great work. In this room are presented addresses to the Queen, in state as picturesque as it is splendid: there, Her Majesty is seated on her throne in her royal robes, with the Prince Consort on her left, and surrounded by her ministers and great officers of state, the court, &c.; the deputation then advance through an avenue of the gentlemen-at-arms, and the address is duly presented. For the christening of the Princess Royal, in February, 1841, the throne was removed from the recess, and in its place, was erected an altar, hung with crimson velvet and gold, and upon it was ranged the silver-gilt communion-plate; the font being placed upon a Mosaic table, upon a richly embroidered velvet carpet; the effect of the whole was impressive and superb. This room is, altogether, very gorgeously appointed. The profusion of gilding, the richly fretted cove of the ceiling, the curved and gilt *bordure* of the crimson satin hangings and draperies, and the large and brilliant mirrors in massive gold frames; the richly-dight insignia and canopy of the throne recess; the superb lustres with their myriads of prismatic glitter—all make up a scene of overpowering richness, relieved only by the chaste beauty of Stothard's white marble frieze of the Wars of the Roses—the great chain of events, by which the royal family, as descendants of the Tudors, came to the throne.\* In this chamber, too, are ordered

\* The venerable Stothard was between seventy and eighty years old when he designed this frieze;

more important matters than mere forms of state ceremonials; and the saloon is generally provided with a long table and a number of seats for the accommodation of the ministers when they and the Queen are "in Privy Council assembled."

We have thus contemplated our survey of the eastern front of the palace: its main apartments open into the picture gallery, on the opposite side of which is the western front, comprising a suite of three drawing-rooms, and other apartments. The gallery is about one hundred and eighty feet in length, and twenty-six feet in breadth. It has a semi-Gothic roof, lighted by a triple row of compartments filled with rich diapered ground glass, bearing the stars of all the orders of knighthood in Europe. At each end is a semicircular arch resting upon coupled Corinthian columns, and communicating with a lobby with an enriched doorway. "The gallery, like that of the Louvre, is long and straight; but, unlike the French picture corridor—that lane of pictures with no turning,—the otherwise monotonous flatness of the walls is broken by the ornamented doorways, which lead to the two suites of apartments east and west. These ornaments are of a chaste character, and present nothing to attract the eye from the paintings hung upon the walls." The settees and chairs are plain, the frames of the pictures are neat rather than gorgeous; in short, there is no rivalry set up, as is too often the case, between the decorator and the painter.

The roof or ceiling is, however, a fine specimen of skilful and elaborate design; yet, as a means of lighting the apartment, its merit is much disputed by artistic critics. Von Raumer, for instance, condemns the immensely high wall which cannot be hung with paintings; and he maintains that the light, coming from above, or two sides, is false, insufficient, and moreover broken by the architectural decorations. "It is to be remarked, that the lighting of the whole of the state apartments has been effected under the most rigid artistic taste. In each of the various drawing-rooms, for instance, the glass is tinted, so

yet it possesses all the vigor and imagination which had distinguished his best days. As a whole, there is not, perhaps, to be found a more interesting series of historical designs of any country in ancient or modern times. The drawings of this frieze ought to be in the royal collection, but they were sold at Christie's with the rest, on the decease of the painter; Mr. Rogers was the purchaser.

as to harmonize with the general tone of the decorations."

Occasionally, this gallery is used as a ball-room; or, shortened by screens, bearing beaufets of superb plate, and priceless articles of *vertu*, in it are given state banquets.

The collection of pictures is very valuable, and comprises, in the main, works of the Flemish and Dutch schools. The chief exceptions are Reynolds's *Death of Dido*, and his *Cymon and Iphigenia*; a landscape by Gainsborough, and a few recent English works; some pictures by Watteau; and an interesting evidence of Titian's versatility—a landscape, with herdsmen and cattle, by that master. Among the finest works are three by Albert Durer, seven by Rembrandt, seventeen by Teniers, five by Ostade, six by Gerard Dow, nine by Cuyp, eight by Wouvermans, three by Paul Potter, six by Rubens, five by Vandyke, in addition to his various portraits of children. Among Rembrandt's pictures is *The Wise Men's Offering*; among Vandyke's, *The Marriage of St. Catherine*; among Albert Durer's, *The Miser*; and among Rubens's, the portrait of his wife. Claude's *Europa* also enriches the collection. Its history explains the great number of Dutch pictures: they belonged, for the most part, to George the Fourth, who purchased them from Sir Francis Baring, and was proud enough ever afterwards of his acquisition.

Nor are the arts in Buckingham Palace confined to this gallery; for there is not a room which does not boast of some paintings. Music, also, has its full patronage; there being a grand pianoforte in each of the state rooms, except the throne chamber.

Leaving the picture gallery, we enter, from its centre, the Roman drawing-room, which, because it contains, like the library immediately under it, a circular front, is called, also, "the bow-room." South of this is the yellow drawing-room, and beyond it the state dining-room. Northward of the bow-room is the music-room, communicating with the private apartments of Her Majesty, which extend along the whole of the northern front of the palace.

The most interesting feature of the bow-room, and the drawing-rooms right and left of it, is a series of sculptures in relief, by Pitts, an artist of great promise, who died young. Thus, the frieze in the bow-room represents Eloquence, Pleasure, and Harmony; and in the music-room, within



arches of the elliptical ceiling, are three reliefs, representing the apotheoses of the poets, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton—each comprising numerous subordinate figures. In the yellow drawing-room, the sculptor has left us a series of twelve reliefs illustrative of the origin and progress of Pleasure: namely, Love Awakening the Soul to Pleasure;—the Soul in the Bower of Fancy;—the Pleasure of Decoration;—the Invention of Music;—the Pleasure of Music;—the Dance;—the Masquerade;—the Drama;—the Contest for the Palm;—the Palm Resigned;—the Struggle for the Laurel;—the Laurel Obtained. The floors of these drawing-rooms are very superb; being bordered with satin and rosewood, inlaid with devices of rose and tulip-wood.

The bow-room has a domed ceiling, enriched with the national emblems, and supported by scagliola lapis-lazuli columns. The music-room has an orchestra gallery at the south end; and for the company are provided brass-framed seats, with velvet cushions. Of the entire suite, however, the yellow drawing-room is the most superb. It has a lofty cove, richly gilt, and ornamented with heraldic shields, beneath which is the series of bas-reliefs described above; and in these designs there is so much classic beauty that we regret to see the continuation broken by the introduction of medallion portraits, even though they be of royal and illustrious personages. But the main beauty of the apartment lies in the harmony of color adopted for its draperies, &c.; namely, a series of shades of yellow, ranging almost from brown to green; the effect is truly elegant and artistic, and we remember the like success in the principal drawing-room of the Reform club-house in Pall Mall. Upon the figured yellow silk walls of the palace apartment are hung whole length portraits of royal personages; and at each end, and above the chimney-piece, are placed brilliant mirrors. The chimney-piece is of exquisitely white marble, sculptured by Westmacott. The furniture of the room is truly sumptuous; as is also the assemblage of vases filled with flowers, clocks, bronzes, inlaid tables, cabinets, &c. To quote a contemporary, "All that luxury can desire, or skill and wealth accomplish, to make this apartment magnificent, in the ordinary mode of obtaining magnificence, is to be found here in an extraordinary degree."

We must now sum up the characteristics of the entire pile.

The principal merit, such as it is, lies in the sculptural enrichments of the palace; and the appropriate *nationality* of their subjects, for the intellectual adornment of the residence of a British sovereign. The marble chimney-pieces, too, are sculptured with caryatides and other figures of life size, and a profusion of fruit, flowers, &c. Yet, the figures are condemned as groups of "pigmies and Brobdignagians huddled together; people from two to six feet high, living in admirable harmony. The smaller figures have such miserable spider legs and arms, that one would fancy they had been starved in a time of scarcity, and were come to the king's palace to fatten."—(*Von Raumer.*)

This acute critic also points out in the same apartment, "fragments of Egypt, Greece, Etruria, Rome, and the Middle Ages, all confusedly mingled together;" and he concludes by asserting "this palace to stand as a very clear proof that wealth, without knowledge of art and taste, cannot effect so much as moderate means, aided by knowledge and sound judgment."

With all these artistical defects and drawbacks, it cannot, however, be denied, that for mere purposes of show and state splendor, the suite of rooms at Buckingham Palace is not ill adapted, now that an additional staircase for egress has been provided. The suite, for convenience, cannot be compared with that of St. James's Palace, which, indeed, has scarcely a parallel in Europe. The rooms of the latter are, however, somewhat heavy in their style of decoration (that of the reign of Queen Anne); there are certain aims at classic elegance, and that of an intellectual character, in the embellishments of Buckingham Palace, which are attractive and interesting, though their success be but fragmentary. The nationality of the sculptures, as we have before said, is one of their redeeming points; and the variety of the styles of decoration is another attraction, though a subordinate one. It is impossible to deny a certain grandeur and beauty to the sculptured marble door-cases and chimney-pieces, with their colossal caryatidal figures, their bold scroll-work and medallion portraits; the claim to the originating of all this sumptuousness is somewhat frequently asserted in the royal cyphers G. R. which meet the eye at every available opportunity; and remembering how unsparingly abuse, critical and unartistic, has been showered upon the entire design of the palace, the last of the Georges

has not been grudged this distinction by one of the liege subjects of his successors.

Upon no occasion are the gorgeous appointments of the palace so successfully called into requisition as for the purposes of state balls, two or three of which entertainments are usually given by Her Majesty during the London season. Then, the entire suite of rooms, seven in number (including the picture-gallery), is used; and the space beneath the central portico, and over the entrance to the great hall, by aid of Tippoo Saib's tent, is formed into a refreshment-room, as we have already described; whilst a similar extension is gained by drapery, in the balcony of the central western or bow saloon. These temporary extensions are set with flowering plants, and thus supply the relief of fragrant coolness. Plants are likewise placed in the picture gallery, where the brilliant bloom of nature thus alternates with the perfection of art. The rooms are mostly lighted by wax; and in cases where lamps are employed, Professor Faraday's beautiful mode of carrying off the heat and smoke by tubes is employed, with increased brilliancy of illumination and perfect ventilation.

There have been two memorable occasions since Her Majesty's accession to the throne, upon which Buckingham Palace presented a scene of almost gorgeous enchantment. These were at the costume balls, or masques, given in 1842 and 1845. The first fête was in the style of the reign of Edward III., the best age of English costume and *architecture*; so that, in the latter respect, the palace presented, everywhere, an ill-assorted anachronism. In the fête of 1845, the costumes (1740 to 1750) harmonized better with the palace interior. This was the age of hoop and embroidery, brocade and stiffened point lace, high-heeled shoes, powder and patches, such as we see in the porcelain figures of Sevres, Dresden, and Chelsea, and the pictures of Watteau and Boucher; nor must we forget the equally characteristic male costume of the period—the square-cut coats, and long-flapped waiscoats; the large hanging cuffs and lace ruffles, and stiffened skirts; the long outer stockings, and high-heeled shoes; and the endless wigs, and laced and feathered three-cornered hats—all belong to the exquisite of the time of our second George.

At the ball of 1845, Musard wielded his baton in an orchestra built in the cove of the throne-room, where the graceful minuet

was danced; the picture-gallery being appropriated to the more joyous "Sir Roger de Coverley." Supper was served in the great dining-room, where the magnificence of the plate beaufet, the brilliancy of the lights and flowers, the elaborate richness of the costumes, and the beauty and noble mien of the actors in this retrospective drama of taste, presented a scene of surpassing splendor. When, indeed, "did morning ever break" to dispel a more delightful illusion than the royal masques of 1842 and 1845.

There are certain points of improved construction in the palace, which we must not lose sight of among its less intrinsic merits. In roofing the edifice, Mr. Nash employed a composition of hot coal-tar, lime, and sand, which has withstood wear and tear much better than his architectural taste; and the floors, formed of cast iron, arched with hollow bricks, are fire-proof. The offices are, generally, well-appointed; but numbers of blackened supplementary pipes which rise from the roof, seem to indicate that one of the greatest plagues of domestic life, "a smoky chimney," is by no means a rarity at the palace.\*

We shall briefly advert to the works just commenced for enlarging the palace, to meet the requirements of Her Majesty and the royal family. Mrs. Jameson, speaking of the edifice, says:—"George the Fourth had a predilection for low ceilings, so all the future inhabitants of the Pimlico Palace must endure suffocation; and, as His Majesty did not live on good terms with his wife, no accommodation was prepared for a future Queen of England." The first statement is scarcely correct; for the principal floor of Buckingham House is by no means of low pitch, and the ground floor is part of old Buckingham House, its retention being rather a matter of necessity than choice. The second statement is truthful

\* Immediately under the palace passes "the King's Scholars' Pond Sewer," the main drain of one of the principal divisions of the Westminster Commission of Sewers, occupying the whole channel of a rivulet formerly known as Dye Brook, having its source at Hampstead, and *draining* an area of 2,000 acres, 1,500 of which are covered with houses. Within a few years, a large portion of this sewer has been reconstructed, under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty; arches of considerable span having been worked to a great extent under densely populated neighborhoods, without any suspicion on the part of the inhabitants of what was going on a few feet below the foundations of their houses. In its present complete state, it is, perhaps, the most remarkable and extensive piece of sewerage ever executed in this, or in any other country.



scandal; and the palace accordingly reminds us of "apartments for a single gentleman," rather than for the enjoyment of married life. Hence the alterations in progress, under the superintendence of Mr. Blore, to meet the cost of which Parliament have voted a large sum. At present, it is understood that the marble arch is doomed to be removed, and a fourth side of the great quadrangle constructed. There has been great objection to the expenditure of more money upon so unsatisfactory a building as the palace has proved; and a new royal residence has been suggested.

#### THE PALACE CHAPEL,

As we have already intimated, has been adapted by Mr. Blore, from the Southern Ionic Conservatory. The cast-iron framework has been preserved, with open tie-beams of elegant design; and a row of fluted composite columns on each side forms an aisle, which is pewed, the remainder of the area having open seats. The chapel is lit by lofty windows at the sides. Across the west end, and facing the altar, is the Queen's closet, supported by Ionic columns taken from the screen at Carlton House. Here are state chairs for Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, and the Duchess of Kent. The fittings of this closet, the pulpit, and reading-desk, are of crimson velvet and gold; and the pews and seats are covered with cloth of this color. The organ is placed in a gallery, to the right of the altar. The building is colored throughout white and French white, and relieved by the crimson fittings, has a chastely elegant effect. The chapel was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, March 25, 1843.

#### THE ROYAL MEWS

Is a handsome pile of offices entered from Queen's Row, Pimlico, at the rear of the palace. Here are a spacious riding-school; seven large stables; a room expressly for keeping state harness; stables for the state horses; and houses for forty carriages. Here, too, is kept the magnificent state coach, designed by Sir W. Chambers in 1762; and painted by Cipriani with a series of emblematic panel subjects; the entire cost being £7,661 16s. 5d. It may be seen by application at the mews; and the stud of horses and the entire establishment

may be inspected by application, properly made, to the Master of the Horse.

#### THE GARDEN PAVILION.

Within the last eighteen months, the palace garden has received a very interesting embellishment, which is closely associated with the patronage and progress of art in this country. Upon an eminence in the garden, looking over the piece of water, is a small cottage, which was selected by Her Majesty and Prince Albert, as the locality in which the experiment of painting in fresco might be made by some of our leading artists. "It may be remembered," says Mrs. Jameson, "that some of the most beautiful examples of Italian decorative art are to be found in garden-houses and the appendages to villas, and that some of the most celebrated compositions in the world were decorative pictures. Raphael's *Ga-latea*, for instance, is on the wall of the villa Farnesina; and Guido's *Aurora* is on the ceiling of a summer-house in the gardens of the Rospigliosi Palace."

For the purpose of this peculiar decoration, the cottage in the Buckingham Palace garden was altered: the external appearance is picturesque and graceful, without any regular style of architecture: it has a sort of minaret roof, and is flanked with a parapet, on which are placed vases with plants. The interior contains an octagonal room, and another apartment on either side: in the basement is a kitchen; and as the apartments have fireplaces, the exterior has the ungenial disfigurement of chimneys.

The octagonal room rises into a dome, sustained and divided by eight ribs; and in each compartment is a circular opening, with sky background—those on the west representing Midnight, with its star; and those on the east, the approaching Dawn. A rich cornice runs beneath, and under it are lunettes, each of which is painted in fresco with a scene from Milton's *Comus*; the painters being Stanfield, Uwins, Leslie, Ross, Maclise, Landseer, Dyce, and Eastlake; seven of whom are distinguished Members of the Royal Academy.

Beneath the lunettes are panels adorned with arabesques, medallions, figures, and groups, from a variety of Milton's poems.

The Octagon or Milton Room opens into a room on the right, decorated in the Pompeian style, "a very perfect and genuine example of classical domestic decoration,

such as we find in the buildings of Pompeii; a style totally distinct from the other two rooms."

The room on the left of the Octagon is decorated in the "Romantic" style; the subjects taken from the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott; richly colored festoons of flowers; medallions by Pistrucchi; statues of children, &c.; and the pavement is bordered with the thistle.

The experiment is considered perfectly successful, and has, unquestionably, accomplished its object—"to offer to some of our artists at once a high motive and a fair op-

portunity to try their powers in this new old method;" and an excellently illustrated description of the work has been published by command of the Queen, by Mr. Gruner, under whose superintendence the decorations were executed.

Hence, the pavilion has a twofold attraction; and, embosomed in foliage, it presents a delightful retreat in summer. The grounds are otherwise beautifully disposed. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, when in town, usually take their early morning walk in this charming seclusion; and the royal children participate in its advantages.

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From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

### JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

AMONG the great men of Germany, is one whose name is mentioned with pride by all his countrymen, with whose works all are acquainted, from the monarch upon his throne to the lowest laboring man, and whose fame is gradually spreading over the civilized world; this is the poet, the novelist, the philosopher, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. This extraordinary man was born in the little town of Wunsiedel, situated in Bavaria, and among the recesses of that chain of mountains known by the name of the Fichtelgebirge, or Pine Mountains. The inhabitants of this region are very simple in their tastes and customs: their houses are made of wood, and thatched with straw; the men are employed in mining, while the women, as is generally the case in Germany, perform all the agricultural labors.

In the year 1763, our hero was born. His father was the organist of Wunsiedel, and his mother was the daughter of a cloth weaver in the manufacturing town of Hof. We know little of Richter during the first two years of his life. He says, in his autobiography, that he can remember nothing except the kindness of a poor boy, who carried him in his arms, and brought him milk to drink. In 1765, his father was appointed pastor of Jodity, and thither the family removed. He has given us long descriptions of his life while at this place. He tells us that his great pleasure was to learn everything, and he thought it a happy day when he first entered the village school-

room. He seems to have made rapid progress in his studies; but his father, angry at the manner in which a peasant's son had behaved to him, removed him from school, and took the charge of his education upon himself. Seven hours were now daily devoted by Paul and his brother Adam to the study of the Latin grammar; and both felt it a hardship to sit within doors on a lovely summer's day, while his father was perhaps gone on a journey, having first appropriated to each of his sons their wearisome tasks.

The dry Latin rules did not, however, check the young Paul's ardor for learning, and he often stole into his father's library, devouring whatever book he happened to lay his hand upon. He tells us also that he made a clock and a sun-dial, and he even tried his skill in the use of the pencil. He seems to have been very fond of music, and often devoted whole hours to playing upon an old harpsichord which was found in the parsonage. We will give our readers a translation from Paul's account of his life at Jodity:—

"We will start with winter and January," says he: "in the cold weather our father, like a herdsman, came down from his study, and to our great joy dwelt in the common sitting-room. In the morning he sat by the window, and learned his Sunday's sermon by heart, while we carried his cup of coffee by turns to him. Out of doors, all was covered with snow; but within, all was life. Under the stove was a pigeon-house; on the windows, goldfinches' cages; and on the floor, a bulldog and a poodle. At the sound of the vesper bell in the evening, we placed ourselves in a cir-



cle, and chanted one of Luther's hymns. How much more pleasant were these winter evenings when, once a week, the old errand-woman, with her basket of fruits and wares, entered the kitchen from the town of Hof, spreading cakes and pasties before our eyes!

"In spring we were let loose into the fields. We ploughed, sowed, and made hay. My father did not stand by as a hard taskmaster, although the laborers were his feudal tenants, but as a good shepherd, caring for the spiritual welfare of his children. In the morning I carried my father's coffee to the pastor's garden, which was outside the village; in the evening my mother brought us salad and fruit for supper; and after this my brother and I sprang about in our nightgowns, in the open air, as freely as the birds above us. On Sunday, before church, I went through the village with a bunch of keys, to open the pastor's garden, and to bring thence some roses with which to decorate the reading-desk. After church, my brother and I carried to the peasants the usual half pound of bread, and the money collected. I think no other professional man can form any idea of how much the Sunday's vesper hour is enjoyed when the church duties are over. How did we rejoice with our father when he exchanged his pastor's dress for his light coat, and set forth with us to enjoy the calm repose of the Sabbath evening in the fields!

"In the summer I used to be sent to Hof, not only to buy those necessities which were not to be had in Jodity, but sometimes, when we were short of money, to borrow some from my grandfather. Christmas and the annual fair were our great seasons of rejoicing, and my father joined us in all our preparations, sometimes even decking the Christmas tree with his own hands."

From this little extract, our readers will see how very simple the lives of these mountain people are. They have few wants; and be they ever so poor, their poverty, provided it be not caused by any misconduct, is considered no disgrace. It must not be supposed that Paul's father, being a clergyman, was in flourishing circumstances. The income of a pastor, especially in a mountainous region, is very small. Thus we find that our hero's family had begun to feel the want of money, when a happy change occurred. Just as little Paul had attained his twelfth year, the pastor of Schwarzenbach died, and old Richter was appointed to the vacant pulpit.

The schoolmaster in this little town was named Werner, and Paul was placed under his charge. Here he studied Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, took lessons in music, and began to read the literature of his own country. Nothing, he says, gave him such intense pleasure as "Robinson Crusoe;" and once, when his father was giving a week-day sermon, he hid himself in an

empty loft to read it. He had not been long at the Schwarzenbach school before he perceived that his master knew very little more than he did himself, and he resolutely took his education into his own hands. He was assisted in his plans by two young friends, who, admiring him for his zeal and industry, procured books of every kind for him. Paul's thirst for knowledge increased rapidly. It mattered not what the subject of the work was, he read and re-read it until he fully mastered its contents. He also made extracts; and before he had reached his seventeenth year, he had filled many thick volumes, each of more than three hundred pages quarto. At this time it seems to have been his father's intention to bring him up to the church; and though he could ill afford the expense, he determined to place Paul at the gymnasium at Hof. Accordingly, at Easter, 1779, our young hero made his appearance in the great school-room, "being ridiculed," says he, "on account of his rude country garb." He soon, however, distanced all this ridicule, for he rose to the highest rank in the school, and all his companions were obliged to acknowledge his immense superiority.

During his attendance at the gymnasium, Paul's home was under his grandfather's roof; the situation of whose house, and the comparative abundance of whose living, seem to have had a peculiar charm for him. He appears to have been quite happy while here: but this happiness did not last long; for his father, who had been some time an invalid, died, leaving to Paul the care of his mother, and the task of discharging his debts. Misfortune did not end here: the good grandfather and grandmother soon after breathed their last, within a few weeks of each other; and Paul's mother being their favorite child, received the house at Hof as her legacy. This caused dissension and ill-will in the family, and the other relatives instituted a lawsuit against the poor widow, who had now no other protector than her young son. She determined to leave Schwarzenbach, and to reside at Hof, much against the advice of Paul, who knew how coldly the inhabitants of that place regarded the favored daughter of the cloth-weaver.

Paul's future life was now decided upon: his mother wished him to enter the church, and therefore sent him to the university of Leipsic, in the mistaken idea that nothing but a certificate of his poverty was needed to procure him admittance to the lectures,

and assistance from the professors. On the 19th of May he entered the college, and turned his whole attention to the study of theology. He had gone thither with the false notion that he could live without money; but he had not resided there long, before he found how mistaken he had been.

"I have," says he in a letter to his old schoolmaster, Werner, "no acquaintance with either professors or students; I have no free table; no pupils; but do not give up your hopes for me. I will overcome these difficulties; and I hope in time not to need any help. Here is an enigma which I cannot explain, and which I have only darkly hinted at to my mother. I cannot say more till I know whether my expectations are realized. You mention in your letter what impels me to industry—my mother. It is my duty to endeavor to sweeten her life, which has ever been so unfortunate; and by my sympathy to lessen the grief which she feels at my father's loss. I must also do something for the happiness of my brothers; and were it not for this, I should study only what I felt an inclination for."

All Paul's hopes of attracting the notice of the professors seem to have been vain; his poverty and his modesty were insuperable obstacles; and finding that his greatest wish—that of becoming acquainted with clever men—was not likely to be realized, he turned with renewed ardor and industry to his books. He studied the English and French languages, and also made himself thoroughly conversant with the great authors of those two countries; but amidst all his intense labor, he never seems to have lost, or even forgotten for a moment, his childlike feeling of affection towards his mother.

In December, 1781, he writes to her thus:—"I daily hope and expect to receive news of what is passing with you, and also the assistance I have so long prayed for. I wrote lately to tell you that, as I had no funds, I must be trusted: be so good as to give me some counsel. I must eat, but I cannot be trusted any longer: I cannot freeze, but where shall I get wood without money? It is a long time since I asked you for any, and when it comes, I shall scarcely be able to pay what I owe. Do not think that I would ask you for money unnecessarily. If you can help me now, I trust you will not be called upon to assist me again, as perhaps the project I have

will enable me to earn enough for you as well as for myself."

The scheme to which Paul alludes in this letter was that of becoming an author; an intention which did not meet with his mother's approbation, for she hoped he would follow his father's profession, and that she might have the happiness of sitting one day an attentive listener to his discourses. He endeavored to remove her objections, and persevered in his intentions. The early history of an author is always interesting, and, we may add, instructive; for though we may not be placed in the same situation ourselves, yet we shall always find some one point which we can apply to our own characters, and which may strengthen us to overcome our own difficulties, of whatever kind they may be. Paul's first work was a satire, which he sent to his friend Vagel, begging his opinion of it. He received for answer, "I do not praise your folly, but your wonderful wisdom; nevertheless, I fear that if this book be published, nearly all the world will quarrel with you."

Alas! Paul's hopes were doomed to disappointment. He waited a twelvemonth without being able to dispose of his manuscript; and he says, "that after it had been returned to him by a professor, he read it again, and rejoiced that it had not met with a publisher." Nothing daunted, this boy of nineteen again put his pen to paper; and having completed a collection of essays entitled "The Greenland Lawsuits," took courage, and presented himself to the Leipsic booksellers. The work was refused by all; and he sent it to Voss, the great publisher at Berlin. He seems at this time to have been in greater poverty than ever, since he is described as sitting, on the last day of December, in a desolate room, with no fire to warm him, and no food to satisfy his hunger. But a gleam of happiness broke in upon him, when, on the same evening, he received intelligence from Voss that he would publish his work. Who can describe the joy, the gratitude, with which Paul received the fifteen louis-d'ors, the first fruits of his talents and perseverance?

With this money he was enabled to pay all his debts, and to remove from his close, dull room, to a summer-house in a garden belonging to his landlord, where he could study uninterruptedly. At this time every one wore powdered hair and queues; but



Paul, partly from necessity and partly from taste, adopted a style very different to the fashion. He says, in a letter to his mother, "As I cannot make my waistcoats wear any longer, I must go without. My hair has also been cut, as it will save me the expense of a hairdresser. I have a few curls left."

The landlord of the garden objected to this costume; and after much debate, Paul returned to his old apartment. In 1783, after the publication of his work, he went to Hof to pass the vacation with his mother. The people of this little town do not seem to have valued his book, and he returned to Leipsic, feeling that that was the spot best suited to him, as literature and music were held in high estimation by all classes of society. At the annual fair he sold a second volume of "The Greenland Lawsuits" to his former publisher, for the sum of one hundred and twenty-six dollars; but for the third volume he could not find a purchaser. His poverty again became pressing, and he had no other alternative than to return to Hof, in the hope that he should be able to live more economically with his mother. He owed some money to his victualler, but he had no means of paying it; and upon the creditor following him to Hof, he was obliged to borrow the money of two friends, named Otto, sons of the evening preacher of that town.

This was the hardest part of Paul's life: his mother had lost her little property by the lawsuit, and was living with her two younger sons in a small cottage, containing only one apartment. His old friend Vagel came immediately to see him, and supplied him from time to time with books, and even with necessaries. Encouraged by this kindness, he continued to study and to write, earning occasionally a few groschen. About a year after Richter left Leipsic, a college friend named Oerthel returned to his father's residence at Topen, near Hof, and seeing our hero's desolate situation, devised a plan for the improvement of it. Oerthel had a younger brother who needed a tutor, and Richter was offered the post. After some hesitation he accepted it; and on New-Year's Day, 1786, removed from his mother's abode to Topen. Unfortunately, neither the elder Oerthel nor his youngest son ever valued Paul according to his merits: the young man's character was not amiable, and had it not been for Madame Oerthel's kindness, and for the friendship of his old schoolfellow, Adam, he would

have been really unhappy during his residence in the family. As it was, his spirits and health failed, his gaiety deserted him, and the illness of his friend gave him great concern. At last this friend expired in his arms; and Paul, wearied with his pupil's ingratitude, and having now no tie to the family, returned to his mother's indigent home, not even being able to procure all the money which Herr Oerthel owed to him.

Again he turned his thoughts to his pen; and having produced an Essay upon Death, probably suggested by the recent loss he had sustained, he took courage, and sent it to Wieland, the editor of the German Mercury, through the medium of Herder, who was at that time at the height of his popularity. Madame Herder opened the packet, and having read the essay, was so delighted with it, that she forwarded it to another periodical, with which her husband, at that time in Italy, was more closely connected. Paul did not receive any money for it, but the praises which were lavished upon it gave him encouragement to persevere. He now reformed his dress, and entered more into society, where he was welcomed by all, not only on account of his conversational powers, but also because of his musical genius, which excited universal admiration.

In 1790, our hero was offered the place of schoolmaster at the village of Schwarzenbach; and under the patronage of the magistrates of the district, he entered upon his office. Here Paul seems to have been quite happy and contented. He had for long pondered deeply on the subject of education, and he had now an opportunity of trying the practicability of his ideas. He devoted his whole energies to his employment, and was rewarded by the affection of his pupils and the confidence of their parents. He went every Sunday to Hof, where he always found a party assembled to greet him, consisting generally of young females, whom he encouraged and directed in their studies; in fact he seems to have been both instructor and confessor, which we may account for by the feeling expressed in his own words—"To a man who remembers his mother, all women are sacred for her sake."

These four years were the happiest of Paul's life: friends multiplied, and poverty began to be unknown. We have already mentioned Christian Otto: he had ever stood a firm friend to our hero, aiding him in his pecuniary troubles, and filling the office of critic, reviewer, and adviser. Not

a work went to the press without being first submitted to Otto's judgment; and it was he who advised him to try his fortune again in the literary world. Accordingly, Paul sent his first romance to the Counsellor Mority, at Berlin, whose daughter was about to marry a famous bookseller there. Mority was astonished at the genius evinced by the manuscript, and wrote immediately to Richter, saying, that he had found a printer who would give a hundred ducats for the work. We will not attempt to picture Paul's happiness: as soon as he received the money, he hastened to Hof, and gave his mother the shining treasure. His troubles were over: the perseverance with which he had battled against adverse circumstances was amply rewarded; his hopes were realized; and, above all, his efforts to rescue his mother from poverty were successful. He gave up the mastership of the school at Schwarzenbach; and having taken his mother from her miserable little dwelling to a cheerful but modest house near his friend Otto, his next care was to repay his old schoolmaster Werner the money which she had borrowed.

The time which he now passed at Hof was a time of nearly unalloyed happiness; but his disappointments were not all over. His romance did not meet with the success he expected; and consequently, when he presented his second work, "*Hesperus*," for sale, he could only obtain two hundred dollars for it. During the following summer he made a visit to Bayreuth, having formed an acquaintance with a Jewish merchant there. Here, to his great surprise, he found his works read and appreciated, and he returned with redoubled industry to his pen. His next production, a novel, drew upon him the attention of all Germany: letters of congratulation poured in from all quarters, but more especially from Weimar, the town in which Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland, the four greatest poets of the age, were residing. He could not resist the flattering invitations given him, and he made his appearance in that little circle of great men. The Duchess Amelia received him with marks of distinction, and the Princess of Hohenlohe besought him to undertake the instruction of her two sons; a request which he politely refused.

In 1797, Richter found his health so bad, that he was obliged to go to the baths of Eyer, in Saxony; and while here, he received the intelligence that his mother was no more. Overcome with grief, he hasten-

ed back to Hof, and had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing her features once again. Among the relics she left her son, was a little book in which she kept an account of her gains by her midnight spinning. "If all other books were destroyed," writes Paul to Otto, "I would keep this, wherein is found the record of her nights of misery."

We need not follow Richter, step by step, any further. His end was gained: fame and admiration awaited him, although money was still difficult to obtain. In 1801 he married Caroline, the daughter of Herr Von Meyer of Berlin, a woman in every way fitted to be the wife of so extraordinary a man. After his marriage, he settled at Meiningen, and diligently set to work to complete his most famous production—"Titan." He led a quiet, retired life, for his means were still straitened; and after the birth of a daughter, he left Meiningen, and took up his residence in Bayreuth, where he hired a small house adjoining that of his friend Otto. Here he lived till the day of his death, beloved by all around him. In 1808 a pension of eighty-five pounds was granted to him; and this, together with his own earnings, was sufficient for his comfort.

Nothing remarkable occurs in the history of Richter's life for several years. He generally passed a great part of the summer in travelling, and was everywhere received with marks of respect and admiration. But a bitter blow struck him, from which he never recovered. His son Max was at the gymnasium at Munich, and appears to have been distinguished for his talents and industry. He had unfortunately inherited his father's sensitiveness of disposition, which, having been fostered by early education, settled at last into profound melancholy, and his health giving way, he returned home to die. Richter's spirits sank under this misfortune; and his incessant weeping is said to have brought on the disease which eventually deprived him of sight. In the autumn of 1823, his strength rapidly declined; his nephew cheered his hours of suffering by reading to him; and he had a piano placed near his couch, which he sometimes accompanied with his voice, describing the ideas which floated through his mind as he played. On the evening of the 14th of November he breathed his last, beloved, honored, and regretted by his countrymen. He was buried by torchlight in the church of Bayreuth,



an unfinished manuscript being placed on his coffin, and an ode by Klopstock sung over his grave. Thus ended the life of one who, however great he may have been in intellect, was still greater from the beauty of his domestic character, his modesty, his humility, and his uprightness. His writ-

ings, consisting of poetry, prose fiction, and philosophy, are unfortunately unsuitable to the current of sentiment in English minds, and they must therefore, like most German productions, continue to be little known in this country.

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From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

### PRIVATE LIFE OF ROBESPIERRE.

WE had hoped to be able to give in the present number some account of the history of the Girondins by M. Lamartine, two volumes of which have been announced for speedy publication; but at the moment we write they have not yet made their appearance in Paris. We are in possession, however, of a fragment of the work, describing the private life of Robespierre, and this we will proceed to lay before our readers. It has long been known in literary circles, that Lamartine intended to take Robespierre under his protection, *le réhabiliter*, as they say in France. The horror and pity which Robespierre's name excites will, we think, be increased rather than diminished by the perusal of the following eulogium on his domestic virtues.

“The life of Robespierre bore testimony to the disinterestedness of his sentiments; that life was the most eloquent of his discourses. Had his master, Jean Jacques Rousseau, quitted his cabin at the Charmettes, or at Ermenonville, to become the legislator of humanity, he would not have led an existence of more sober seriousness, or of greater poverty, than that of Robespierre. That poverty was meritorious, for it was voluntary. Repeatedly assailed by efforts of corruption on the part of the court, of the Mirabeau, the Lameth, and the Girondin party, during the two Assemblies, he had daily his fortune within reach of his own hand, but he disdained to grasp it. Called afterwards, by election, to exercise the functions of public accuser and judge, in Paris, he cast everything aside to live in pure and high-souled indigence. His whole fortune, and that of his brother and sister, consisted in the rent of a few parcels of land in Artois. The farmers, who were themselves poor, and related to his family, paid their arrears very irregularly. His daily salary, as deputy, during the Constituent Assembly and Convention, supplied the necessities of three persons. He was obliged sometimes to have recourse to the purses of his host and of his friends. His debts, which amounted notwithstanding at his death but to the moderate sum of four thousand francs, after

six years' residence in Paris, attest the extreme sobriety of his tastes and his expenditure.

“His habits were those of a thrifty artisan. He lodged in a house in the Rue St. Honoré, opposite the church of the Assumption. It was a low building with a court-yard in front, surrounded by sheds, filled with planks, pieces of scaffolding, and other building materials, and had an almost rustic appearance. It consisted of a kitchen on a level with the yard, with a common sitting-room adjoining, and separated from it by a corridor, at the end of which was a wooden staircase leading up to an attic-like floor over the sheds. The windows of this floor opened on the roof, and had no other prospect than the yard, in which the sounds of the axe and the saw were always heard, and where the mistress of the establishment and her daughters were constantly engaged in the household occupations.

“The house belonged to a carpenter and builder named Duplay, who having been acquainted with Robespierre's family in Artois, of which he was a native, offered the deputy of Arras a domicile on his arrival in Paris. Long cohabitation, a common table, and many years' close intercourse, converted Duplay's hospitality into mutual attachment. The family became as it were a second family of his own for Robespierre. He made it adopt his opinions without in anywise divesting it of the simplicity of its habits, or even of its religious practices. It consisted of the father, the mother, a son, who was still a child, and two daughters, the one eighteen, the other twenty years of age. The father, after spending the whole day in the business of his trade, used to go in the evening and hear Robespierre at the Jacobins, and return home filled to fanaticism with admiration for the orator of the people, and with hatred for the enemies of that young and pure patriot. Madame Duplay shared her husband's enthusiasm for their guest. The glory of lodging Robespierre rendered honorable and welcome in her eyes the little voluntary domestic services she rendered him, as though she had not been so much his hostess as his mother. Robespierre requited those services and that devoted feeling with affection. He shut up his heart within the walls of that poor dwelling. Conversational with the father, filial with the mother, paternal with the son, familiar and almost on the footing of a brother with the daughters, he inspired

and experienced, in the domestic circle formed around him, all those sentiments which an ardent soul inspires and experiences only by diffusing itself over a wide space abroad.

"Love itself attached his heart to the spot where toil, poverty, and earnest meditation fixed his life. Eléonore, Duplay's oldest daughter, inspired Robespierre with a serious and tender attachment. This feeling, which was rather a predilection than a passion, was more deliberate in Robespierre—more ardent and spontaneous in the girl. Neither could have said when the inclination began; but it had grown up with age in the soul of Eléonore, with habit in the heart of Robespierre. This attachment gave the orator the fond feelings of a lover and no torments, happiness, and no distraction. It was the love that suited a man cast every day into the agitations of public life, a repose of heart after the exhaustions of the mind. 'Virile soul!' he used to say of his mistress; 'she is one that could die as she can love.' Their mutual regard, avowed by both and approved of by the family, was self-respected in its purity. They lived in the same house as two betrothed persons, not as two lovers. Robespierre had asked the hand of the young girl of her parents: she was promised to him. 'His penury, and the uncertain aspect of the future, prevented his uniting himself with her until the destiny of France should have been cleared up; but he longed,' he said, 'only for the moment when, the revolution once ended and consolidated, he might withdraw from the turmoil, wed her whom he loved, and go live in Artois on one of the farms he retained of his family property, and there merge his obscure happiness in the common felicity.'

"In the Duplay family, along with Eléonore, lived a sister of Lebas, named Sophie, who was beloved by St. Just, and engaged to that young disciple of Robespierre. Sophie, who was handsomer and less reserved than her young friends, often disturbed their home by the storms which her vain and volatile character stirred up between her and St. Just. Robespierre often reproached her for these inconstancies of heart. He did not like Lebas' sister. He had a great esteem for Duplay's youngest daughter Elizabeth, who was sought in marriage, and soon afterwards wedded to his countryman and colleague Lebas. This young woman, on whom Robespierre's friendship entailed the loss of her husband's life the day after their union, lived more than half a century after that day without once disowning her respect for Robespierre, and without ever comprehending the maledictions heaped by the world upon that young brother of her youth, who appeared in her remembrance so pure, so virtuous, and so gentle!

"No outward vicissitudes of fortune, influence, and popularity, made any change in the simple tenor of Robespierre's life. The multitude came to the gate of that house to implore favor, or life, but nothing entered it that belonged to the world without. Robespierre's lodging consisted in a ground-floor room over the timber-yard, and separated from that occupied by the heads of the house only by a small room common to himself and the family, in which were kept water, firewood,

clothes, and household utensils. The window of Robespierre's room opened on the roof, and the room itself contained only a bed with serge furniture striped blue and white, a table, and four straw-bottomed chairs. The place served Robespierre both for a sleeping room and a study. His papers, reports, and the autograph manuscripts of his speeches, in a regular but laborious hand, with many corrections, were carefully ranged on deal shelves along the wall, along with a very few select books. A volume of J. J. Rousseau or of Racine was almost always open on his table, testifying his philosophic and literary predilection for those two writers.

"Such was the spot in which Robespierre passed the greater part of the day preparing his speeches. He used only to leave it in the morning to attend the sittings of the Assembly, and at seven in the evening to go to the Jacobins. His dress, even at the period when the demagogues affected to flatter the people by imitating the coarseness and slovenliness of indigence, was neat, decent, and correct, like that of a man who respects himself in the eyes of others. His somewhat fastidious attention to his dignity and to his style was exhibited even in his outward appearance. His hair, powdered and thrown back on the temples, in the form called *ails de pigeon*, a blue coat, buttoned round the waist and open on the breast to display a white waistcoat, yellow knee-breeches, white stockings, and shoes with silver buckles, formed his invariable costume during all his public life. It was as though he designed, by never changing the form or color of his garments, to imprint an image of himself always the same, a medal as it were of his figure, on the eyes and the imagination of the multitude.

"His features and the expression of his countenance betrayed the perpetual tension of a mind that sternly strove with itself, rather than the malevolence, disorder, and perversity of a wicked man. The lines of his face relaxed even to gaiety in his home, at table, or, at even, round the fire of chips in the carpenter's humble parlor. His evenings were always passed in the family circle, talking over the emotions of the day, the plans for the morrow, the conspiracies of the aristocrats, the prospects of the future for each of them after the revolution; it was a type of the people in miniature, with its simple manners, its jealous susceptibilities, its whisperings and declamations, its prejudices against the rich, its bursts of rage, and sometimes its fits of tenderness.

"A small number only of Robespierre and Duplay's friends were admitted by turns into the privacy of their home; the Lameths sometimes; Lebas and St. Just always; Panis, Sergeant, Coffinhal, Fouché, who was in love with Robespierre's sister, and whom Robespierre did not like; Taschereau, Legendre, Le Boucher, Merlin de Thionville, Couthon, Péthion, Camille Desmoulins, Buonarroti, a Roman patriot, emulous of the fame of the tribune Rienzi; one Nicolas, printer of the journal and the speeches of the orator; a locksmith named Didier, a friend of Duplay's; some workmen, constant attendants at the Jacobins; and lastly, Madame de Chalabre, a noble and



wealthy woman, full of enthusiasm for Robespierre, devoted to him like the widows of Corinth or of Rome to the apostles of the new faith, placing her fortune at his command for the popularization of his ideas, and courting the friendship of Duplay's wife and daughters that she might merit a look from Robespierre.

"Their talk was of the revolution; or at times, after a short playful conversation with the two girls, Robespierre, who wished to adorn the mind of his affianced bride, would read aloud to the family. He generally chose the tragedies of Racine, for he loved to give sonorous utterance to those grand lines, whether to exercise himself for the efforts of the forum, or to elevate the simple souls of his friends to the level of the great sentiments and great catastrophes of antiquity, to which his own public part and their course of life were daily acquiring a closer analogy. His evenings were seldom spent abroad. Twice or thrice a year he used to take Madame Duplay and her daughters to the theatre, and then it was always to the classical representations of the Théâtre Français. Theatrical, even in his dreams and his recreations, he loved only those tragic declamations that reminded him of the forum, of tyranny, the people, the scaffold, of great crimes and great virtues. On other days Robespierre went early to bed, and rose again in the night to work. The innumerable speeches he delivered in the two national assemblies and at the Jacobins, the articles written for his journal while he had one, the still more numerous manuscripts of the speeches he composed but did not deliver; the elaboration of the style discoverable in these speeches, the indefatigable corrections with which his pen has marked the manuscripts, attest his sleepless nights and his persevering industry. The perfection of art was at least as much as empire the object of his aim. He knew that the multitude like what is comely quite as much as what is true; and he treated the people as great writers treat posterity, without counting their own pains, and without familiarity. He robed himself in the stately drapery of his philosophy and his patriotism. His only amusements were lonely walks, in imitation of J. J. Rousseau, his model, in the Champs Elysées or in the environs of Paris, accompanied only by his great mastiff, that used to sleep at his chamber door, and always followed his master when he went abroad. This colossal dog, well known in the quarter, was called *Bloum*. Robespierre was very fond of the animal, and was continually playing with it. It was the only escort of that tyrant of opinion who made the throne tremble, and drove the whole aristocracy of the country as fugitives to foreign lands. In moments of extreme agitation, and when fears were felt for the lives of the democrats, Nicolas, the printer, Didier, the locksmith, and young Duplay, used to follow Robespierre at a distance with weapons concealed under their clothes. He was annoyed by these precautions taken without his knowledge. 'Let me leave your house and go live alone,' he would say to his host; 'I endanger your family, and my enemies will make it a crime in your children to have loved me.'—'No, no, we

will die together, or the people shall triumph,' replied Duplay. Sometimes on Sunday the whole family made an excursion out of Paris with Robespierre, and the tribune, become again a man, roamed with his bride, and with Eléonore's mother, sister, and brother, in the woods of Versailles or Issy.

"Thus lived a man, whose power was nothing immediately round his own person, but became immense as it receded from that centre. That power was but a name—a name that reigned only in public opinion. Robespierre's gradually became the only name incessantly in the mouths of the people. By dint of putting himself forward on every rostrum as the champion of the oppressed, he had petrified his image and his patriotism in the thoughts of that part of the nation. His residence with the carpenter, and his domestication among a family of honest artisans, contributed not a little to make the name of Robespierre stick fast in the revolutionary but sound mass of the people of Paris. The Duplays, their journeymen, and their friends in the various quarters of the capital, talked of Robespierre as the very type of truth and virtue. In those times of the fever of opinion the working men were not in the habit of dispersing, as they do now, to places of pleasure or debauchery, to spend their evening leisure in idle talk. One sole thought agitated, dispersed, and re-assembled the multitude; nothing was isolated and individual in their impressions; everything was collective, popular, tumultuous. Passion breathed out from and over all hearts simultaneously. Journals, with an incalculable number of subscribers, fell every hour on all the strata of the population like fiery rain on combustible materials. Placards of all shapes, dimensions, and colors, arrested the attention of the passers in the great thoroughfares; the popular societies had their rostra and their orators in all the quarters. Public affairs were become to such a degree the affairs of every man, that even those of the people who could not read used to form groups, in the markets and squares, round itinerant readers, who read the public prints for them, and commented on their contents.

"Out of all the names of deputies and orators that rang in its ears, the people chose some favorites, regarded them with passionate admiration, their enemies with wrath, and confounded their own cause with theirs. Mirabeau, Péthion, Marat, Danton, Robespierre, had been in their turns, or were still, these personifications of the multitude. But of all these men there was none whose popularity had more slowly and deeply struck root in the minds of the masses than that of the deputy of Arras. Mirabeau's popularity, rational rather than democratic, had more *prestige*, that of Robespierre had more solidity. Marat disgusted, and only moved the dregs of the populace. The blood with which he stained his pages only pleased the people in their wrathful mood; in cooler moments the public mind reverted to Robespierre. Péthion was declining; the favor of Paris did not survive the services which the concurrence of the mayor of Paris had rendered to the agitators. Péthion was liked only for his weakness. He was

a popular puppet, yielding to every impulsion and never originating any. Danton had great energy, but no good name; the instinctive honesty of the people blushed in secret for the bad reputation of their favorite. Danton was, in the estimation of Paris, the ideal of a seditious mover, not of a legislator. The attachment which the people felt for Robespierre was one of esteem. There was a

force of conviction in the ideas of that man, a mysticism in his name, a sort of apostleship in the part he played, an appearance of martyrdom in his poverty, his patience, and his sequestered existence, endured for the cause of all. In loving Robespierre the people thought they loved themselves."

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From the Edinburgh Review.

### ROCK AND BILLOW—HISTORICAL FICTIONS.

THE announcement of a new work by Miss Martineau was always a pleasing announcement to us: but it is doubly so now, by reason of the risk to which we were recently exposed of being deprived of her altogether: and the work before us, we are happy to say, gives ample proof that her restoration is complete, that her mental powers have been strengthened rather than impaired by Mesmerism, and that her long trials have left no traces of other than healthful influences, such as the admirable book entitled *Life in the Sick-Room* would lead every reader of taste, feeling, or reflection, to expect.

*The Billow and the Rock* is not, like most of her other tales or stories, written to illustrate any peculiar principle or doctrine of legislation or political economy; but it is a tale *founded upon Fact*. Is this an advantage or a disadvantage? ought it to be put forward as a recommendation or the contrary? We shall endeavor, before coming to the Tale itself, to answer this question as precisely as such a question can well be answered: for a good deal of error is afloat concerning the points involved in it; and a class of writers who are now exercising a wide-spread influence in both France and England, have evidently decided it somewhat summarily in their own way; since they seem to think that all objections to a scene, description, character, or plot, are answered at once by proving it to be a faithful drawing from life or nature, or an actual occurrence in society. To take only two prominent examples—when we turn away repelled and sickening from the pictures of physical suffering and moral debasement which abound in *Les Mystères de Paris*, M. Sue assures us that the originals may be seen at the shortest warning in the hospitals or lunatic asylums of the French capi-

tal; and when all the thought, observation, artistical skill and brilliant writing lavished on *Lucretia*, or *the Children of the Night*, fail to neutralize the painful feelings with which we run over such a catalogue of crimes or contemplate such monsters of iniquity, we are told, that some fifteen or twenty years ago, an artist, named W—, did actually poison two of his female relatives, for the purpose of defrauding the insurance offices.

It consequently becomes necessary to reassert what we thought had long ago been firmly established as an axiom, that the strictly *imitative* school is the very lowest in all branches of art, not even excepting the most imitative of all—painting; an axiom which can scarcely be denied by any one who is not prepared to assert the superiority of Van Stein and Teniers over Raphael and Michael Angelo. A truly great artist manifests his greatness by heightening, elevating, idealizing; by addressing himself to our sensibility and imagination; by making us glow with enthusiasm, or filling our minds with beautiful and sublime associations—not by simply calling our powers of observation, memory, and comparison into play. To be true to nature, and to present nothing but a servile copy of nature, are very different things. The Apollo and the Venus are types of the ideal, not the real; and tradition says that even the Fornarina was indebted to the rich warm pencil of her lover for the most glorious part of her surpassing though thoroughly mundane loveliness. No fine portrait (as we once heard Sir Thomas Lawrence remark) was ever painted directly from the original, or except from an image distinctly present in the mind of the painter; and it is well known that Sir Thomas himself, even in the ordinary every-day practice of his profession, and when dealing with



subjects which there was little chance of making historical, always began by getting his sitters into conversation and turning their attention from the object in hand, so as to have as much variety of manner and expression to choose from, as time and circumstances would admit.

"A graceful truth thy pencil can command,  
The fair themselves go mended from thy hand ;  
Likeness appears in every lineament,  
But likeness in thy work is eloquent ;  
Though nature there her true resemblance bears,  
A noble beauty in thy piece appears."

A striking example of the consequences of an opposite mode of proceeding, is afforded by a book now lying on our table, entitled *Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book*. The frontispiece professes to be a likeness of Mrs. Norton; a lithograph of her autograph authenticates it; and we will not take upon ourselves to deny that there may have been periods of her life when she looked as Mr. Carrick has pictured her. But did he never see her in any other mood? or did he never ask himself whether the pale, meek, woe-begone and melancholy lady in the prim Quaker-like gown, could be the proud and gifted beauty who must have been so often and so enthusiastically described to him? He evidently thought of nothing but of executing a piece of task-work for the publisher; and went on transcribing feature after feature, looking up every ten seconds from the paper to the face, till it was done. But every work of art produced on this principle will be a failure—whether a picture, a statue, or a book. Plays, like Shakspeare's, may be founded on old chronicles; romances, like Scott's, may be traced to the romance of history: but the author must fill his mind, and then write from its fullness; he must not halt in his course or check his flight to eke out a scene or chapter from the authorities; or, more correctly speaking, the creative faculty will generally be found dead or torpid, and there will be no course to halt in or flight to check, when such purely mechanical aids and handicraft contrivances are resorted to. Above all, it is general truth, probability, and agreement with nature, that are indispensable: A work (*Tom Jones*, for example) may possess these qualities in perfection, and strike every one as eminently natural, without containing a single incident taken from actual life or history; and a work may abound in well authenticated details, and yet not only offend by their repulsiveness, but strike every one as unnatural,

by reason of their anomalous character, or their rarity.

We are far from thinking that Miss Martineau has erred, like the popular writers to whom we have alluded, in the choice of her materials; but we were certainly led into the foregoing train of remark, by finding how much she had occasionally been cramped by the supposed necessity of attending to the authenticated details of the adventures she has taken for her ground-work. The Lady Carse of her Tale is the Lady Grange of Scottish story, about whom several hundred pages have been printed within the last half century; and, for Miss Martineau's sake, we heartily wish they had not; for she would have done far better had she been thrown more completely on her own resources, or known nothing of the lady in question but what was current at the period of Dr. Johnson's journey to the Hebrides—

"After dinner to-day (says Boswell) we talked of the extraordinary fact of Lady Grange's being sent to St. Kilda, and confined there for several years, without any means of relief. Dr. Johnson said, if Macleod would let it be known that he had such a place for naughty ladies, he might make it a very profitable island."

In a note to this passage Boswell adds:—

"The true story of this lady, which happened in this century, is as frightfully romantic as if it had been the fiction of a gloomy fancy. She was the wife of one of the lords of session in Scotland, a man of the very first blood of his country. For some mysterious reasons, which have never been discovered, she was seized and carried off in the dark, she knew not by whom, and by nightly journeys was conveyed to the Highland shores, from whence she was transported by sea to the remote rock of St. Kilda, where she remained, amongst its few wild inhabitants, a forlorn prisoner, but had a constant supply of provisions, and a woman to wait on her. No inquiry was made after her, till she at last found means to convey a letter to a confidential friend, by the daughter of a catechist, who concealed it in a clew of yarn. Information being thus obtained at Edinburgh, a ship was sent to bring her off; but intelligence of this being received, she was conveyed to Macleod's island of Herries, where she died."

Now a story in this state is the very thing a writer of fiction should fix upon. "Mysterious reasons which have never been discovered," what a fine field for the imagination is here laid open! yet, to the best of our information, only one adventurer was found to try his fortune in it, till it was not only explored and surveyed, but inclosed

and ploughed up by antiquaries and annotators of all sorts.

In 1798, a poem appeared in London with the following title:—*Epistle from Lady Grange to Edward D——, Esq., Written during her Confinement in the Island of St. Kilda.* The author was Mr. W. Erskine, W. S., probably a connexion of the husband's family. The poem is a palpable imitation of Pope's famous Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard, as will sufficiently appear from the commencement—

“Rave, ye fierce winds; ye angry surges, roar;  
Climb the rude cliffs that circle Kilda's shore;  
The tempest rolls along the troubled heaths,  
The lightning glares, and yet Matilda breathes.  
Blasting the groves the flame-wing'd torrents speed,  
Yet glide innocuous o'er this guilty head.  
Yes, I have scorned *thy* laws, in love sublime,  
And glory in the inexpiable crime.”

Then comes a passage explanatory of the share Edward D——, Esq., is supposed to have had in the matter—

“And thou, dear sharer of my love and crime,  
Whatever region holds, whatever clime—”

She labors hard to be philosophical, and make up her mind that what cannot be cured, must be endured; ever and anon trying the soothing influence of a day-dream of a fancied isle, where—

“Love fired by liberty, might spurn control,  
Dart through the frame, and rule the o'er-flooded soul.”

This style of wishing, instead of leading us to sympathize with the lady, rather leads us to commend the prudential measures of her lord. But the reality is too strong for any effort of fancy—

“Dear lost delusion! Truth's too fervent ray,  
Strikes the bright frost-work, and it melts away.  
In Kilda's isle I trace the fancied shore,  
But you and innocence are mine no more.”

How Edward D——, Esq., and Innocence, could ever have been hers at the same time, is not quite obvious; but this was the fashion in which so-called poems, or poetical epistles, handsomely printed in quarto, were composed during the last quarter of the last century; the only apparent object of the writers being to produce a certain number of lines in imitation of some recognised classic.

A few years after this poem was written, attention began to be attracted to the story;

at length the whole of it became known; and the curious in such matters may now not only follow Lady Grange through her adventures (strange and striking enough, if true) on her enforced expedition through the Highlands to the Hebrides, but speculate on her feelings in her own Journal, and analyse her lord's character in his Diary.

Lord Grange was a judge of the Court of Session, and, as such, took his title from his estate. He was a younger son of the Earl of Mar who played so prominent a part in the troubles of 1715; but, warned by his father's example, he concealed what were always believed to be his real opinions, and professed a zealous attachment to the House of Hanover, the Whig party, and Sir Robert Walpole. He never stood high in the estimation of his contemporaries, and the following lines express the popular notions regarding him—

“Th' answer I'll give thee in these few lines,  
Perhaps you may think strange,  
In villany, that he's outshined  
By hypocret, Lord Grange.  
All Charters' sins were open done  
In face of men and skyes;  
But Grange kidnapt his wife by noon,  
And whoors with upcast eyes.  
Let Charters, then, rest in his grave,  
He has received his doom;  
He has no place 'mong hypocrites—  
That's held till Lord Grange come.”

It is difficult to help thinking the charge of hypocrisy well founded, when we find such an entry as this in the Diary, and connect it with the known self-seeking habits of the man—

“I have reason to thank God that I was put out from the office of justice-clerk; for, besides many reasons from the times, and my own circumstances, and other reasons from myself, this one is sufficient, that I have thereby so much more time to employ about God and religion.”

There is a reflective turn and a felicity of expression in another short entry,—

“I have religion enough to spoil my relish and prosecution of this world, and not enough to get me to the next. Nay, worldly things do not give me that satisfaction and delight which they did heretofore, but yet they follow me,—and in a dull heavy way take up my mind and amuse it.”

After all, inconsistency is not hypocrisy; a man may feel rightly, or intend to act properly, in his closet, and yet prove utterly unable to resist temptation, or forego the worldly advantages within his reach. A



somewhat remarkable discussion in the British Cabinet transpired a few years ago, in the way in which everything strictly private does transpire, namely, through the wife of one of the members. The subject was, whether a man who had killed his wife in one of the colonies, should suffer the highest penalty of the law. A duke, blessed with a very beautiful duchess, stood out for the alleged criminal; but when pressed for his reasons, it appeared he had none to give, but that "women are *so* aggravating." Now, the same justification, if it be one, is clearly open to Lord Grange; for a more aggravating helpmate it was hardly possible to have; and the manner in which the union was brought about, was such as to throw considerable doubts, from the commencement, on the probable duration of his felicity. Even the parentage of Lady Grange was ominous for a judge. "On a Sunday afternoon" (so runs the narrative), "in the spring of the year 1689, the president of the court of session (Lockhart) was walking quietly home from church, when a pistol-shot, fired close behind him, brought him to the ground a corpse. Amongst the crowd who gathered round the spot, stood a gloomy-looking man, who, when he heard that the venerable judge had died instantly, remarked, that he was not accustomed to do things by halves!" This gloomy-looking man was John Chiesly of Dalry; who had committed the murder to revenge a decision which Lockhart had given against him, in an arbitration. He was the father of Lady Grange; and the story goes, that she compelled Lord Grange, by whom she had been seduced, to marry her, by holding a pistol to his head and reminding him that she was the daughter of John Chiesly.

The wonder is, that this union lasted so long without an open rupture; but the lady says that they went on happily and peaceably enough for more than twenty years; and it is a remarkable fact that they had two sons grown up, and a daughter married to the Earl of Kindore, at the period of the catastrophe with which Miss Martineau begins her Tale.

About 1730 they quarrelled, and a formal separation was agreed upon; but the terms were ill kept on her side, as it seems she took every opportunity of annoying him, and even threatened to assail him on the bench, "which," he says, "he every day expected; for she professed she had no shame." But it was a threat to accuse him of political disaffection that brought about the crisis. During their halcyon days, he had written

to her from London, severely reflecting on Walpole and his government; she had treasured up the letter; and those were times when any scrap of writing that would bear a doubtful interpretation might have cost a judge his place, or, combined with a suspicious circumstance or two, his life. "The judge" (quietly observes Sir Walter Scott), "probably thought with Mrs. Peachum, that it is rather 'an awkward state of domestic affairs when the wife has it in her power to hang her husband;'" and some of his friends concurred with him; among others the famous, or infamous, Lord Lovat, who was no doubt afraid that (mixed up as he was with all the intrigues of the period) if Lady Grange were allowed to execute her threat, something might transpire to compromise himself.

Miss Martineau's Tale opens just when Lady Grange's threats are beginning to render decisive steps of some sort necessary: but, as we have but little room for extracts, we pass at once to the scene of her actual deportation. She had been baffled in one attempt to go to London to make her threatened revelation; and is gloomily meditating on the best means of resuming it.

"In the evening, she wearily rose, and slowly dressed herself—for the first time in her life without help. She was fretted and humbled at the little difficulties of her toilet, and secretly wished, many times, that Bessie would come back and offer her services, though she was resolved to appear not to accept them without a very humble apology from Bessie for her fears about London. At last she was ready to go down to tea, dressed in a wrapping-gown and slippers. When halfway down, she heard a step behind her, and looked round. A Highlander was just two stairs above her; another appeared at the foot of the flight; and more were in the hall. She knew the livery. It was Lovat's tartan.

"They dragged her down-stairs, and into her parlor, where she struggled so violently that she fell against the heavy table, and knocked out two teeth. They fastened down her arms by swathing her with a plaid, tied a cloth over her mouth, threw another over her head, and carried her to the door. In the street was a sedan-chair; and in the chair was a man who took her upon his knees, and held her fast. Still she struggled so desperately, that the chair rocked from side to side, and would have been thrown over, but that there were plenty of attendants running along by the side of it, who kept it upright.

"This did not last very long. When they had got out of the streets, the chair stopped. The cloth was removed from her head, and she saw that they were on the Linlithgow road, and that some horsemen were waiting, one of whom was on a very stout horse, which bore a pillion behind the saddle. To this person she was formally intro-

duced, and told that he was Mr. Forster of Corsebonny. She knew Mr. Forster to be a gentleman of character, and that therefore her personal safety was secure in his hands. But her good opinion of him determined her to complain and appeal to him in a way which she believed no gentleman could resist. She did not think of making any outcry. The party was large; the road was unfrequented at night; and she dreaded being gagged. She therefore only spoke,—and that as calmly as she could.

“What does this mean, Mr. Forster? Where are you carrying me?”

“I know little of Lord Carse's purposes, Madam; and less of the meaning of them probably than yourself.”

“My Lord Carse! Then I shall soon be among the dead. He will go through life with murder on his soul.”

“You wrong him, Madam. Your life is very safe.”

“No. I will not live to be the sport of my husband's mercy. I tell you, Sir, I will not live.”

“Let me advise you to be silent, Madam. Whatever we have to say will be better said at the end of our stage, where I hope you will enjoy good rest, under my word that you shall not be molested.”

“But the lady would not be silent. She declared very peremptorily her determination to destroy herself on the first opportunity; and no one who knew her temper could dispute the probability of her doing that, or any other act of passion. From bewailing herself, she went on to say things of her husband and Lord Lovat, and of her purposes in regard to them, which Mr. Forster felt that he and others ought not, for her own sake, to hear. He quickened his pace; but she complained of cramp in her side. He then halted—whispered to two men who watched for his orders—and had the poor lady again silenced by the cloth being tied over her mouth. She tried to drop off; but that only caused the strap which bound her to the rider to be buckled tighter. She found herself treated like a wayward child. When she could no longer make opposition, the pace of the party was quickened; and it was not more than two hours past midnight when they reached a country-house, which she knew to belong to an Edinburgh lawyer, a friend of her husband's.”

So far Miss Martineau has followed the actual narrative. The country-house was Muiravonside, belonging to Mr. John Macleod, advocate; who adds another to the long list of persons of station and respectability engaged in the deportation. She was next carried to a place called Wester Polmaise, belonging to a gentleman named Stewart, where she was imprisoned in an old tower for fourteen or fifteen weeks, till arrangements were made with Sir Alexander Macdonald for transferring her to a small island of his, called Heskir, within sight of the Isle of Skye.

In Miss Martineau's Tale, the lady reaches

her final destination without any adventure of a romantic cast. But Dr. Macleay, in his work or compilation entitled “Historical Memoirs of Rob Roy, &c.,” leads her through three or four, which sound passing strange, and would be strikingly illustrative of the then state of society, if true: but they are so questionably authenticated, that we can only assist the curious reader with this general reference.

Miss Martineau, however, has carefully and, in our opinion, judiciously eschewed everything of the exciting order, and relied almost exclusively on simple descriptions of natural scenery, and the deep though homely truth of her moral reflections, for the main interest of her book.

“The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the place where sorrow is unknown.”—

This is the moral of the story; and the entire book may be best regarded as a vehicle for conveying it. Considered in this point of view, the principal character (who, after all, is not, in our judgment at least, the wild woman of whom we have been speaking) is admirably conceived. We are thus introduced to her, as the vessel carrying Lady Grange approaches the island which is to be her prison:

“She once more insisted on landing by daylight, and was once more told that it was out of the question. She resolved to keep as wide awake as her suspicions, in order to see what was to be done with her. She was anxiously on the watch in the darkness an hour before midnight, when Macdonald said to her,

“Now for it, Madam! I will presently show you something curious.”

“The sloop began to move under the soft breathing night wind; and, in a few minutes, Macdonald asked her, if she saw anything before her, a little to the right? At first she did not; but was presently told, that a tiny spark, too minute to be noticed by any but those who were looking for it, was a guiding light.

“Where is it?” asked the lady. “Why have not you a more effectual light?”

“We are thankful enough to have any; and it serves our turn.”

“O! I suppose it is a smuggler's signal; and it would not do to make it more conspicuous.”

“No, Madam. It is far from being a smuggler's signal. There is a woman, Annie Fleming, living in the grey house I showed you, an honest and pious soul, who keeps up that light for all that want it.”

“Why? Who employs her?”

“She does it of her own liking. Some have heard tell, but I don't know it for true, that when she and her husband were young she saw him drown, from his boat having run foul in the har-



bor that she overlooks; and that from that day to this she has had a light up there every night. I can say that I never miss it when I come home; and I always enter by night, trusting to it as the best landmark in this difficult harbor."

This Annie Fleming is, as we have already intimated, the real heroine. The other characters serve for little else than to bring out her good qualities. They are her son Rollo, and a wrong-headed clergyman named Ruthven, with a not much wiser wife. All of them are anxious to aid Lady Grange; and even the steward or factor would not be sorry to be rid of her, but the sense of obedience to his chief overcame every other consideration:—

"‘And now,’ said Annie, ‘if the lady is afflicted with such hardness of heart, is it not cruel to take her away from God’s word and worship, just when there is a minister coming? O! Macdonald, what would you do to one who should carry away your poor sick little Malcolm to St. Kilda, just when your watching eye caught sight of an eastward sail, and you knew it was the physician coming;—sent, moreover, for Malcolm’s sake? What would you think then, Macdonald?’

"‘I should think that if Sir Alexander was in it, there could be nothing done, and there ought to be nothing said. And Sir Alexander is in this. So I must go.’"

The following passage strikes us to be full of quiet truth, and may serve to illustrate the general tone of the publication. From the scenes preceding it, we collect that Lady Grange has succeeded, to some extent, in alienating the son from the mother:—

"From Rollo himself she (Annie) heard less and less of his proceedings and interests. Anxious as she was, she abstained from questioning or reproving him, on the few occasions when he spent an hour with her. She was aware of his high opinion of himself, and of the point he made of managing his own affairs; and she knew that there were those next door who would certainly engross him if anything passed in his mother’s house to make him reluctant to stay there. She therefore mustered all her cheerfulness when he appeared on the threshold; gave him her confidence, made him as comfortable as she could; and never asked him whence he had come, or how long he would stay. She had a strong persuasion that Rollo would discover in time who was his best friend; and was supremely anxious that when that time came, there should be nothing to get over in his return to her—no remembrance of painful scenes—no sting of reproach—no shame but such as he must endure from his own heart. Strong as was her confidence in the final issue, the time did seem long to her yearning spirit, lonely as she was. Many a night she listened to the melancholy song of the thristle from the hill-side, and

watched the mild twilight without thinking of sleep, till all was silent; and was still awake when the lark began its merry greeting to the dawn which was streaking the east. Many a day she sat in the sun watching the pathways by which she hoped her son might come to her; and then perhaps she would hear his laugh from behind the high garden wall, and discover that he had been close at hand all day, without having a word to say to her. How many true and impressive things passed through her mind that she thought she would say to him! But they all remained unsaid. When the opportunity came, she saw it to be her duty to serve him by waiting and loving; feeling and trusting that rebuke from God was the only shock which would effectually reach this case, and reserving herself as the consoler of the sinner, when that hour should arrive."

This line of conduct and feeling is one which all of us would do well to follow in every case of estranged affection, where we have reason to suppose that the estrangement will be but temporary, and leave no lasting blight upon the heart. Reproaches and remonstrances only render matters worse.

It would serve no useful purpose to make further extracts from a popular work published in so cheap a form, and we shall therefore only add, that Miss Martineau has introduced a completely new reading, as regards the conclusion of the Tale. Lady Grange was, in point of act, confined in several islands—Heskir, St. Kilda, Skye, Assint, in succession—and lived many years after the recovery of her liberty. But Miss Martineau has thought it best to kill her off at the precise period best adapted for a dramatic ending. In the beautiful modern ballad entitled *The Indian’s Return*, the exile lives just long enough to see the white cliffs of his native land—

"Feebly he lifted his weary head,  
One wistful glance he gives—no more—  
‘England and Home?’ was all he said:  
The Exile dies—in sight of shore."

In Miss Martineau’s last chapter, entitled *Free at Last*, Lady Carse has just left the island in a boat with Duncan Forbes (the president), whose chance arrival had occasioned her release:—

"‘She looks comfortable,’ whispered the President to Sir Alexander. ‘Can you suggest anything more that we can do?’

"‘Better let her sleep while she can, my lord. She appears comfortable at present.’

"Three more hours passed without anything being observable in Lady Carse, but such slight movements now and then as showed that she was not asleep. She then drew the handkerchief from

her face, and looked up at Helsa, who exclaimed at the change in the countenance. The President bent over her, and caught her words—

“‘It is not your fault—but I am dying. But I am sure I should have died on land, and before this. And I have escaped. Tell my husband so.’

“‘I will. Shall I raise you?’

“‘No; take no notice. I cannot bear to be pitied. I will not be pitied; as this was my own act. But it is hard . . . .’

“‘It is hard: but you have only to pass one other threshold courageously, and then you are free indeed. Man cannot harm you there.’

“‘But to-day, of all seasons . . . .’

“‘It is hard: but you have done with captivity. No more captivity! My dear Lady Carse, what remains! What is it you would have! You would not wish for vengeance! No; it is pain!—you are in pain. Shall I raise you?’

“‘No, no; never mind the pain. But I did hope to see my husband again.’

“‘To forgive him. You mean, to forgive him?’

“‘No: I meant . . . .’

“‘But you mean it now? He had something to pardon in you.’

“‘True. But I cannot . . . Do not ask me.’

“‘Then you hope that God will. I may tell him that you hope that God will forgive him.’

“‘That is not my affair. Kiss my Janet for me.’

“‘I will; and all your children . . . What? Is it growing dark? Yes, it is, to us as well as to you. What is it that she says?’ he inquired of Helsa, who had a younger and quicker ear.

“‘She says the widow is about lighting her lamp. Yes, my lady, but we are too far off to see it.’

“‘Is she wandering?’ asked the President.

“‘No, Sir; quite sensible, I think. Did you speak, my lady?’

“‘My love . . . .’

“‘To Annie, my lady? I will not forget.’

“‘She spoke no more. Sir Alexander contrived to keep from the knowledge of the boatmen for some hours that there was a corpse on board.’

Those who wish to learn more about Lady Grange, will find ample particulars in the publications enumerated below.\* It strikes us that the story has now received as much attention as it deserves, and that too much has been laid upon it as illustrative of Scottish manners at the period. Lady Grange was a woman of ungovernable temper, and habitually given to intoxication. She had been guilty of several outrageous

\* Scots Magazine (new series), vol. I. (for 1817); Chambers's Edinburgh Journal for March 7, 1846; Dr. Macleay's Historical Memoirs of Rob Roy, &c.; Tales of the Century, &c., by John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, Edinburgh, 1847; Burton's Life of Lord Lovat, just published, p. 187-192; and especially some original Letters to and from Lord Grange, in the third volume of The Miscellany of the Spalding Club, which has been given to the public (or at least to the members) even since Mr. Burton's publication.

acts of violence in public—and was about to proceed to the worst extremities against her husband and his friends. Were a judge's wife to demean herself in this manner in modern times, he would hardly, perhaps, take so decisive a step as shipping her off to the Hebrides; but most assuredly some restraint would be put upon her. The connivance of so many persons of known probity, and the acquiescence of her sons and daughter, sufficiently prove the general impression regarding her, and go far towards showing that her husband erred less in substance than in form.

The case mentioned in a note to Miss Edgeworth's *Castle Rackrent*, is a far more remarkable one. It happened, moreover, in comparatively modern times. The lady was known to many persons still living, and the incarceration lasted twenty years. The parties were Lady Cathcart and Colonel M'Guire;—the prison was an upper room in an Irish country-house, but not a solitary or deserted house; for the tradition is, that the Colonel frequently entertained his friends, and never failed at dinner to send a message to his wife, the invariable answer to which was, “Lady Cathcart's compliments, and she has everything she wants.” It is stated by Mr. Edgeworth, that “when she was first told of his death, she imagined that the news was not true, and that it was told only with an intention of deceiving her. At his death she had scarcely clothes sufficient to cover her;—she wore a red wig, looked scared, and her understanding seemed stupified;—she said she scarcely knew one human creature from another.” Lady Grange died in a state of imbecility, but Lady Cathcart appears to have recovered her understanding, for at an after period she earnestly recommended her young female friends to take warning by her example. “I have been three times married;—the first time for money; the second, for rank; the third, for love—and the third was worst of all.”

The remarkable pamphlet, entitled “*A Word to the Public*, by the author of *Lucretia*,” &c., did not reach us till after this article was written, or we might have somewhat moulded our preliminary remarks with reference to it; and having alluded to *Lucretia*, we think it right to add, that, if the author has been assailed in the manner he mentions, he has been most unjustly assailed; and that, in our opinion, his answer to the assailants is complete. He is one of the last writers we should accuse of endea-



voring to undermine public morals or lower public taste, by selecting low subjects or treating them in a low manner. It does not appear to us to be the prevailing character of his books to make heroes of criminals; nor should we think the worse of them on that account, if it were. Most assuredly "it is (as he says) the treatment that ennobles, not the subject. Grant that the characters are what convention calls *low*—in birth, station, instruction; born in a cellar, dying on the gibbet, they are not one jot, for these reasons, made *necessarily* low to art. Art can, with Fielding, weave an epic from adventures with gamekeepers and barbers. Art can, with Goethe, convert into poetry the most lofty, the homely image of the girl condemned for infanticide; and confine the vast war between spirits and men to the floor of her felon cell."

In short, we give in our almost unqualified adhesion to most of the general principles laid down by him: but this does not deprive us of the right to question their application in each individual case. A man born in a cellar and dying on a gibbet, is not necessarily made low to art: but neither is a man necessarily made high to art by being hanged. To say he is, would be to adopt to its full extent the doctrine of *Lelia*, in George Sands' novel of that name, when she silences her young admirer, who is at a loss to discover what she can see to admire in Tremor, by saying, "*Ecoutez, jeune homme, il a subi cinq ans de travaux forcés.*" A man of education, who has undergone such an ordeal, undoubtedly presents a tempting subject for the imagination of a woman like *Lelia*, or for a popular dramatist of the Porte Ste Martin school; but, to give legitimate art a fair chance with a real criminal, the story, we think, must be obscurely known—there must be distance as to time or space, or the veil of foreign manners, or a misty vagueness of some sort thrown over it. If Black George had been actually tried for poaching on Squire Western's preserves just before the appearance of Tom Jones—or Margaret for child-murder just before the appearance of Faust, they would have been materially damaged, if not rendered absolutely useless, for the purposes of art; and we much doubt whether Fielding and Goethe would have meddled with them.

Sir Edward Lytton says, "All crimes now, if detected, must obtain the notoriety of the Old Bailey, or reap their desert in Newgate; and to contend that Newgate and the Old Bailey unfit them for the uses of the

writer of fiction, is virtually to deprive him of the use of all crimes punished by modern law, and enacted in the modern day; as if there were no warning to be drawn from men that are not ennobled by ermine and purple; as if there were no terror in the condemned cell, no tragedy at the foot of the gallows."

Here, again, the accomplished writer does not distinguish with his usual acuteness. The doctrine for which we contend deprives the writer of fiction of the use, not, by any means, of all *crimes*, but only of all *criminals*, punished by *modern* law, &c. The four pleas of the crown are at his disposal; the whole Newgate Calendar is open to him; but we object to the actual Weare in his gig, or the actual Tawell in his straight-cut coat; and it is no use telling us that poetic as well as strict matter-of-fact justice has been done to them; for it is not so much the moral tendency as the artistical fitness of such subjects, that we differ about. "The past cannot monopolize the sorrows and crimes of ages. While we live, we ourselves become a past." But we must wait till we have actually become a past. We do not even say that such works may not be highly satisfactory to posterity, but only that some law of association, which it is impossible to reason down, prevents them from being satisfactory to us.

"Folly and error," continues Sir Edward, "vice punished by ridicule, constitute the main materials of the comic writer, whether he employ them in a drama or a novel. Must we not grant to the writer who seeks for the elements of tragedy that exist in his own time, the equal license to seek for the materials to which tragedy must apply?" The answer is, that tragedy and comedy stand on a totally different footing. According to the old proverb, familiarity breeds contempt: but it does not prevent laughter; and associations which do not impair comic effects, may utterly destroy tragedy for the time. Any one conversant with the history of the stage, could relate instance after instance in which an accidental circumstance of the ludicrous character has decided the fate of an entire representation; as when Quin, seated in the pit and speaking loud enough for every one to hear, compared Garrick in Othello to the black boy bringing in the tea-things in Hogarth's *Marriage-à-la-Mode*; or when, in John Philip Kemble's day, the ghost in Hamlet, by some unlucky jerk of the machinery, was suddenly flung upon the stage, in helmet, cuirass—kersey-

mere breeches and dirty cotton stockings! For ourselves, we own we could never quite get over Werther's top-boots, or Charlotte's cutting bread and butter for the children; and we do not know a single instance of a modern domestic tragedy, in which the lowering effect of familiarity has been kept down, except by an accumulation of appalling details, decidedly inimical to that mood of mind which it is the peculiar province of high art to inspire and sustain. *La Dame de Saint Tropez*, a drama founded on the Laffarge case, was as successful as such a drama well can be; but is there one critic of taste throughout these realms, who would wish for a repetition of the experiment?

We should be glad to analyse a few other passages of this pamphlet, but our allotted space is exhausted; and we will only add now, that, in our opinion, Sir Edward Lytton has laid far too much stress on the illiberal attacks made upon him. Dr. Johnson was fond of saying that no author was ever written down except by himself; and authors, like Sir Edward Lytton, who are read and admired in every quarter of the globe, have surely nothing to fear from the misrepresentations of critics, and little cause to complain of the tardy justice of contemporaries. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*

From Tait's Magazine.

## ORTHOGRAPHIC MUTINEERS.\*

BY THOMAS DE QUINCY.

[The reader will hardly suspect from the strange title of the following article, either its drift or its humor. It is in the happiest vein of the "Opium Eater," and hits off with biting sarcasm, a prevailing fault.—ED.]

As we are all of us crazy when the wind sits in some particular quarter, let not Mr. Landor be angry with me for suggesting that he is outrageously crazy upon the one solitary subject of spelling. It occurs to me, as a plausible solution of his fury upon this point, that perhaps in his earliest school-days, when it is understood that he was exceedingly pugnacious, he may have detested spelling, and (like Roberte the Deville†) have found it more satisfactory for all parties, that when the presumptuous

\* With a special reference to the Works of Walter Savage Landor.

† "*Roberte the Deville*:"—See the old metrical romance of that name: it belongs to the fourteenth century, and was printed some thirty years ago, with wood engravings of the illuminations. Roberte, however, took the liberty of murdering his schoolmaster. But could he well do less? Being a reigning Duke's son, and after the rebellious schoolmaster had said—

"*Syr, ye bee too bolde:  
And therewith tooke a rodde hym for to chaste.*"

Upon which the meek Robin, without using any bad language as the schoolmaster had done, simply took out a long dagger "*hym for to chaste*," which he did effectually. The schoolmaster gave no bad language after that.

M.

schoolmaster differed from him on the spelling of a word, the question between them should be settled by a stand-up fight. Both parties would have the victory at times: and if, according to Pope's expression, "justice rul'd the ball," the schoolmaster (who is always a villain) would be floored three times out of four; no great matter whether wrong or not upon the immediate point of spelling discussed. It is in this way, viz. from the irregular adjudications upon litigated spelling, which must have arisen under such a mode of investigating the matter, that we may account for Mr. Landor's being sometimes in the right, but too often (with regard to long words) egregiously in the wrong. As he grew stronger and taller, he would be coming more and more amongst polysyllables, and more and more would be getting the upper hand of the schoolmaster; so that at length he would have it all his own way; one round would decide the turn-up; and thenceforward his spelling would become frightful. Now, I myself detested spelling as much as all people ought to do, except Continental compositors, who have extra fees for doctoring the lame spelling of ladies and gentlemen. But, unhappily, I had no power to thump the schoolmaster into a conviction of his own absurdities; which,



however, I greatly desired to do. Still, my nature, powerless at that time for any active recusancy, was strong for passive resistance; and *that* is the hardest to conquer. I took one lesson of this infernal art, and then declined ever to take a second; and, in fact, I never *did*. Well I remember that unique morning's experience. It was the first page of Entick's Dictionary that I had to get by heart; a sweet sentimental task; and not, as may be fancied, the spelling only, but the horrid attempts of this depraved Entick to explain the supposed meaning of words that probably had none; many of these, it is my belief, Entick himself forged. Among the strange, grim-looking words, to whose acquaintance I was introduced on that unhappy morning, were *abalienate* and *ablaqueation*—most respectable words, I am fully persuaded, but so exceedingly retired in their habits, that I never once had the honor of meeting either of them in any book, pamphlet, journal, whether in prose or numerous verse, though haunting such society myself all my life. I also formed the acquaintance, at that time, of the word *abacus*, which, as a Latin word, I have often used, but, as an English one, I really never had occasion to spell, until this very moment. Yet, after all, what harm comes of such obstinate recusancy against orthography? I was an "occasional conformist;" I conformed for one morning, and never more. But, for all that, I can spell as well as my neighbors; and I can spell *ablaqueation* besides, which I suspect that some of them can *not*.

My own spelling, therefore, went right, because I was left to nature, with strict neutrality on the part of the authorities. Mr. Landor's too often went wrong, because he was thrown into a perverse channel by his continued triumphs over the prostrate schoolmaster. To toss up, as it were, for the spelling of a word, by the best of nine rounds, inevitably left the impression that chance governed all; and this accounts for the extreme capriciousness of Landor.

It is a work for a separate dictionary in quarto to record *all* the proposed revolutions in spelling, through which our English blood, either at home or in America, has thrown off, at times, the surplus energy that consumed it. I conceive this to be a sort of cutaneous affection, like nettle-rash, or ring-worm, through which the patient gains relief for his own nervous distraction, whilst, in fact, he does no harm to anybody: for

usually he forgets his own reforms, and if *he* should not, everybody else *does*. Not to travel back into the seventeenth century, and the noble army of shorthand writers who have all made war upon orthography, for secret purposes of their own, even in the last century, and in the present, what a list of eminent rebels against the spelling-book might be called up to answer for their wickedness at the bar of the Old Bailey, if anybody would be kind enough to make it a felony! Cowper, for instance, too modest and too pensive to raise upon any subject an open standard of rebellion, yet, in quiet Olney, made a small *émeute* as to the word "Grecian." Everybody else was content with one "e;" but he, recollecting the cornucopia of *es*, which Providence had thought fit to empty upon the mother word *Greece*, deemed it shocking to disinherit the poor child of its hereditary wealth, and wrote it, therefore, *Grecian* throughout his Homer. Such a modest reform the sternest old Tory could not find in his heart to denounce. But some contagion must have collected about this word *Greece*; for the next man, who had much occasion to use it—viz. Mitford\*—who

\* Mitford, who was the brother of a man better known than himself to the public eye, viz. Lord Redesdale, may be considered a very unfortunate author. His work upon Greece, which Lord Byron celebrated for its "wrath and its partiality," really had those merits: cholerick it was in excess, and as entirely partial, as nearly perfect in its injustice, as human infirmity would allow. Nothing is truly perfect in this shocking world; absolute injustice, alas! the perfection of wrong, must not be looked for until we reach some high Platonic form of polity. Then shall we revel and bask in a vertical sun of iniquity. Meantime, I *will* say—that to satisfy all bilious and unreasonable men, a better historian of Greece, than Mitford, could not be fancied. And yet, at the very moment when he was stepping into his harvest of popularity, down comes one of those omnivorous Germans that, by reading everything, and a trifle besides, contrive to throw really learned men—and perhaps better thinkers than themselves—into the shade. Ottfried Mueller, with other archæologists and travellers into Hellas, gave new aspects to the very purposes of Grecian history. Do you hear, reader? not new answers, but new questions. And Mitford, that was gradually displacing the unlearned Gillies, &c., was himself displaced by those who intrigued with Germany. His other work on "The Harmony of Language," though one of the many that attempted, and the few that accomplished, the distinction between accent and quantity, or learnedly appreciated the metrical science of Milton, was yet, in my hearing, pronounced utterly unintelligible by the best *practical* commentator on Milton, viz. the best reproducer of his exquisite effects in blank verse, than any generation since Milton has been able to show. Mr. Mitford was one of the many accomplished scholars that are ill-used. Had he possessed the splendid powers of the Landor,

wrote that "History of Greece" so eccentric, and so eccentrically praised by Lord Byron, absolutely took to spelling like a heathen, slashed right and left against decent old English words, until, in fact, the whole of Entick's Dictionary (*ablaqueation* and all) was ready to swear the peace against him. Mitford, in course of time, slept with his fathers; his grave, I trust, not haunted by the injured words whom he had tomahawked; and, at this present moment, the Bishop of St. David's reigneth in his stead. His Lordship, bound over to episcopal decorum, has hitherto been sparing in his assaults upon pure old English words: but one may trace the insurrectionary taint, passing down from Cowper through the word *Grecian*, in many of his Anglo-Hellenic forms. For instance, he insists on our saying—not *Heracleida* and *Pelopida*, as we all used to do—but *Heracleids* and *Pelopids*. A list of my Lord's barbarities, in many other cases, upon unprotected words, poor shivering aliens that fall into his power, when thrown upon the coast of his diocese, I had—*had*, I say, for, alas! *fuit Ilium*.

Yet, really, one is ashamed to linger on cases so mild as those, coming, as one does, in the order of atrocity, to Elphinstone, to Noah Webster, a Yankee—which word means, not an American, but that separate order of Americans, growing in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, or Connecticut, in fact, a New Englander\*—and to the rabid Ritson. Noah would naturally have reduced us all to an antediluvian simplicity. Shem, Ham, and Japhet, probably separated in consequence of perverse varieties in spelling; so that orthographical unity might seem to him one condition for preventing national schisms. But as to the rabid Ritson, who can describe his vagaries? What great arithmetician can furnish an index to his absurdities, or what great decipherer furnish

he would have raised a clatter on the armor of modern society, such as Samson threatened to the giant Harapha. For, in many respects, he resembled the Landor: he had much of his learning—he had the same extensive access to books and influential circles in great cities—the same gloomy disdain of popular falsehoods or common-places—and the same disposition to run a muck against all nations, languages, and spelling-books.

\* "In fact, a New Englander." This explanation, upon a matter familiar to the well-informed, it is proper to repeat occasionally, because we English exceedingly perplex and confound the Americans by calling, for instance, a Virginian or Kentucky by the name of Yankee, whilst that term was originally introduced as antithetic to these more southern States.

a key to the principles of these absurdities? In his very title pages, nay, in the most obstinate of ancient technicalities, he showed his cloven foot to the astonished reader. Some of his many works were printed in *Pall-Mall*; now, as the world is pleased to pronounce that word *Pel-Mel*, thus and no otherwise (said Ritson) it shall be spelled for ever. Whereas, on the contrary, some men would have said: The spelling is well enough, it is the public pronunciation which is wrong. This ought to be *Paul-Maul*; or, perhaps—agreeably to the sound which we give to the *a* in such words as *what*, *quantity*, *want*—still better, and with more gallantry, *Poll-Moll*. The word Mr., again, in Ritson's reformation, must have astonished the Post-office. He insisted that this cabalistical-looking form, which might as reasonably be translated into *monster*, was a direct fraud on the national language, quite as bad as clipping the Queen's coinage. How, then, *should* it be written? Reader! reader! that you will ask such a question! *mister*, of course; and mind that you put no capital *m*; unless, indeed, you are speaking of some great gun, some mister of misters, such as Mr. Pitt of old, or perhaps a reformer of spelling. The plural, again, of such words as *romance*, *age*, *horse*, he wrote *romancées*, *agées*, *horseés*; and upon the following equitable consideration; that, inasmuch as the *e* final in the singular is mute, that is, by a general vote of the nation has been allowed to retire upon a superannuation allowance, it is abominable to call it back upon active service—like the modern Chelsea pensioners—as must be done, if it is to bear the whole weight of a separate syllable like *ces*. Consequently, if the nation and Parliament mean to keep faith, they are bound to hire a stout young *e* to run in the traces with the old original *e*, taking the whole work off his aged shoulders. Volumes would not suffice to exhaust the madness of Ritson upon this subject. And there was this peculiarity in his madness, over and above its clamorous ferocity, that being no classical scholar (a meagre self-taught Latinist, and no Grecian at all) though profound as a black-letter scholar, he cared not one straw for ethnographic relations of words, nor for unity of analogy, which are the principles that generally have governed reformers of spelling. He was an attorney, and moved constantly under the *monomaniac* idea that an action lay on behalf of misused letters, mutes, liquids, vowels, and diphthongs, against

\* Pin under having once, w mark—*Monster* monster he had s was cert mate four † This language ture, by Pinkerton Heron ha Poor lady



somebody or other (John Roe, was it, or Richard Roe?) for trespass on any rights of theirs which an attorney might trace, and of course for any direct outrage upon their persons. Yet no man was more systematically an offender in both ways than himself; tying up one leg of a quadruped word, and forcing it to run upon three; cutting off noses and ears, if he fancied that equity required it; and living in eternal hot water with a language which he pretended eternally to protect.

And yet all these fellows were nothing in comparison of Mr.\* Pinkerton. The most of these men did but ruin the national *spelling*; but Pinkerton—the monster Pinkerton—proposed a revolution which would have left us nothing to spell. It is almost incredible—if a book regularly printed and published, bought and sold, did not remain to attest the fact—that this horrid barbarian seriously proposed, as a glorious discovery for refining our language, the following plan. All people were content with the compass of the English language: its range of expression was equal to anything: but, unfortunately, as compared with the sweet orchestral languages of the south—Spanish the stately, and Italian the lovely—it wanted rhythmus and melody. Clearly, then, the one supplementary grace, which it remained for modern art to give, is that every one should add at discretion *o* and *a*, *ino* and *ano*, to the end of the English words. The language, in its old days, should be taught *strutare struttissimamente*. As a specimen, Mr. Pinkerton favored us with his own version of a famous passage in Addison, “The Vision of Mirza.” The passage, which begins thus, “As I sat on the top of a rock,” being translated into, “As I satto on the toppino of a rocko,” &c. But *luckilissime* this *proposilio* of the *absurdissimo* Pinkertonio† was not *adoptado* by anybody-ini whatever-ano.

\* Pinkerton published one of his earliest volumes, under this title—“*Rimes*, by Mr. Pinkerton,” not having the fear of Ritson before his eyes. And, for once, we have reason to thank Ritson for this remark—that the form Mr. might just as well be read *Monster*. Pinkerton in this point was a perfect monster. As to the word *Rimes*, instead of *Rhymes*, he had something to stand upon: the Greek *rhythmos* was certainly the remote fountain; but the proximate fountain must have been the Italian *rima*.

† This most extravagant of all experiments on language is brought forward in the “*Letters of Literature*, by Robert Heron.” But Robert Heron is a *pseudonyme* for John Pinkerton; and I have been told that Pinkerton’s motive for assuming it was—because Heron had been the maiden name of his mother. Poor lady, she would have stared to find herself, in

Mr. Landor is more learned and probably more consistent in his assaults upon the established spelling than most of these elder reformers. But *that* does not make him either learned enough or consistent enough. He never ascends into Anglo-Saxon, or the many cognate languages of the Teutonic family, which is indispensable to a searching inquest upon our language: he does not put forward in this direction even the slender qualifications of Horne Tooke. But Greek and Latin are quite unequal, when disjoined from the elder wheels in our etymological system, to the working of the total machinery of the English language. Mr. Landor proceeds upon no fixed principles in his changes. Sometimes it is on the principle of internal analogy with itself, that he would distort or retortort the language; sometimes on the principle of external analogy with its roots; sometimes on the principle of euphony, or of metrical convenience. Even within such principles he is not uniform. All well-built English scholars, for instance, know that the word *feilty* cannot be made into a dissyllable: trisyllable it ever was\* with the elder poets—Spenser, Milton, &c.; and so it is amongst all the modern poets who have taken any pains with their English studies: *e. g.*

“The eagle, lord of land and sea,  
Stoop’d down—to pay him fe-al-ty.”

It is dreadful to hear a man say *feal-ty* in any case; but here it is luckily impossible. Now, Mr. Landor generally is correct, and trisects the word; but once, at least, he bisects it. I complain, besides, that Mr. Landor, in urging the authority of Milton for orthographic innovations, does not always distinguish as to Milton’s motives. It is true, as he contends, that, in some instances, Milton reformed the spelling in obedience to the Italian precedent: and certainly without blame; as in *sovrano*, *sdeign*, which ought not to be printed (as it is) with an elision before the *s*, as if short for disdain; but in other instances Milton’s motive had no reference to etymology. Sometimes it was this. In Milton’s day, the modern use of Italics was nearly unknown. Everybody is aware that, in our authorized version of the Bible, published

old age, transformed into Mistressina Heronilla. What most amuses one in pursuing the steps of such an attempt at refinement, is its repetition by “Jack” in the navy.

\* “*It ever was*”—and, of course, being (as there is no need to tell Mr. Landor) a form obtained by contraction from *fidelitas*.

in Milton's infancy, Italics are never once used for emphasis—but exclusively to indicate such words or auxiliary forms as, though implied and *virtually* present in the original, are not textually expressed, but must be so in English, from the different genius of the language.\* Now, this want of a proper technical resource amongst the compositors of the age, for indicating a peculiar stress upon a word, evidently drove Milton into some perplexity for a compensatory contrivance. It was unusually requisite for *him*, with his elaborate metrical system and his divine ear, to have an art for throwing attention upon his accents, and upon his muffling of accents. When, for instance, he wishes to direct a bright jet of emphasis upon the possessive pronoun *their*, he writes it as we now write it. But, when he wishes to take off the accent, he writes it *thir*.† Like Ritson, he writes *therefor* and *wherefor* without the final *e*; not regarding the analogy, but singly the metrical quantity: for it was shocking to his classical feeling that a sound so short to the ear should be represented to the eye by so long a combination as *fore*; and the more so, because uneducated people did then, and do now, often equilibrate the accent between the two syllables, or rather make the *quantity* long in both syllables, whilst giving an overbalance of the *accent* to the last. The 'Paradise Lost,' being printed during Milton's blindness, did not receive the full and consistent benefit of his spelling reforms, which (as I have contended) certainly arose partly in the imperfections of typography at that æra; but such changes as had happened most to impress his ear with a sense of their importance, he took a special trouble, even under all the disadvantages of his darkness, to have rigorously adopted. He must have astonished

the compositors, though not quite so much as the tiger-cat Ritson, or the Mr. (viz. monster) Pinkerton—each after *his* kind—astonished *their* compositors.

But the caprice of Mr. Landor is shown most of all upon Greek names. *Nous autres* say "Aristotle," and are quite content with it, until we migrate into some extra-superfine world; but this title will not do for *him*: "Aristoteles" it must be. And why so? Because, answers the Landor, if once I consent to say Aristotle, then I am pledged to go the whole hog; and perhaps the next man I meet is Empedocles, whom, in that case, I must call Empedocle. Well, do so. Call him Empedocle; it will not break his back, which seems broad enough. But, now, mark the contradictions in which Mr. Landor is soon landed. He says, as everybody says, Terence, and not Terentius, Horace, and not Horatius; but he must leave off such horrid practices, because he dares not call Lucretius by the analogous name of Lucrece, since *that* would be putting a she instead of a he; nor Propertius by the name of Properce, because *that* would be speaking French instead of English. Next he says, and continually he says, Virgil for Virgilius. But, on that principle, he ought to say Valer for Valerius; and yet again he ought *not*; because, as he says Tully and not Tull for Tullius, so also is he bound, in Christian equity, to say Valery for Valer; but he cannot say either Valer or Valery. So here we are all in a mess. Thirdly, I charge him with saying Ovid for Ovidius: which *I* do, which everybody does, but which *he* must not do; for, if he means to persist in *that*, then, upon his own argument from analogy, he must call Didius Julianus by the shocking name of *Did*, which is the same thing as Tit—since T is D soft. Did was a very great man indeed, and for a very short time indeed. Probably Did was the only man that ever bade for an empire, and no mistake, at a public auction. Think of Did's bidding for the Roman empire: nay, think also of Did's having the lot actually knocked down to him; and of Did's going home to dinner with the lot in his pocket. It makes one perspire to think that, if the reader or myself had been living at that time, and had been prompted by some whim within us to bid against him, we—that is, he or I—should actually have come down to posterity by the abominable name of Anti-Did. All of us in England say Livy when speaking of

\* Of this a ludicrous illustration is mentioned by the writer once known to the public as *Trinity Jones*. Some young clergyman, unacquainted with the technical use of italics by the original compositors of James the First's Bible, on coming to the 27th verse, chap. xiii. of 1st Kings, "And he" (viz. the old prophet of Bethel), "spake to his sons, saying, Saddle me the ass. And they saddled *him*;" (where the italic *him* simply meant that this word was involved, but not expressed in the original), read it, "And they saddled *him*;" as though these undutiful sons, instead of saddling the donkey, had saddled the old prophet. In fact, the old gentleman's directions are not quite without an opening for a filial misconception, if the reader examines them as closely as *I* examine words.

† He uses this and similar artifices, in fact, as the damper in a modern pianoforte, for modifying the swell of the intonation.



the great historian, not Livius. Yet Livius Andronicus it would be impossible to indulge with that brotherly name of Livy. Marcus Antonius is called—not by Shakespeare only, but by all the world—Mark Antony; but who is it that ever called Marcus Brutus by the affectionate name of Mark Brute? “Keep your distance,” we say, to that very doubtful brute, “and expect no pet names from us.” Finally, apply the principle of abbreviation, involved in the names Pliny, Livy, Tully, all substituting *y* for *ius*, to Marius—that grimmiest of grim visions that rises up to us from the phantasmagoria of Roman history. Figure to yourself, reader, that truculent face, trenched and scarred with hostile swords, carrying thunder in its ominous eye-brows, and frightening armies a mile off with its scowl, being saluted by the tenderest of feminine names, as “My Mary.”

Not only, therefore, is Mr. Landor inconsistent in these innovations, but the innovations themselves, supposing them all harmonized and established, would but plough up the landmarks of old hereditary feelings. We learn oftentimes, by a man's bearing a good-natured sobriquet amongst his comrades, that he is a kind-hearted, social creature, popular with them all! And it is an illustration of the same tendency, that the scale of popularity for the classical authors amongst our fathers, is registered tolerably well, in a gross general way, by the difference between having and *not* having a familiar name. If we except the first Cæsar, the mighty Caius Julius, who was too majestic to invite familiarity, though too gracious to have repelled it, there is no author whom our forefathers loved, but has won a sort of Christian name in the land. Homer, and Hesiod, and Pindar, we all say; we cancel the alien *us*; but we never say Theocrit for Theocritus. Anacreon remains rigidly Grecian marble; but *that* is only because his name is not of a plastic form—else everybody loves the sad old fellow. The same bar to familiarity existed in the names of the tragic poets, except perhaps for Æschylus; who, however, like Cæsar, is too awful for a caressing name. But Roman names were, generally, more flexible. Livy and Sallust have ever been favorites with men: Livy with everybody; Sallust, in a degree that may be called extravagant, with many celebrated Frenchmen, as the President des Brosses, and in our own days with M. Lerminier, a most eloquent and

original writer (“*Etudes Historiques*”); and two centuries ago, with the greatest of men, John Milton, in a degree that seems to me absolutely mysterious. These writers are baptized into our society—have gained a settlement in our parish: when you call a man Jack, and not Mr. John, it's plain you like him. But, as to the gloomy Tacitus, our fathers liked him not. He was too vinegar a fellow for them: nothing hearty or genial about him: he thought ill of everybody; and we all suspect that, for those times, he was the worst of the bunch himself. Accordingly, this Tacitus, because he remained so perfectly tacit for our jolly old forefathers' ears, never slipped into the name Tacit for their mouths; nor ever will, I predict, for the mouths of posterity. Coming to the Roman poets, I must grant that three great ones, viz. Lucretius, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus, have not been complimented with the freedom of our city, as they should have been, in a gold box. I regret, also, the ill fortune, in this respect, of Catullus, if he was really the author of that grand headlong dithyrambic, the *Atys*: he certainly ought to have been ennobled by the title of Catull. Looking to very much of his writings, much more I regret the case of Plautus: and I am sure that if her Majesty would warrant his bearing the name and arms of *Plaut* in all times coming, it would gratify many of us. As to the rest, or those that anybody cares about, Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, Martial, Claudian, all have been raised to the peerage. Ovid was the great poetic favorite of Milton; and not without a philosophic ground: his festal gaiety, and the brilliant velocity of his *aurora borealis* intellect, forming a deep natural equipoise to the mighty gloom and solemn planetary movement in the mind of the other; like the wedding of male and female counterparts. Ovid was, therefore, rightly Milton's favorite. But the favorite of all the world is Horace. Were there ten peerages, were there three blue ribbons, vacant, he ought to have them all.

Besides, if Mr. Landor could issue decrees, and even harmonize his decrees for reforming our Anglo-Grecian spelling—decrees which no Council of Trent could execute, without first re-building the Holy office of the Inquisition—still there would be little accomplished. The names of all continental Europe are often in confusion, from different causes, when Anglicised: German names are rarely spelled rightly by the *laity* of our isle: Polish and Hungarian

never. Many foreign towns have in England what botanists call *trivial* names; Leghorn, for instance, Florence, Madrid, Lisbon, Vienna, Munich, Antwerp, Brussels, the Hague—all unintelligible names to the savage Continental native. Then, if Mr. Landor reads as much of Anglo-Indian books as I do, he must be aware that, for many years back, they have all been at sixes and sevens; so that now most Hindoo words are in masquerade, and we shall soon require *English* pundits in Leadenhall Street.\* How does he like, for instance, *Sipahee*, the modern form for *Sepoy*? or *Tepheen* for *Tiffin*? At this rate of metamorphosis, absorbing even the consecrated names of social meals, we shall soon cease to understand what that *disjune* was which his sacred Majesty graciously accepted at Tillietudlem. But even elder forms of oriental speech are as little harmonized in Christendom. A few leagues of travelling make the Hebrew unintelligible to us; and the Bible becomes a Delphic mystery to Englishmen among the countrymen of Luther. Solomon is there called Salamo; Sampson is called Sîmson, though probably he never published an edition of Euclid. Nay, even in this native isle of ours, you may be at cross purposes on the Bible with your own brother. I am, myself, next door neighbor to Westmoreland, being a Lancashire man; and, one day, I was talking with a Westmoreland farmer, whom, of course, I ought to have understood very well; but I had no chance with him; for I could not make out who that *No* was, concerning *whom* or concerning *which*, he persisted in talking. It seemed to me, from the context, that *No* must be a man, and by no

means a chair; but so very negative a name, you perceive, furnished no positive hints for solving the problem. I said as much to the farmer, who stared in stupefaction. "What!" cried he, "did a far-larn'd man, like you, fresh from Oxford, never hear of *No*, an old gentleman that should have been drowned, but was *not*, when all his folk were drowned?" "Never, so help me Jupiter," was my reply; "never heard of him to this hour, any more than of *Yes*, an old gentleman that should have been hanged, but was *not*, when all his folk were hanged. *Populous No*—I had read of in the Prophets; but that was *not* an old gentleman." It turned out that the farmer and all his compatriots in bonny Martindale had been taught at the parish school to rob the Patriarch Noah of one clear moiety appertaining in fee simple to that ancient name. But afterwards I found that the farmer was not so entirely absurd as he had seemed. The Septuagint, indeed, is clearly against him; for *there*, as plain as a pike-staff, the farmer might have read *Nōē*. But, on the other hand, Pope, not quite so great a scholar as he was a poet, yet still a fair one, *always* made Noah into a monosyllable; and that seems to argue an old English usage; though I really believe Pope's reason for adhering to such an absurdity was with a prospective view to the rhymes *blow*, or *row*, or *stow* (an important idea to the Ark), which struck him as *likely* words, in case of any call for writing about Noah.

The long and the short of it is—that the whole world lies in heresy or schism on the subject of orthography. All climates alike groan under heterography. It is absolutely of no use to begin with one's own grandmother in such labors of reformation. It is toil thrown away: and as nearly hopeless a task as the proverb insinuates that it is to attempt a reformation in that old lady's mode of eating eggs. She laughs at one. She has a vain conceit that she is able, out of her own proper resources, to do both, viz. the spelling and the eating of the eggs. And all that remains for philosophers, like Mr. Landor and myself, is—to turn away in sorrow rather than in anger, dropping a silent tear for the poor old lady's infatuation.

\* The reasons for this anarchy in the naturalization of Eastern words are to be sought in three causes: 1. In national rivalships: French travellers in India, like Jacquemont, &c., as they will not adopt our English First Meridian, will not, of course, adopt our English spelling. In one of Paul Richter's novels a man assumes the First Meridian to lie generally, not through Greenwich, but through his own scull, and always through his own study. I have myself long suspected the Magnetic Pole to lie under a friend's wine cellar, from the vibrating movement which I have remarked constantly going on in his cluster of keys towards that particular point. Really, the French, like Sir Anthony Absolute, must "get an atmosphere of their own," such is their hatred to holding anything in common with us. 2. They are to be sought in local Indian differences of pronunciation. 3. In the variety of our own British population—soldiers, missionaries, merchants, who are unlearned or half-learned—scholars, really learned, but often fantastically learned, and lastly (as you may swear) young ladies—anxious, above all things, to mistify us outside barbarians.



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### DANTE AND HIS BEATRICE.

[The principal facts in the following singular and pathetic episode in the life of the great Italian poet, though generally known to the literary world, will be new to many readers; and the writer's candid and kindly reconciliation of them with Dante's pure character and noble feelings, agreeable to all. The pleasing style, the intimate knowledge of Italian literature, and the fine poetical ability displayed in the article, lead us to suspect the author to be Dr. Cooke Taylor, one of the principal contributors to the Dublin.—ED.]

THERE is not in literature a more remarkable contribution to the personal history of a great man than *The Vita Nuova* of Dante. It is a chronicle equally minute in analysis, and admirable in expression, of emotions the most profound; a record of real life, to which there is nothing superior in romance; a scene from our common existence, steeped in the most ethereal hues of poetry. It traces the master passion of the poet's life, from its dawn, through its first purifying phases of reverence and affliction; and not only is his heart laid bare before us, but we are made, as it were, to see the very processes by which his poetical genius wrought. Every incident, every emotion, out of which his verses grew, is there, side by side with the verses themselves,—and thus we are enabled to trace the workings of his shaping spirit of imagination, lifting the real into the ideal, or rather pouring its own golden light around a beautiful reality. Beatrice, with her sweet smile, her voice rich with the music of a noble heart, her infinite grace which made her supreme among the graceful, lives for us vividly as Imogen or Desdemona; and with a deeper interest, for we know that she was no mere being shaped out of the poet's brain, but a perfect woman, whose influence refined and ennobled the poet's heart, filling it with those yearnings after that ideal of beauty and goodness, which it is the peculiar office of woman to inspire. His dream, his guiding star, while she lived, Beatrice became his angel, his monitress, his aspiration, when dead. Her image cheered and sustained him through exile, and poverty, and desolation. She it was who opened that perennial fount of love which gushed for ever within his heart, and gave inspiration to his pen, so that he wrote of himself—

"Io mi son un, che quando  
Amore spira, noto, ed in quel modo,  
Ch' ei detta dentro, vo significando."

To her he dedicated his inner soul, and to her ascribed all that was most worthy in its achievements. How all this came to be, the *Vita Nuova* tells us. Its very name shows the importance which Dante attached to the story it contains, and the worshipper of his genius will find no fitter clue to his personal character than it affords. Were it known as it ought to be, we should hear less of the sternness, the bitterness, and even ferocity, which are taken for granted by many as the leading features of his mind.

We therefore hail with pleasure the present attempt to transfer the work to our own language. Attempt we call it, because it has only been partially successful. Mr. Garrow has neither the nicety of apprehension, nor sufficient command of the riches of our language, to render fitly the simple, but strong and majestic, periods, or to echo the concise, yet suggestive and most harmonious verses of the great Florentine. Who indeed may? Dante has himself declared, "that nothing which is brought into perfect concord by the bonds of rhythm can be transmuted from its own tongue into another, without breaking up all its harmony and sweetness"—a position which must always be in a great measure true, but with Dante more than with any other writer; for no one better knew the fitness of words, or was more subtle in the selection and arrangement of his language. Still the tongue which Bacon and Milton spoke and wrote, is capable of much in capable hands, and we do not despair of seeing this book some day transferred to our literature, in a form worthy of its beauty.

We should have thought that no writer was likely, at this advanced period of our knowledge of Dante, to have adopted the foolish interpretation of the title of the book before us which the excellent Fraticelli and the imbecile Balbo have concurred in suggesting. Yet Mr. Garrow has, at the very threshold of his work, committed this flagrant mistake. *Vita Nuova*, all the world over, means new life. But leaving this, its common interpretation, which, on psychological grounds, is here also the fittest, Mr. Garrow has, for reasons too prosaic, and too trivial to require notice, translated the words "Early Life." What does Dante himself say? The opening sentence of the book runs thus:—

"In that part of the volume of my memory, previous to which there is little that can be read, is found a rubric which says, '*Incipit Vita Nova*,' under which rubric I find written the words which it is my intention to record in this little book; if not all of them, at least such as are of leading import."

And then he goes on to relate the circumstances attending his first meeting with Beatrice. What can be plainer than this? The poet's life had been all but a blank—the usual mingled chaos of a boy's life—up to this period. He beheld Beatrice, and—

"His soul sprang up astonished, sprang full statured in an hour."

Then for him a new life began. From that hour the ambition of greatness, the intense love of the ideal, the struggle after perfection, took possession of his soul. There is nothing strained or unnatural in this construction. Nay, in the *Purgatorio*, Book xxx., he puts the very phrase, with this interpretation of it, into the mouth of Beatrice herself:—

"Questi fu tal nella sua VITA NUOVA  
Virtualmente, ch'ogni abito destro  
Fatto avrebbe in lui mirabil prova."

"In his new life, this man was such that he  
Might in himself have wondrously display'd  
All noble virtues in supreme degree."

If there were any room to doubt that the poet here refers to that period of his life when he was directly under the influence of the visible graces of Beatrice to the new life, in short, which he lived, between his first meeting with her, and her death, it would be removed by the lines which follow those we have just quoted. Where Beatrice rebukes him, because her influence over him diminished,—

"When she from carnal had to spirit risen."

"Quando di carne a spirto era salito, &c."

The period of the *Vita Nuova*, when he was animated by all noble impulses, passed, then, with her life. But, moreover, Beatrice died when Dante was not more than twenty-six, an age which surely can never be held as the culminating point of early life. Indeed, Dante has himself furnished us with his own opinion, as to what constitutes "early life;" for in his *Convito*, Book iv., cap. 24, he expressly records it as his estimate, that from twenty-five to forty-five is the youth and vigor of man's

life, the previous stages being childhood and adolescence. If, again, we look to the poets to aid us in interpreting our poet, we shall find no difficulty in showing how common is the feeling which suggested the title in dispute. One instance from Schiller will suffice.

"His present—his alone—

Is this NEW LIFE which lives in me. He hath  
A right to his own creature. What was I,  
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?"

It is a woman who speaks here—Theckla feeling, with the grateful generosity of love, that to Max. Piccolomini she owed whatever was high and good within her of knowledge, and impulse, and emotion. But the sex is of no consequence to our position. The feeling is as universal as love itself.

There is happily no need, at this time of day, to say one word upon the absurd idea of Rossetti and others, that no such person as Beatrice ever existed; that she was a mere allegorical phantom of the poet's fancy—a fiction as purely ideal as Ariel or Urania. If a man can read the *Vita Nuova* and yet maintain this, he has either a perversity of brain, or an obduracy of heart beyond mortal persuasion, and is only fit to be left to his own caprices. Not merely, however, does this book, but biography and history also, place it beyond a doubt, that Beatrice was not a being of such stuff as dreams are made of, but of that noble humanity with which heaven blesses, not unfrequently, this common earth. The Beatrice of the *Divina Commedia* had her type in the Bice, who played round the knees of old Folco Portinari, and smiled her own gentleness and purity into the heart of Dante. The Beatrice of the *Paradiso* is the Beatrice whom men turned round and crowded to gaze at, as she glided past them on the streets of Florence—the Beatrice, who for that mortal has put on immortality, and is now transfigured into a glorious presence, on which no soil of mortality remains. Earth bore the bud, which has ripened into that wondrous flower.

Why should we be slow to acknowledge that the poet actually saw and did not greatly exaggerate the spiritual beauty of this fair Tuscan girl? We all feel the force of the picture, and we can most of us refer it to some one whom our eyes have seen, when we read in Wordsworth of—

"The perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command,  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light."



The same recognition of spiritual beauty, the same reverent faith in woman's worth, which produced these lines, inspired the heart and pen of Dante, first, when he penned the early sonnets of the *Vita Nuova*, with a trembling hope that the young Bice's eyes might rest upon them in no unloving mood, and afterwards, when her spirit hovered over him, as, with a more exalted fervor, he chanted the inspired strains of his great poem.

Much obscurity prevails in regard to the relation in which Dante and Beatrice stood towards each other. Both were of noble birth. Their families were not only neighbors but friends. They met at a May morning festival in her father's house. Their ages were nearly equal—Dante being about a year older. They were intimate, for on her father's death we find him close and assiduous in his visits of condolence to the family. Beatrice's brother was among his dearest friends—"according to the degrees of friendship," as he says in the *Vita Nuova*, "my friend immediately next in order after my first." Dante, in position, education, and appearance, was "a man worth any woman." The interesting portrait by Giotto, which by rare good fortune was discovered in the Bargello, at Florence, in 1841, and which presents to us the Dante of 26—like, yet how unlike the Dante, of 50—proves him to have possessed features not only noble in their mould, but full of sensitiveness and sweetness. He was in fact eminently handsome, and in a way that has always been considered attractive to the sex above all others. Tall, well-formed, with a firm and dignified carriage, his features prominent and finely proportioned, his eyes dark, and deeply set, his complexion of a dusky olive, and his hair black and inclining to curl, his aspect showed him slow to move, but one, who, being once moved, might be trusted for ever. Courteous and full of true gentleness he must ever have been. He was, moreover, no recluse dreamer, but a man who mingled busily in life—a man whose valor lay not merely in his pen, but who knew both how to set a squadron in the field, and to lead it to victory.

With all these qualities and circumstances in his favor, and no positive dislike on the part of the lady to counteract them (for this much at least is certain), it seems strange that his love should not have found its issue in marriage. It did not, however, do so. The lady became the wife of Mes-

ser Simon de Bardi, a man, apparently, of considerable fortune, and died soon after, and before Dante could have recovered from the pang of this, to him, bitter affliction—for affliction, and most deep affliction, it must have been. Dante's love, in its origin, was no mere Platonism. It was the united devotion of heart, soul, and senses, centred on one object, and ambitious of achieving it for their own. Tremblingly and reverently he loved her ever—as a noble nature always will love the object worthy of its regard. But he loved her as a man loves, and with the passion that naturally perseveres to the possession of its mistress.

How it happened that this love was unsuccessful is a mystery, and the best solutions of conjecture are far from satisfactory. A straitened fortune has most commonly been supposed to have divided them. Yet this will hardly suffice, for Dante married, not many years after Beatrice's death, a lady in all respects her equal in rank and fortune.

Can it have been, that the poet long concealed the secret of his love, and only made it known when it was too late—when the fair Beatrice's hand had been, perhaps lightly, or to please her parents, pledged to another, in ignorance of the deep and noble passion she had inspired in Dante's heart. The extreme sensitiveness of Dante's nature makes the first part of this conjecture probable. No saint was ever worshipped with more reverent devotion than was the gentle Bice by her pensive lover. His was not a love of hope, but of trembling. When a chance gleam of joy struck across his heart, we find him doubting his claim to the fearful happiness:—

"Deh! per qual dignitate  
Così leggiadro questi lo cor have!"

"Alas! for what rare worth hath he,  
A heart that beats so lightly in his breast!"

Such men are slow to reveal their love, and their pride is able to veil it from the quick instinct even of its object. So it might have been, that the young Bice grew up into womanhood, and never dreamt how supreme she reigned in her dark-eyed lover's heart. So may they have talked perchance, hour after hour, like his own Francesca and Paolo,—the tongue ever avoiding the burning words that trembled upon the lips, till on some sad day, the pent-up heart of Dante swept down the barriers of bashfulness and pride—

"Caught up the whole of love, and utter'd it,  
Then bade adieu for ever!"

—adieu, at least, to all those words, which it was no longer meet should be whispered to another's bride.

The reader of Schiller's *Don Carlos*, who remembers the love of the prince for the queen, will feel no difficulty in following out this conjecture; and will see at once how possible it is that, after the event which separated Beatrice from Dante's side, he might have worshipped her with a love purer and more serene, though not less vivid, than before. He has himself said no word on the subject of her marriage, nor glanced at it by the slightest reference. But, though levity may smile, or ribaldry sneer, or prudery exclaim at the love of the poet for the wife of another, we feel assured that they do so without warrant. In his devotion to her, the man must have been pure and noble, whose great poem is pervaded by a worship of woman in her highest ideal, and whose sentiment it was, that no gentleman will ever utter a word which, if spoken in a lady's presence, would raise a blush upon her cheek. Her husband probably, and certainly her brother, were alive when the *Vita Nuova* was written; and had the footing on which the poet stood with the lady not been clear and unquestionable, he could not have spoken so freely and fervently of his devotion.

Here, too, it should be remembered, that Dante loved Beatrice from her girlhood. His passion was not kindled, like Petrarch's, by another's wife. There was no barrier to its growth in either duty or honor. It had become the pervading principle of his life, when he beheld her resigned to the bosom of another. What room is there for censure here? We keep no terms with such loves as those of Petrarch. All other considerations apart, they are unmanly—as what can be more unmanly, than to surround a woman with attentions, and besiege her with addresses, which, if they do not endanger virtue, may leave behind them wounds which a lifetime will scarcely suffice to heal. Let all such passions be left to the ridicule of women, and the scorn of men. They are not in the sense in which alone it should be known in the Christian world. Love is wise; thoughtful, pure. It

—————"Hath its seat  
In reason, and is judicious."

It nurses no unlawful aims, no impossible desires, it palter not with the claims of others—it equivocates not with right and wrong. Its essential condition is propriety and fitness. It needs not to plead the splendor of its fancies in mitigation of the aberrations of its judgment—to substitute a sonnet for an infraction of the decalogue, or to excuse its impertinence by its poetry. Far different from such selfish wilfulness was Dante's love. "In yielding to its sway," so he writes in the *Vita Nuova*, "I carried with me the full sanction of reason, in all those matters where it is of importance to listen to its counsel." When Beatrice married, Dante could not subdue his love—he could not make it, as though it had never been. For many a day its shadow must often have crossed him much too sadly for his peace. Nor was it necessary that he should forget a thing so noble. But he did what was better, yet what only a great and manly nature could have done—he triumphed over the pain. He uttered no complaint—his regrets were buried within his heart. But the faith, the aspirations with which she had inspired him, were still his. Of these Messer Simone de' Bardi could not deprive him. With these he dwelt, to these he clung, in these he found his solace. The real was transformed into the ideal, desire was elevated into idolatry. Anon came Death, a mightier lord, and took her from his eyes. But her spirit left its radiance with him, and spoke to him through all his tempest-shaken soul in every beautiful, and good, and noble thought.

We are surprised to find Leigh Hunt, in the "Essay on the Life and Genius of Dante," in his very pleasant "Tales from the Italian Poets," treating the poet's relation towards Beatrice with a levity and want of sympathy, which in one usually so generous is the more remarkable. Mr. Hunt takes credit to himself for stating what he calls "the probable truth of the matter," thus:—

"The natural tendencies of a poetical temperament (oftener evinced in a like manner than the world in general suppose) not only made the boy poet fall in love, but, in the truly Elysian state of the heart at that innocent and adoring time of life, made him fancy he had discovered a goddess in the object of his love: and strength of purpose, as well as of imagination, made him grow up in the fancy. He disclosed himself, as time advanced, only by his manner; received complacent recognitions in company from the young lady; offended



her by seeming to devote himself to another; rendered himself the sport of her and her young friends, by his adoring timidity—see the 5th and 6th sonnets in the 'VITA NUOVA'—in short, constituted her a paragon of perfection, and enabled her, by so doing, to show that she was none.

"Now, it is to be admitted that a young lady, if she is not very wise, may laugh at her lover with her companions, and yet return his love, after her fashion; but the fair Portinari laughs and marries another. Some less melancholy face, some more intelligible courtship, triumphed over the questionable flattery of the poet's gratuitous worship, and the idol of Dante Alighieri became the wife of Messer Simon de' Bardi. It transpired, from a clause in her father's will; and yet so bent are the biographers on leaving a romantic doubt in one's mind, whether Beatrice may not have returned his passion, that not only do all of them (so far as I have observed) agree in taking no notice of these sonnets, but the author of the treatise entitled "*Dante and the Catholic Philosophy of the Thirteenth Century*," in spite, as a critic says, 'of the Beatrice, his daughter, wife of Messer Simone de' Bardi, of the paternal will,' describes her as 'dying in all the lustre of virginity.' The assumption appears to be thus gloriously stated, as a counter-part to the notoriety of its untruth. It must be acknowledged that Dante himself gave the cue to it by more than silence; for he not only vaunts her acquaintance in the next world, but assumes that she returns his love in that region, as if no such person as her husband could have existed, or as if he himself had not been married also."

This is smart writing; but it neither states the question fairly, nor shows an intelligent appreciation of the passion with which it pretends to deal. Why should Dante be made responsible for the absurdities of his biographers and commentators? What they may have said respecting Beatrice, or her death in the "*éclatésse de la virginité*," is beside the question. Dante did not mention her marriage; but the reason of this very plainly is, that he had no occasion to do so. In composing the *Vita Nuova*, he was chronicling the origin and permanent progression of his love—"fervida e passionata,"—up to the time of her death, just as subsequently he portrayed it in its calmer and more manly aspect—"temperata e virile"—in his *Convito*, and as it is finally seen, sublimated into spirituality, in his *Divina Commedia*. The mention of her marriage would have been out of place in a purely psychological treatise like this. The agonies which that event brought with it were between himself and heaven! That they must have been fearful might be divined, even without the well known record of his having fallen ill upon the occasion. But Dante was neither

a Petrarch nor a Rousseau, to lay bare such wounds as these; and moreover, it was not of these, which were evanescent, and of the hour, that he had in view to write, but of the spiritual influence of his attachment, which was permanent and immortal. It was, therefore, as we conceive, neither coxcombry, nor a wish to mislead, that dictated Dante's silence on this point. The beauty of this love-story needs no adventitious aids, whether of invention or concealment. In Dante's hands it is simple, earnest, and truthful; nor will true criticism either seek in it what it does not profess to give, or accumulate on it the delinquencies of foolish commentators.

We do not know where Mr. Hunt finds his warrant for saying, that the boy poet fancied he had discovered a goddess in the object of his love. There never, perhaps, was so much devotion with so little rhapsody as in the love poetry of Dante. Mystical and obscure he often is. The modes of thought, in which he had been trained, made him so. But he worships no phantoms. His Beatrice is pure flesh and blood—beautiful, yet substantial—a woman—

"Not too bright and good  
For human nature's daily food."

In fact there is, perhaps, no love poetry in the world that deals less in the attributes of celestial charms, than the love sonnets of Dante. He does not leave the earth to seek for images of beauty to express her perfections. He could see in his dreams nothing more beautiful than the gentleness and harmony of soul that inspired her smile, and gave grace to her motions. Take for example the following sonnet from the *Vita Nuova*:

"Love hath his throne within my lady's eyes,  
Whence all she looks on wears his gracious,  
mien,  
All turn to gaze, where she abroad is seen,  
And whom she greets, from him his color flies;  
With downward gaze he stands abash'd, and sighs,  
Remembering all his own unworthy blames.  
Anger and pride before her fly—ye dames,  
Lend me your aid, her matchless worth to prize!  
All gentleness, all thoughts serene and meek,  
Grow in the heart of him that hears her voice—  
To see her once is ever to rejoice.  
Her look, when a faint smile is on her cheek,  
Nor tongue can tell, nor memory hold in view,  
So winning—gracious is the sight, and new."

Or this other, which, in the original, is still considered to be, for beauty of thought, structure, and expression, the most beautiful sonnet in the Italian language:—

"So kind, so full of gentle courtesy,  
My lady's greeting is, that every tongue  
To silence thrills, and eyes, that on her hung  
With mute observance, dare no more to see.  
Onward she moves, clothed with humility,  
Hearing with look benign her praises sung—  
A being seeming sent from heaven among  
Mankind, to show what heavenly wonders be.  
Within her looks such stores of pleasure lie,  
That through the gazer's eyes creeps to his heart  
A sweetness must be tasted to be known;  
And from her lips, with love in every tone,  
A spirit soft and gentle seems to part,  
Which to the soul keeps ever saying—"Sigh!"

But, indeed, we might accumulate innumerable instances to confute Mr. Hunt's sneer, and to show, that Dante's praises of his mistress rested on her gentleness, her looks, that "whate'er they light on seem to bless," her dignity of soul, her grace of motion, her nobility of intellect—all of them good earthly graces,—and not on imaginary celestialities or impossible beauties.

Again, as to the circumstance of Beatrice joining with her friends in the smile at the love-stricken poet's discomposure, Dante may well afford the bard of Rimini his joke, if he can find one in an incident so finely told as this is by the poet. Let us look at the facts. Dante had been taken by a friend to a wedding party, and unexpectedly finding his Beatrice there, a sudden faintness came over him, which compelled him to lean against the wall for support. This naturally formed a theme for sport to the joyous circle of the sunny-hearted maids of Florence, who, at such a season, were, no doubt, more than usually mirthful, and in this Beatrice joined, or affected to join, for the latter is more probably the real state of the case. Dante retired.

"I returned," he says, "to my chamber, and there weeping, and blushing as I wept, I said to myself, 'If this lady know my condition, I do not think she would have made sport of my aspect as she did, but rather that she would have pitied me deeply.' So thinking, I determined to address some lines to her, in which I should indicate the reason of my agitation, telling her I was well aware she was ignorant of the cause, and that, had she known it, she would not have taken part in the mirth of her companions. They were these:—

"With other ladies thou dost smile at me,  
Nor thinkest, lady, whence doth come the change,  
That fills mine aspect with a trouble strange,  
When I the wonders of thy beauty see.  
If thou didst know, thou must for charity  
Forswear the wonted rigor of thine eye;  
For when Love finds me near thee, he so high  
Dominion takes, and scornful mastery,  
That on my trembling spirits straight he flies,  
And some he slays, and some he drives away,  
Till he alone remains to gaze on thee.

Thence am I changed into another's guise;  
Yet not so changed, but that the pangs with me,  
Which tortured so these parted spirits, stay."

Dante was quite as much alive as Mr. Hunt himself, to the ridiculous appearance occasioned by his emotion. But he could no more shake off the thralldom than a limed bird can escape from the fatal bough. He might protest, rebel, nay even forswear all vassalage to his mistress. Full soon, however the bondsman returns to his allegiance. "So soon," he continues, "as I summon up the image of her beauty, so soon am I seized with a longing to behold her, so intense that it banishes every unkind thought of her; and therefore, the passions which shook me before do not restrain me from seeking out her presence," and then his feelings find a vent in the following sonnet, which, in its mingled strength and pathos, reveals glimpses of the power that distinguishes his latter writings:—

"All angry murmurs die within my breast,  
Fair jewel, whencesoe'er I look on thee;  
And when I'm near thy side, love whispers me—  
'Fly, if to thee Death be no welcome guest!  
My heart's pale hue is on my cheek impress;  
Fails every prop, wherever I should rely,  
The very stones cry out—"Die, die!"  
So wild the promptings of my fierce unrest.  
A sinful man is he, that sees me then,  
Nor does not seek, by pity's kindly breath,  
To cheer the soul in its so dread despair;  
That pity which, alas! your scorn hath slain,  
Whose sad effects speak in the death-like glare  
Of these poor eyes, that fain would close in death."

These sonnets are from the *Vita Nuova*, and we are tempted to add to them two others closely akin to them in sentiment, and not less admirable for their strength and beauty:—

"IO MALEDICO IL DI.

"Curst be the day, when first I saw the beams,  
That in those eyes of thine, fair traitor, play;  
Accurst the hour, thou didst the fortress climb  
Of my lull'd heart, to steal my soul away;  
Curst be the labor of my love's fond dreams,  
The burning thoughts, inwoven in many a lay,  
Which I have clothed in fancy's brightest gleams,  
To make thee famous through all future time!  
And, oh! accurst my stubborn memory,  
That clings to that which slays me hour by hour,  
Thy lovely form, whence Love full oft is found  
Launching his perjuries with malicious power,  
Till all men make a mock of him and me,  
That think of fortune's wheel to stay the giddy  
round."

"DAGLI OCCHI DELLA DONNA MIA.

"From the fair palace of my lady's eyes  
There beams a light so noble, that, where'er  
She shows herself, are seen such wonders rare,  
And high, as awe into mute surprise;



And from their rays upon my heart doth rain  
 Such fear, that I as with a palsy shake.  
 'Here will I come no more,' I say, but make  
 All my resolved vows, alas! in vain.  
 Still do I turn where I am still subdued,  
 Giving new courage to my fearful eyes,  
 That whilom shrank before a blaze so great.  
 I see her, and they sink, together glued,  
 And the desire that led my footsteps dies;  
 Then, Love, do thou take order for my state."

It is not against feelings so earnest as these that one would have expected the ridicule of a poet and critic like Mr. Hunt to have been directed.

But Mr. Hunt is not severe upon Dante only. He extends his sarcasm to Beatrice, and with peculiar bitterness. "By constituting her a paragon of perfection," Dante, he says, "enabled her to show that she was none."

The fair Portinari laughs and marries another." This is a very curt and simple way of disposing of the matter, and quite level, no doubt, to the apprehension of the multitude. Yet we think that the fair Portinari may both have smiled, and married another, and still in her heart have revered Dante's worth, and given him a place in its inner shrine, not inconsistent with her bridal vow, and not without its solace to the poet in his bereavement. Has the life that lies around us no stories to tell of a love so shut out from its desire, of hearts so comforted by the benign influence of those whom they never may possess? Does this story raise no other images but those of a moonish youth and wayward girl?

Beautifully and nobly has Landor treated this part of the poet's story, in his "Imaginary Conversation between Dante and Beatrice." Every word is valuable, but we can only select such short passages as bear immediately on this point:—

"Dante.—When you saw me profoundly pierced with love, and reddening and trembling, did it become you, did it become you, you whom I have always called *the most gentle Bice*, to join in the heartless laughter of those girls around you? Answer me. Reply unhesitatingly. Requires it so long a space for dissimulation and duplicity? Pardon, pardon, pardon! My senses have left me. My heart being gone, they follow.

"Beatrice.—Childish man, pursuing the impossible.

"Dante.—And was it this you laughed at? We cannot touch the hem of God's garment; yet we fall at his feet and weep.

"Beatrice.—But, weep not, gentle Dante!—fall not before the weakest of his creatures, willing to comfort, unable to relieve you. Consider a little. Is laughter, at all times, the signal or the precursor of derision? I smiled, let me avow it, from the

pride felt in your preference of me; and if I laughed, it was to conceal my sentiments. Did you never cover sweet fruit with worthless leaves? Come, do not drop again so soon, so faint a smile. I will not have you grave, nor very serious. I pity you; I must not love you. If I might, I would.

"Dante.—Yet how much love is due to me, O Bice! who loved you, as you well remember, even from your tenth year. But, it is reported, and your words confirm it, that you are going to be married.

"Beatrice.—If so, and if I could have laughed at that, and if my laughter could have estranged you from me, would you blame me?

"Wicked must be whatever torments you; and will you let love do it? Love is the gentlest and kindest breath of God. Are you willing that the tempter should intercept it, and respire it polluted into your ear? You have stored my little mind with many thoughts; dear because they are your's, and because they are virtuous. May I not, O my Dante, bring some of them back to your bosom? You have not given me glory, that the world should shudder at its eclipse. To prove that I am worthy of the smallest part of it, I must obey God, and under God my father. Surely the voice of heaven comes to us audibly, from a parent's lips? You will be great, and what is above all greatness, good.

You must marry.

"Dante.—Marry?

"Beatrice.—Unless you do, how can we meet again unreservedly? Be tranquil—be tranquil—only hear reason. There are many who know you; and all who know you must love you. Perverse and peevish creature! You have no more reason to be sorry than I have; and you have many to the contrary, which I have not. Being a man, you are at liberty to admire a variety, and to make a choice. Is that no comfort to you?

"Dante.—Bid this bosom cease to grieve?

Bid these eyes fresh objects see?

Where's the comfort to believe,

None might once have rivall'd me?

What, my freedom to receive,

Broken hearts, are they the free?

For another can I live,

When I may not live for thee?

"Is this our last meeting? If it is, and that it is, my heart has told me—you will not, surely you will not refuse.

"Beatrice.—Dante, Dante, they make the heart sad after; do not wish it. But prayers—oh! how much better are they! How much greater and lighter they render it! They carry it up to heaven with them; and those we love are left behind no longer."

Mr. Hunt may say, that the beauty of Mr. Landor's fiction is no argument for its truth—as little, we reply, is the ungraciousness of Mr. Hunt's sarcasm a voucher for

\* Landor's Works, vol. ii., pp. 152-154.

its justice. Both have precisely the same facts to deal with—the smile of Beatrice at her lover's discomposure, and her subsequent marriage. The conclusions arrived at are widely different. But how much more worthy, how much more consonant to the spirit that elevates every line which Dante has devoted to his mistress, how much more true as well as generous in its estimate of the heart and principles of both parties is the dramatized argument of Mr. Landor, than the superficial scepticism of Mr. Hunt!

One other remark of Mr. Hunt's calls for observation. "Not only," he says, does Dante "vaunt the acquaintance of Beatrice in the next world, but he assumes that she returns his love in that region, as if no such person as her husband could have existed, or as if he himself had not been married also." Passing without comment the misplaced levity with which the remark is made, let us see whether the fact be as Mr. Hunt states. We are unable to find one word in the *Divina Commedia*, which assumes that Beatrice returns Dante's love in heaven. It would, indeed, have been inconsistent with the character of the poet's love, as well as with the conception of the poem, had he done so. While yet she brightened the earth for him, Beatrice was as a star, to whom he looked up with unutterable yearnings, yet almost without the hope of reaching it—a star so glorious, that he might scarcely fix a lasting gaze upon its radiance—"ove non puote alcuno mirarla fiso." In the *Divina Commedia* she is raised still higher above him. Her words to him there are the words of rebuke—the rebuke of love, indeed, but of a love so pure and holy, that it were no less than profanity to speak of it in the terms employed by Mr. Hunt. Dante had fallen from the allegiance to the ideal of purity and perfection with which she had inspired him. He was a man of strong passions, and not even the light of her pure eyes could charm him from the paths of folly, and the seductions of sense. In this wise, therefore, she accosts him, reminding him of the days when his heart was kept pure by his dreams of her, and by the high imaginations of his youth.

"In his new life this man was such, that he  
Might in himself have wondrously display'd  
All noble virtues in supreme degree.  
But all the kindlier strength is in the soil,  
So do ill seed and lack of culture breed  
More noxious growth and ranker wilderness.  
I for some term sustained him by my looks;

To him unveiling my young eyes, I led  
His steps with mine along the path of right.  
Yet soon as I the threshold gain'd of this  
My second age, and laid life's vesture down,  
He turn'd from me, and gave himself to others.  
When I from carnal had to spirit risen,  
And beauty and virtue in me grew divine,  
I was less dear to him, and less esteem'd;  
And into devious paths he turn'd his steps,  
Pursuing still false images of good,  
That make no promise perfect to the hope.  
Nor aught avail'd it, I for him besought  
High inspirations, with the which, in dreams,  
And otherwise, I strove to lead him back;  
So little warm'd his bosom to my call.  
To such vile depths he fell, that all device  
Had fail'd for his salvation, save to show  
The children of perdition to his eyes."

PURG. XXX.

Is there one word here to justify the assertion of Mr. Hunt?—one word inconsistent with the purest respect to her who had been the wedded wife of another, on the one hand, or with Dante's regard for the mother of his children, on the other?

Every line that falls from Beatrice is of the same character. The most important passage occurs in the canto of The Purgatorio immediately succeeding that from which we have just quoted. In it Dante, with a grace which is remarkable, mingles the woman's pride in the superiority of her own personal charms with her rebuke for his having stooped to lower feelings than his first noble aspirations towards herself. But the nature must be gross indeed, that cannot see the difference between this and the declaration of an earthly attachment:—

"Nature or art ne'er show'd thee aught so sweet,  
As the fair limbs that girdled me around,  
But now are scattered dust aneath men's feet.  
And if the chiefest sweet by death were found  
To fail thee so, what thing about thy heart  
Of mortal mould should, after that, have wound?  
Behoved thee, when first stricken by the dart  
Of frail and fleeting things, aloft to spring  
To me, o'er such uplifted high apart.  
It not beseem'd that thou should'st stoop thy wing  
To a slight girl, or other transient, vain,  
Delightsome toy, that must thy bosom sting."

The concluding lines have been referred, by some commentators, to Gemma Donati, the poet's wife. Why will these busy speculators not allow to the poet the common virtues of a man? Dante was a true-hearted gentleman, and could never have spoken slightly of her on whose breast he had found comfort amid many a sorrow, and who had borne to him a numerous progeny—the last a Beatrice. No. The obvious allusion is here the true one. Dante, with his strong and ardent passions, had, like meaner men, to fight the perennial



conflict between flesh and spirit. Shall we marvel, if he fell, and not rather praise the noble frankness of self-rebuke, that which dragged his short-comings into view, and stamped them with immortal reprobation?

It is only those who have observed or reflected little upon the human heart, who will think that Dante's marriage with Gemma Donati argues against the depth or sincerity of his first love. Why should he not have sought the solace and the support of a generous woman's nature, who, knowing all the truth, was yet content with such affection as he was able to bring to a second love? Nor was that necessarily small. Ardent and affectionate as his nature was, the sympathies of such a woman must have elicited from him a satisfactory response; while, at the same time, without prejudice to the wife's claim on his regard, he might entertain his heavenward dream of the departed Beatrice. Is not this the natural course of a strong and healthful nature, reconciling itself to the inevitable—not wasting itself in vain lamentations, but seeking comfort in those human sympathies, which are never without their balm, where rightly sought? How much better this, than the querulous solitude into which Petrarch rushed, to feed upon the morbid vanities of his own heart! And how does the essential difference between the love of the two men show itself in the results? In Petrarch, the unnatural fire, fanned by the wings of his imagination, droops and ultimately expires, and, in his old age, he blushes for the love-laden verses of his youth.\* In Dante, on the contrary, the flame heightens and expands, shining onwards unto the end with a brighter and broader light; and the concluding pæan of his mighty voice sounds to the glory of her, to whom he tuned the music of his earliest song.

We have been at some pains to show the unfairness of Mr. Hunt's treatment of this subject, because the very breadth of sympathy for which that gentleman receives credit—and justly—is apt to secure a general assent to his opinions on a matter of this kind. Here, however—as indeed, in all questions that concern the man Dante—Mr. Hunt's usual fairness forsakes him.

\* *Ille vulgaris juveniliū laborum meorum cantica, quorum hodie pudet et pœnitet, sed eodem morbo affectis, ut videmus, acceptissima.* DE REB. FAM. Epist. Lib. VIII. Epist. 3. One of many passages that might be cited from his works to the same effect.

He has started with a prejudice, and this has led him to adopt every tale, however improbable, that supported it, and distorted his view even of those anecdotes which are authentic. For Ariosto and Tasso he can find extenuations and generous constructions in all doubtful circumstances; but in Dante's case the worst construction seems to be hailed as the best, and with an eagerness too that becomes almost personal. Those who have studied Dante know how unjust is Mr. Hunt's estimate of his personal character. Let those who have not, read for themselves, nor allow their faith to be shaken in the noble heart and purpose of the man, whose genius as a poet is unquestioned and supreme.

Most love poetry dwells largely upon the personal graces of its themes, and revels in the minute painting of their various charms. Laura's fine eyes, her beautiful hand, her angelic mouth—"la bella bocca angelica," recur perpetually in Petrarch. The fancy of Ariosto is evermore straying among the golden locks that undulate luxuriantly over the shoulders of his mistress. Tasso paints for us the exquisite mouth of his Leonora in colors finer than Titian's:—

"A crimson shell, where pearls of snowy sheen  
Do grow its smooth and curvèd lips atween."

There is little of this painting in Dante's verse. We gather the beauty of Beatrice more from the moral impression she produces, than from the express mention of any particular physical charms. Indeed we do not remember, in any of the unquestionably authentic poems, that any one feature is mentioned from which an artist could derive a suggestion, unless it be the pearly tincture of her skin. But if we may adopt, as genuine, the Canzone, which is generally known as "The Portrait," then we have perhaps the most complete picture of female beauty that ever was painted in words. Fraticelli rejects the poem as doubtful, and his chief reason for doing so is, what he thinks its dissimilarity to Dante's generally concise style. This, we confess, does not strike us. Dante, while he says more in fewer words than any writer, drew closely and minutely after nature; and he may very reasonably, we think, be supposed to have sketched the beauties of his mistress after this fashion:—

"THE PORTRAIT."

"I gaze upon those amber tresses, where  
Hath love a golden mesh to snare me made,  
Sprinkled with flowers, or with a tangled braid

Of pearls,\* and feel that I am all undone;  
 And, chief, I gaze into those eyes so fair,  
 That shoot through mine into my heart, with light  
 So keen, so radiant, so divinely bright,  
 It seems as though it issued from the sun.  
 Still higher doth their mastery o'er me run;  
 And thus, when I their charms so glorious see,  
 I murmur to myself with many a sigh,  
 Ah me! why am not I  
 Alone with her, where I could wish to be?  
 So might I then with those fair tresses play,  
 Dispart, and lay them wave by wave away,  
 And of her eyes, that with a lustre shine  
 Radiant beyond compare, two mirrors make to  
 mine!

Next on the fair, love-speaking mouth I gaze  
 The spacious forehead, radiant with truth,  
 White fingers, even nose, and eyebrow smooth  
 And brown, as though it had been pencill'd there.  
 So gazing, I exclaim in sweet amaze,  
 'Behold what stores of witchery abide  
 Within that lip so pure, and vermeil-dyed,  
 Where every sweetness and delight appear!  
 Oh, when she speaks, to all her words give ear,  
 Feeling how soft, how gracious is their flow,  
 That doth the ear with choicest phrase beguile.  
 And oh, her smile  
 Outvies in sweetness all things else I know!  
 Thus on that mouth it joys me still to pause,  
 Of it discoursing evermore, because  
 I would give all, that I on earth possess,  
 To win from that dear mouth one reluctant yes!  
 Then next I view her white and well-turn'd throat,  
 Blending into her shoulders and her breast,  
 Her full, round chin, with dimple small impress'd,  
 More fair than limner's pencil might design,  
 And inly say, as I these beauties note,  
 'That neck, oh, were it not a rare delight,  
 To hold it in the arms enfolded tight,  
 And plant upon that throat a little sign!  
 Give fancy wings!' Thus runs this thought of  
 mine,  
 'If what thou see'st be so surpassing fair,  
 What must those beauties be, are hid from sight?  
 'Tis by the sun and other cressets bright,  
 That with their glories gem heaven's azure air,  
 We think its deeps enfold our paradise.  
 So, if with fixed eyes  
 Thou gazest, then full surely must thou deem,  
 Where thou canst see not lies all earthly bliss  
 supreme.'

Her round and queenlike arms I next survey,  
 Her smooth, soft hand, snow-white; then deeply  
 eye  
 Her fingers long, and tapering daintily,  
 Proud of the ring which one of them doth fold—  
 'Now wert thou laid,' thus to myself I say,  
 'Within these arms, a bliss so rare would stir  
 Through all thy life, divided so with her,  
 Might ne'er a tithe of it by me be told!  
 How picture-like her every limb, behold!  
 There majesty with beauty holds her seat,  
 Divinely tinctured with a pearl-like hue;  
 Gentle and sweet to view  
 With looks for scorn, where scornfulness were  
 meet;  
 Meek, unpretending, self-controlled, and still  
 With sense instinctive shrinking from all ill,

\* "Her long, loose, yellow locks, like golden wire,  
 Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers  
 atween,  
 Do like a golden mantle her attire."

*Spenser's Epithymia.*

Such grace celestial breathes her steps around,  
 All hearts before her bow in reverence profound.  
 Comely as Juno's bird her going is,  
 Self-poised, erect, and stately as a crane;  
 One charm peculiarly my heart hath ta'en—  
 A perfect elegance in act and air.  
 And wouldst thou truly know, how far in this  
 She doth her place o'er other maids maintain,  
 Look on her as she moves amidst a train  
 Of ladies, that be elegant and fair.  
 And as the stars, that gem the morning air,  
 Fade out before the sun's advancing blaze,  
 So fades each beauty when she shows her face.  
 Think then what is her fascinating grace,  
 That equal worth and beauty so displays,  
 And both in her are perfect and supreme.  
 Can naught to her or dear or worthy seem,  
 Save honor, courtesy, and gentle heart,  
 But in her welfare only set thy hopes apart!  
 My song, thou mayest fearlessly declare,  
 Since beauty first upon this mortal round  
 Reveal'd her gracious light, there was not found  
 So fair, unparagon'd a creature yet.  
 For blent in her are met  
 A perfect body and a mind as fair,  
 Save that some grains of pity wanting are."

Those who are for refining Dante's love  
 into pure spirituality, will not willingly  
 accept for his this beautiful, but most sub-  
 stantial, portraiture of his mistress. That  
 he does not, in general, write in this strain,  
 is no sufficient argument against the poem  
 being his. The moods of a lover's mind  
 are many and various, and in some hour of  
 higher hope or more elated spirits, Dante  
 may have written of his mistress in lan-  
 guage wherein there is less of that profound  
 reverence, and none of that haunting sad-  
 ness which pervades nearly all the poems of  
 which she is the theme.

A tender melancholy is unquestionably  
 the prevailing character of his love poetry.  
 From the first, his passion seems to have been  
 overshadowed by a dim sense of misfortune.  
 It was not merely the sadness which lies at  
 the bottom of all deep emotion, but an  
 almost prophetic foreboding of disappoint-  
 ment and early death. How strongly this  
 feeling had taken hold of him is seen in the  
 vivid recital of the vision or dream of her  
 approaching death, which he thus records  
 in the *Vita Nuova*, in words of which the  
 following are but an imperfect echo:—

"A few days afterwards," he says, "it fell out  
 that a most painful infirmity attacked me in a cer-  
 tain part of my body, from which I suffered, for  
 many days, the most excruciating pain, and I was  
 reduced thereby to such a state of extreme weak-  
 ness, that I was unable to move. I say, that on  
 the ninth day, feeling the pain to be intolerable,  
 a thought presented itself to me, and that thought  
 was of my lady. And when I had mused upon  
 her for a certain space, my thoughts recurred to  
 my own enfeebled life; and beholding how fleet-



ing its duration was, even when it was untouched by disease, I began to mourn within myself because of so much affliction; whereupon, sighing heavily, I said unto myself—'It needs must be, that the most gentle Beatrice shall one day die!' And forthwith a consternation so strong took hold upon me, that I closed my eyes, and began to be disquieted like one beside himself, and to form imaginations in such wise, that in the first wanderings of my fancy, there appeared the faces of certain women with dishevelled hair, who said to me, 'Thou shalt surely die!' And after these, appeared to me certain other faces, horrible to behold, which said to me, 'Thou art dead!' My fancy having thus begun to wander, I came at last to this point, that I knew not where I was, and it seemed to me as though I beheld women passing before me weeping, and with dishevelled hair, marvellously sad; and methought, I saw the sun darkened, so that the stars were visible, and of a color which made me think they wept; and, methought, the birds, as they flew along, fell dead, and that the earth quaked fearfully. And, as I lay, wonder-stricken at these fantasies, and grievously alarmed, I imagined that a friend came to me, and said, 'Dost thou not know, thy admirable lady has departed from this world?' Thereupon, I fell to weeping most piteously, and I wept not only in imagination, but with my eyes,—bathing them with veritable tears. Then, methought I looked towards Heaven, and it seemed as though I beheld a multitude of angels, who were ascending upwards, and before them they carried a little cloud of exceeding whiteness. To me it appeared that those angels were singing gloriously, and the words of their song, methought were these: *Osanna in excelsis*; and other than that I did not hear. Then it seemed to me, that my heart, wherein is so much love, said to me, 'It is true that our lady lieth dead!' And, upon this, methought, I went to behold the body, in which that most noble and blessed spirit had been. And such force had my erring fantasy, that it showed me this lady dead; and it seemed to me, that women were covering her head with a white veil; and her features wore such an aspect of humility, that they seemed to say, 'Now do I behold the beginning of peace!' While in this trance, an humility so profound seized me on beholding her, that I called upon death, and said, 'Come to me like a churl; forasmuch as it behooveth thee to be gentle, seated where thou art. Then come to me, that do desire thee much. Thou seest that already I wear thy colors.' And when I had seen all the mournful mysteries completed, which are wont to be performed to the bodies of the dead, methought I turned into my chamber, and there I thought I looked up to heaven; and, so patient was my imagination, that I began to weep and cry aloud with my veritable voice, 'Oh! most lovely soul, how is he blest who beholds thee!' And, uttering these words with heavy sobs of woe, and calling on death to come to me, a young and noble lady, who was at the side of my couch, thinking that my words were lamentations caused by the pain of my disorder, was seized with great alarm and began to weep; whereupon, certain other ladies,

who were in the chamber, perceived that I was weeping by the tears which they saw her shed, and having made this lady, who was the most nearly allied to me by blood, to leave my side, they drew near to wake me, thinking that I dreamt, and told me 'to sleep no more, and not to disquiet myself.' Hearing them accost me thus, the potent fancy ended, just as I was on the point of saying, 'Oh! Beatrice, may'st thou be blest!' And already had I said, 'Oh Beatrice!' when recovering myself, I opened my eyes, and saw that I had been deceived; and notwithstanding that I had pronounced this name, my voice was so broken by sobs and tears, that these ladies could not comprehend what I said. And although I was much ashamed, yet, upon a certain admonition of love, I turned round to them. And when they saw me, they began to say, 'He seems to be dead,' and to whisper among themselves, 'Let us seek to comfort him!' Whereupon they said to me many words to console me, and then they asked me, of what I had been afraid? Whereupon, I, being in some measure reassured, and conscious of the falsity of what I had imagined, replied to them, 'I will tell you what has ailed me.' Then beginning with the beginning, I told them all that I had seen, saying nothing of the name of this most sweet lady. When, afterwards, I recovered from this illness, I purposed to put in words the thing which had befallen me, forasmuch as it seemed to me, that it would be a thing delectable to hear, and so I composed this canzone."

Instead of giving this canzone, beautiful as it is, we shall cite what is, unquestionably, the finest of all Dante's canzoni, "The Dirge of Beatrice," as at once furnishing the best specimen of the *Vita Nuova*, and illustrating the argument which we have maintained in regard to Dante's love. As neither Mr. Garrow's nor Mr. Lyell's version pleases us, we adopt another.

"THE DIRGE OF BEATRICE.

"The eyes, that mourn in pity of the heart,  
Such pain have suffered from their ceaseless  
tears,  
That they are utterly subdued at last;  
And would I still the ever-gnawing smart,  
That down to death is leading all my years,  
Forth in wild sobs must I my misery cast;  
And now, remembering how in days long past,  
To you, sweet ladies, gladly I address'd  
My speech of that dear lady mine, while she  
Yet lived, I'll urge my plea  
To none save gentle heart in lady's breast:  
And weeping, still of her my song shall be,  
Who suddenly to heaven hath ta'en her flight,  
And left Love with me here, a mournful wight.

"Yes, Beatrice is gone to yonder heav'n,  
To realms where angels dwell, and are in peace;  
You, ladies, hath she left with them to stay.  
She was not hence, like other creatures, riven  
By chill or calature, or such disease,  
But for her mighty worth alone was borne away.

For her meek nature shed so bright a ray;  
It beam'd to heaven, and with a light so blest,  
As woke amaze in the eternal sire,  
And kindled sweet desire,  
To call a soul so lovely to his rest.  
Then made He it from earth to Him aspire,  
Deeming this life of care and sorrowing  
Unworthy of so fair and pure a thing.

"Forth from the lovely habitation, where  
Supreme in grace it dwelt, her soul is gone,  
And in a worthy place shines starry bright.  
He who can speak of her, nor weep, doth bear  
Within his breast a worthless heart of stone,  
Where no benignant influence e'er can light.  
The grovelling heart could never gain such  
height

As to imagine aught of her; and so  
It ne'er is moved by the desire to weep:  
But sadness him assails, and yearning deep  
In sighs and burning tears to vent his woe,  
And o'er his soul a black despair doth creep,  
Who hath, yea ev'n in thought, at any time  
Seen what she was, and how we lost her in her  
prime.

"With deepest anguish is my bosom rent,  
When rushes to my mind the thought of her,  
Who in my heart doth hold the chiefest place,  
And oft-time, when my thoughts on death are  
bent,  
A wish so sweet doth then within me stir,  
That death's pale hue mounts up into my face,  
And wrapt in fancy thus, such pain apace  
Doth o'er each nerve, and trembling fibre run,  
As breaks the dream that made my sorrow less;  
And such my sore distress,  
That all for shame my fellow-men I shun;  
Then, weeping lonely in my wretchedness,  
I call on Beatrice, 'Oh, thou art dead!'  
And calling so on her, am comforted.

"Such tears and sighs, and wailings and dismay,  
Burst from my heavy heart, when none is near,  
As none might hear, nor be with pity wrung:  
And what my life has been since that sad day,  
When my dear lady sought a brighter sphere,  
May never be expressed by mortal tongue.  
Thus ladies, you to whom I oft have sung,  
What now I am, I cannot fully speak.  
So wasted in my misery I be,  
My whole heart struck from out me utterly,  
That every man who sees my death-like cheek,  
Seems as he said—'I will not aught with  
thee!'  
But what I am my lady doth regard,  
And still from her I hope for my reward!

"My plaintive song, take now thy mournful way,  
And find the dames and damosels, to whom  
Thy sisters joyful-gay  
Were wont to bear the light of sunny gladness,  
And thou, distressful daughter of my sadness,  
Go thou and dwell with them in cheerless  
gloom!"

Out of the depth of anguish, in which  
this beautiful poem was written, Dante  
raised himself after a season. He under-  
went the martyr's pangs, and he overcame  
them. Comfort came—that comfort which  
Heaven denies not to the heart which sor-  
row has stricken most deeply—that comfort

which comes from self-conquest, and from  
the recognition of the lofty destinies of the  
soul, whose struggle here is but to emanci-  
pate the wings, that are to bear it through  
eternity. Then he gathered up his strength,  
and set himself to higher tasks than he had  
dreamt of before. No more of wail and  
lamentation! Beatrice is "where angels  
dwell and are in peace," and to the be-  
reaved Dante, "in dreams and otherwise,"  
come admonitions, that he must aspire,  
striving ever upwards towards that glory  
into which she has ascended. Therefore,  
he writes, in concluding the *Vita Nuova*,  
"Did I determine to write no more of this  
dear saint, until I should be able to write  
of her more worthily; and of a surety she  
knows that I study to attain to this with all  
my powers. So if it shall please him, by  
whom all things live, to spare my life for  
some years longer, I hope to say that of  
her, which never yet hath been said of any  
lady. And, then, may it please Him who  
is the Father of all good, to suffer my soul  
to see the glory of its mistress, that is, of  
this sainted Beatrice, who now, abiding in  
glory, looketh upon the face of Him, *qui est  
per omnia secula benedictus*."

And though no poet ever raised tribute  
so noble to his mistress, as Dante has done  
in his *Divina Commedia*, yet let us not be-  
lieve that worth exalted as that of Beatrice  
is without its peer. Earth has many such  
—pure, patient, gentle, wise and helpful  
spirits—who minister strength, and guid-  
ance, and consolation, without thanks, it  
may be, or even recognition, yet still pur-  
sue in tranquillity and content their gra-  
cious ministry of good. Happy he, who  
recognises their perfections ere yet it is too  
late!

'Tis only when they spring to heaven, that angels  
Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day  
Beside you, and lie down at night by you,  
Who care not for their presence—muse or sleep—  
And all at once they leave you, and you know them!

DEATH OF A PUBLISHER.—We have to record  
the death of Mr. Hall, the publisher, of the firm of  
Chapman and Hall, on the 7th instant, and only in  
the 47th year of his age. He had been long in  
precarious health. His loss will be regretted  
by not a few of the literary world; for it may truly  
be said, that in his connexion with it he acted  
throughout in an enterprising, straightforward, fair,  
and liberal manner. We trust that his surviving  
partner will (as we have no reason to doubt he will)  
carry on the concern with the same spirit and good  
feelings as when he had another in union with him,  
and with whom, in all the numerous transactions  
honorable to them, he must have cordially co-  
operated.



From the Edinburgh Review.

## LIFE OF SARAH MARTIN—PRISON VISITING.

1. *A Brief Sketch of the Life of the late Miss Sarah Martin of Great Yarmouth: with Extracts from the Parliamentary Reports on Prisons: and her own Prison Journals.* 8vo. Yarmouth: 1844.
2. *Selections from the Poetical Remains of the late Miss Sarah Martin of Great Yarmouth.* 8vo. Yarmouth: 1845.

THE town of Great Yarmouth in Norfolk, which has been for many ages a place of considerable commercial importance, was originally a mere fishing-station. The men of the Cinque Ports, who were in early times the principal fishermen of the kingdom, used to assemble on that coast during the herring-season; and a sand-bank, situate at the mouth of an arm of the sea, which then flowed far into Norfolk, was their usual landing-place. There, upon the deaness, or *dunes*, by the sea-shore, they spread their nets to the sun, repaired their boats, and cured or otherwise disposed of their catch of fish. The recession of the sea, the convenience of the situation, and the periodical visits of a concourse of busy men, led to the permanent occupation of this bleak and barren spot. The rearing of a few huts for the residence of such handicraftsmen as could assist the fishermen in the repair of their barks and nets, and of such dealers as could supply their accustomed wants, was the first advance towards a settlement. The next was the erection of a little chapel upon a green, bent-covered hill in the sand, which was indiscreetly dedicated to the patron of black monks, Saint Benedict. Hence arose discord and confusion. The men of the Cinque Ports had probably begun to doubt the efficacy of the winds which they bought before they started upon their voyages; and, in lieu of the ancient application to the wise woman, now took with them a chaplain, some true clerk of St. Nicholas, the seaman's universal patron. The fisher-priest soon quarrelled with the clerk of St. Benedict upon the subject of oblations; and, as must have seemed likely from their respective habits of life, the worshipper of St. Nicholas, "removed, expelled, and evil-intreated,"\* his adversary. He probably even pulled down the little opposition chapel to the ground; for antiquarian diligence has never been able to discover the slightest trace of it. But the triumph of

this vigorous stroke of conservative policy was short-lived. Some few years afterwards, a bishop of Thetford, the same who removed that see to Norwich, happened to be the king's chancellor, and a church-builder. He heard the Norfolk priest's cause in his equitable tribunal, and, with an appearance of kindness, as well as impartiality, settled the dispute, by himself erecting, not far from the mouth of the river Yare, a church so large, that *both* priests might officiate in it at separate altars! and, by way of compensation to the prescriptive rights of the men of the Cinque Ports, he dedicated the whole building to the true saint of the sea-shore, St. Nicholas. The church thus erected was rendered by subsequent additions one of the largest parish churches in England, and remained, until a comparatively recent period, the only church in Yarmouth.

Within the next hundred years after the settlement of this church question, the importance of Yarmouth increased rapidly, and, at the end of that time, the town was raised into the first rank of English municipalities by a royal charter, which conferred upon the burgesses a great variety of privileges, and, amongst them, that of trying pleas of the crown, or criminal causes, "according to the law and custom of Oxford." Hence arose the necessity for a prison; and a building was erected for that use on the site of the present strange, grotesque, and in part ancient jail, whose ugliness seems intended to aid the law in exciting feelings of terror and aversion in the minds of evil-doers.

According to the theory of our ancestors, the people of Yarmouth had now advanced to the point of completeness as a borough. Law and gospel had each its representative amongst them. Their sanctions and their penalties were brought home to every man's own door. When men sinned, the church assessed a compensation to Heaven, in the shape of penances, and insisted upon external marks of contrition before the offender

\* Swinden's History of Yarmouth, p. 9.

was permitted to resume his standing in the visible congregation of the faithful. When men committed crimes, the law mulcted them in pecuniary fines, or deprived them of their liberty, sequestered them from kirk and market, but, instead of aiming at reformation, or even at penitence, sought only punishment; secluded them in loathsome places of confinement; subjected them to the tyranny of ignorant, and often brutal keepers, who were responsible only for their safe custody; and herded them all together, whatever their ages, stations, or offences, without occupation, without instruction, and sometimes even unfed and unclad, save by the poor proceeds of a begging-box, the rattling of which invoked the charity of passers-by. Strange as this now seems, it continued for centuries. The church was the first to awake. She discovered that her outward penances were unavailing towards the rectification of the heart, and following out that principle, effected all the changes of the ecclesiastical Reformation. There, for a time, the course of social improvement seemed strayed. The law, in spite of this glimmer of right reason in its sister institution, still held its ancient way. Jails were thought to be places by means of which men were to be intimidated from crime; but it was not seen, or the fact was disregarded, that such jails were mere academies of crime, and that, through their instrumentality, the law itself was the principal teacher of the science of law-breaking.

Yarmouth was one of the last places in the kingdom to become convinced of this fact. The town, however, increased in size and importance. A spacious quay afforded accommodation for the numerous fleet which carried the produce of Yarmouth fisheries, and the manufactures of Norwich, to the remotest quarters of the globe; noble mansions testified to the wealth of Yarmouth merchants; while no less than four hundred narrow lanes, locally termed *rows*, by which the principal streets are intersected at right angles, demonstrated the existence of the dense population. The whole place looked prosperous, cheerful, busy; and gay visitors flitted about, in search of health or pleasure, upon that very beach on which the men of the Cinque Ports had spread their nets. Still there stood that jail, with its long succession of corrupt and ever-corrupting inmates. Infinite changes and improvements had taken place around it, but within, the system of mismanagement remained almost untouched. Generation after gene-

ration passed along that narrow street, and looked with the outward eye upon that hideous abode of misery and guilt; but their feelings were so thoroughly engrossed by their own affairs, their merchandize or their farm, their pleasures or their griefs, that they remained mentally unconscious of the guilt which the continued existence of such a building and such a system was entailing upon society at large. And this continued down to the year 1819, and even much later. There was no schoolmaster, no chaplain, no attempt at occupation or reformation. "The doors were simply locked upon the prisoners . . . their time was given to gaming, swearing, playing, fighting, and bad language; and their visitors were admitted from without with little restriction."\* There was no divine worship in the jail on Sundays, nor any respect paid to that holy day.† There were "underground cells" (these continued even down to 1836), "quite dark and deficient in proper ventilation. The prisoners described their heat in summer as almost suffocating, but they prefer them for their warmth in winter; their situation is such as to defy inspection, and they are altogether unfit for the confinement of any human being."‡ The whole place was filthy, confined, unhealthy; and its occupants were "infested with vermin and skin disease."§ Such a state of things could not continue for ever. It is the great comfort and consolation of all persons who seek after social reformation, that the abuses of society have within them a principle of decay, under the influence of which no power can long uphold them against the peaceable assaults of advancing civilization. Human impatience has often caused premature reformation, after many a hard struggle, to stop short of the point which might have been attained with ease, if the over-hasty hand could have been stayed, until the arrival of that "fulness of time" which the laws under which all human things exist are surely bringing about. At Yarmouth, that fulness of time was allowed to travel onwards at its slowest pace; but arrive it did at last, and then these iniquities fell before the touch of apparently the weakest instrument that could have been raised up to wield a lance against them.

In August, 1819, a woman was committed

\* Life of S. Martin, p. 27.

† *Ibid.*, p. 12.

‡ Report of Inspector of Prisons, Northern District, 1836, p. 67.

§ Life of S. Martin, p. 27.



to the jail for a most unnatural crime. She was a mother who had "forgotten her sucking child." She had not "had compassion upon the son of her womb," but had cruelly beaten and ill-used it. The consideration of her offence was calculated to produce a great effect upon a female mind; and there was one person in the neighborhood of Yarmouth who was most deeply moved by it. She was a poor dressmaker; a little woman of gentle, quiet manners, possessing no beauty of person, nor, as it seemed, any peculiar endowment of mind. She was then just eight-and-twenty years of age, and had, for thirteen years past, earned her livelihood by going out to the houses of various families in the town as a day-laborer in her business of dressmaking. Her residence was at Caister, a village three miles from Yarmouth, where she lived with an aged grandmother, and whence she walked to Yarmouth and back again in the prosecution of her daily toil. This poor girl had long mourned over the condition of the inmates of the jail. Even as long back as in 1810, "whilst frequently passing the jail," she says, "I felt a strong desire to obtain admission to the prisoners to read the scriptures to them; for I thought much of their condition, and of their sin before God: how they were shut out from society, whose rights they had violated, and how destitute they were of the scriptural instruction which alone could meet their unhappy circumstances."—(*Life*, p. 11.) The case of the unnatural mother stimulated her to make the attempt, but "I did not," she says, "make known my purpose of seeking admission to the jail until the object was attained, even to my beloved grandmother; so sensitive was my fear lest any obstacle should thereby arise in my way, and the project seem a visionary one. God led me, and I consulted none but Him."—(*Ibid.*, p. 12.) She ascertained the culprit's name, and went to the jail. She passed into the dark porch which overhung the entrance, fit emblem of the state of things within; and no doubt with bounding heart, and in a timid modest form of application, uttered with that clear and gentle voice, the sweet tones of which are yet well remembered, solicited permission to see the cruel parent. There was some difficulty—there is always "a lion in the way" of doing good—and she was not at first permitted to enter. To a wavering mind, such a check would have appeared of evil omen; but Sarah Martin was too

well assured of her own purposes and powers to hesitate. Upon a second application she was admitted.

There has been published an interesting account of Mrs. Fry's first entry into the female ward of Newgate. Locked up with viragos, amongst whom the turnkey had warned her, that her purse, her watch, and even her life, would be in danger, "she addressed them with dignity, power, and gentleness," and soon awed them into compliance with a code of regulations which there was a committee of ladies ready to aid her in carrying into execution. All this was very admirable, and, in its results, has been most beneficial. But Mrs. Fry was a woman of education, and had something of the dignified bearing of a person accustomed to move in the higher walks of life; she was also a practised speaker in the meetings of the religious community of which she was a member, and was supported by influential and well-tutored assistants. Sarah Martin's position was the reverse of this in every respect. "My father," she says, "was a village tradesman. I was born in June, 1791; an only child, deprived of my parents at an early age, and brought up under the care of a widowed grandmother, a poor woman of the name of Bonnett, and by trade a glover, at Caister." Sarah Martin's education was merely such as could be obtained at a village school; all her real information was acquired by self-tuition in after-life. At fourteen she passed a year in learning the business by which she was to earn her bread, and, after that time, being a superior workwoman, was constantly employed. She had no other preparation for becoming a jail-visitor than could be acquired from teaching a class in a Sunday-school, or from occasionally reading the Scriptures in the sick-ward in the workhouse. Without in any degree undervaluing, but, on the contrary, highly applauding the labors of Mrs. Fry, we think there was something far more simple, and far more nearly heroical, in the conduct of her humbler sister. Of Mrs. Fry's adventitious advantages Sarah Martin had none; but she had drunk deep into the spirit of that book, "which ever tells," she says, "of mercy," and in the strength of that spirit she proceeded, without confidant or companion, to convey comfort to those wretched outcasts.

The manner of her reception in the jail is told by herself with admirable simplicity. The unnatural mother stood before her.

She "was surprised at the sight of a stranger." "When I told her," says Sarah Martin, "the motive of my visit, her guilt, her need of God's mercy, &c., she burst into tears, and thanked me!" Those tears and thanks shaped the whole course of Sarah Martin's subsequent life. If she had been rudely repelled, even her fortitude might have given way. But the messenger of mercy is ever welcome to those who feel their guilt, and the more guilty the more welcome, if the glad tidings be but kindly proclaimed. "I read to her," she adds, "the twenty-third chapter of St. Luke;"—the story of the malefactor, who, although suffering justly by man's judgment, found mercy from the Savior.

Her reception at once proved the necessity for such a missionary, and her own personal fitness for the task; and her visit was repeated again and again, during such short intervals of leisure as she could spare from her daily labors. At first she contented herself with merely reading to the prisoners; but familiarity with their wants and with her own powers soon enlarged the sphere of her tuition, and she began to instruct them in reading and writing. This extension of her labor interfered with her ordinary occupations. It became necessary to sacrifice a portion of her time, and consequently of her means, to these new duties. She did not hesitate. "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in a week from dressmaking, \* \* \* \* \* to serve prisoners. This regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me."

Her next object was to secure the observance of Sunday, and, after long urging and recommendation, she prevailed upon the prisoners "to form a Sunday service, by one reading to the rest; \* \* \* but aware," she continues, "of the instability of a practice in itself good, without any corresponding principle of preservation, and thinking that my presence might exert a beneficial tendency, I joined their Sunday morning worship as a regular hearer."

After three years' perseverance in this "happy and quiet course," she made her next advance, which was to introduce employment, first for the women prisoners, and afterwards for the men. In 1823, "one gentleman," she says, "presented me with ten shillings, and another, in the same week, with a pound, for prison charity.

It then occurred to me that it would be well to expend it in material for baby clothes; and, having borrowed patterns, cut out the articles, fixed prices of payment for making them, and ascertained the cost of a set, that they might be disposed of at a certain price, the plan was carried into effect. The prisoners also made shirts, coats, &c. \* \* \* \* \*

By means of this plan, many young women who were not able to sew, learned this art, and, in satisfactory instances, had a little money to take at the end of the term of imprisonment. \* \* \* \* \*

The fund of £1 10s. for this purpose, as a foundation and perpetual stock (for whilst desiring its preservation, I did not require its increase), soon rose to seven guineas, and since its establishment, above £408 worth of various articles have been sold for charity."

The men were thus employed:—

"They made straw hats, and, at a later period, bone spoons and seals; others made men's and boys' caps, cut in eight quarters—the material, old cloth or moreen, or whatever my friends could find up to give me for them. In some instances, young men, and more frequently boys, have learned to sew grey cotton shirts, or even patch-work, with a view of shutting out idleness and making themselves useful. On one occasion I showed to the prisoners an etching of the Chess-Player, by Retzsch, which two men, one a shoemaker and the other a bricklayer, desired much to copy; they were allowed to do so, and being furnished with pencil, pen, paper, &c., they succeeded remarkably well. The Chess-Player presented a pointed and striking lesson, which could well be applied to any kind of gaming, and was, on this account, suitable to my pupils, who had generally descended from the love of marbles and pitch-halfpenny in children, to cards, dice, &c., in men. The business of copying it had the advantage of requiring all thought and attention at the time. The attention of other prisoners was attracted to it, and for a year or two afterwards many continued to copy it."

After another interval she proceeded to the formation of a fund which she applied to the furnishing of work for prisoners upon their discharge; "affording me," she adds, "the advantage of observing their conduct at the same time."

She had thus, in the course of a few years—during which her mind had gradu-



ally expanded to the requirements of the subject before her—provided for all the most important objects of prison discipline; moral and intellectual tuition, occupation during imprisonment, and employment after discharge. Whilst great and good men, at a distance, unknown to her, were inquiring and disputing as to the way and the order in which these very results were to be attained—inquiries and disputes which have not yet come to an end—here was a poor woman who was actually herself personally accomplishing them all! It matters not whether all her measures were the very wisest that could have been imagined. She had to contend with many difficulties that are now unknown; prison discipline was then in its infancy; everything she did was conceived in the best spirit; and, considering the time, and the means at her command, could scarcely have been improved.

The full extent to which she was personally engaged in carrying out these objects, has yet to be explained. The Sunday service in the jail was adopted, as we have seen, upon her recommendation, and she joined the prisoners, as a fellow-worshipper, on Sunday morning. Their evening service, which was to be read in her absence, was soon abandoned; but, finding that to be the case, she attended on that part of the day also, and the service was then resumed. "After several changes of readers, the office," she says, "devolved on me. That happy privilege thus graciously opened to me, and embraced from necessity, and in much fear, was acceptable to the prisoners, for God made it so; and also an unspeakable advantage and comfort to myself."—(*Life*, p. 13.) These modest sentences convey but a very faint notion of the nature of these singular services. Fortunately, in a report of Captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons, we have a far more adequate account of the matter. It stands thus:—

"Sunday, November 29, 1835.—Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled; a female, resident in the town, officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the liturgy of the Church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well—much better than I have frequently heard in our best-appointed churches. A written discourse,

of her own composition, was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the profoundest attention, and the most marked respect, and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterwards to the female prisoners."—(*Second Report of Inspectors of Prisons*, 1836, p. 69.)

Sarah Martin is here brought before us in a new character. Hitherto we have seen her pursuing, energetically and successfully, certain definite practical ends of plain and obvious utility. She now claims our attention as a moral teacher. From the commencement of her Sunday labors, which began probably in 1820, or shortly afterwards, up to 1832, she read printed sermons; from that time to 1837, she wrote her own sermons; from 1837 to the termination of her labors in 1843, "I was enabled," she says, "by the help of God, to address the prisoners without writing beforehand, simply from the Holy Scriptures."—(*Life*, p. 13.) We were curious to know what kind of addresses a person so intimately acquainted with the habits and feelings of criminals would think it right to deliver to such an audience, and have been kindly permitted to peruse her unpublished notes of various sermons delivered by her in the year 1835. They have certainly surprised us.

We believe that there are gentlemen in the world who stand so stiffly upon the virtue of certain forms of ministerial ordination, as to set their faces against all lay, and especially against all female, religious teaching. We will not dispute as to what may, or may not, be the precise value of those forms. They ought to confer powers of inestimable worth, considering how stubbornly they are defended—and perhaps they do so; but every one amongst us knows and feels, that the power of writing or preaching good sermons is not amongst the number. The cold, labored eloquence which boy-bachelors are authorized by custom and constituted authority to inflict upon us—the dry husks and chips of divinity which they bring forth from the dark recesses of the theology (as it is called) of the Fathers, or of the middle ages, sink into utter worthlessness by the side of the jail addresses of this poor uneducated seamstress. From her own registers of the prisoners who came under her notice, it is easy to describe the ordinary members of her con-

gregation:—pert London pickpockets, whom a cheap steam-boat brought to reap a harvest at some country festival; boors, whom ignorance and distress led into theft; depraved boys, who picked up a precarious livelihood amongst the chances of a seaport town; sailors, who had committed assaults in the boisterous hilarity consequent upon a discharge with a paid-up arrear of wages; servants, of both sexes, seduced by bad company into the commission of crimes against their masters; profligate women, who had added assault or theft to the ordinary vices of a licentious life; smugglers; a few game-law criminals; and paupers transferred from a work-house, where they had been initiated into crime, to a jail, where their knowledge was perfected. Such were some of the usual classes of persons who assembled around this singular teacher of righteousness. Their characters were as distinct as their crimes. A few extracts from Sarah Martin's "Prison Records" will exhibit their variety:—

"W. W. Homely villager. Very good natural powers; temper good; grateful for instruction; desirous of improving.

"W. Wa. Inferior capacity; inoffensive; always behaved well; does not seem to have had a bad character.

"J. B. Extremely ignorant; low habits.

"B. P. Quiet; slow in capacity and habits; shrewd in his way, and sly.

"W. T. Depraved; deceitful; full of pretence; obsequiously obliging; troublesomely forward in manners.

"J. S. With me, still and almost dumb—he soon compelled the governor to order him to the cell for the most violent conduct.

"J. C. One of the very worst. Foolish; hardened; idle; lazy; and destitute of the wish to improve. In prison a corrupter."

Judging from the notes which we have seen, her addresses to this strange auditory were formed upon a regular system, which was calculated to set before them that particular view of Christian truth which she thought best suited to their circumstances and comprehension. She principally urged three points. I.—The inseparable connexion between sin and sorrow; the great fact, that, in spite of all the allurements and artful promptings of temptation, misery "doth vice, e'en as its shade, pursue," and with the same certainty that effect follows cause in any of the physical operations of nature. This was a foundation upon which, before such an auditory, she might most safely build; and, whilst she reiterated the position in many varie-

ties of expression, her hearers must have felt bitterly conscious that she was not dealing with an imaginary case, but with a stern truth of which they were themselves the evidences and the victims. II.—Her second point was, that there was a similar and equally indissoluble connexion between goodness and happiness. Station, wealth, and the pleasures of life, when viewed at a distance, seem to lead to a different conclusion. They promised fairly, but if approached, or partaken of, it became evident that they excited hopes which it is not in their power to gratify, and that, unless united to goodness, sorrow was their inseparable adjunct. God is eternally happy only because He is immutably good, and man can procure exemption from misery only by attaining to freedom from the shackles of vice. III.—Her third point was, to lead her auditory to the ever-open door of mercy, and, in glowing strains of Bible-eloquence, to invite, entreat, and urge them to enter in. The Almighty was held forth to them as desirous to communicate of his own sinless happy nature to all who came to Him as the willing servants of the crucified Redeemer; ready by his own Spirit to purify and guide them; to be to them as a hiding-place from trouble, a pavilion in which they shall be kept secretly from the strife of tongues, a place of refuge in which they should be compassed about with songs of deliverance. Thus were the realities of their position traced to their fountain-head, a way of escape was pointed out, and, in the midst of their sin and shame, they were affectionately allured towards the service of God, as that which should give them freedom, peace, and happiness. There is reason to believe that these doctrines, urged with a kindly, warm-hearted sincerity, were eminently successful. The respect and attention which would not have been yielded to a preacher who had endeavored to excite alarm by the enforcement of religious terrors, were willingly conceded to an instructor who sought to win them to a love of purity, by considerations which, without being directly personal, flowed naturally out of a knowledge of their feelings. The papers we have seen are, for the most part, mere skeletons or rough notes of sermons, and their entire publication would not be desirable; but in any more extended biography, a few extracts from them might be very usefully introduced.

In the year 1826, Sarah Martin's grandmother died, and she came into possession



of an annual income of ten or twelve pounds, derived from the investment of "between two and three hundred pounds." She then removed from Caister to Yarmouth, where she occupied two rooms in a house situated in a row in an obscure part of the town, and, from that time, devoted herself with increased energy to her philanthropic labors. A benevolent lady, resident in Yarmouth, had for some years, with a view to securing her a little rest for her health's sake, given her one day in the week, by compensating her for that day in the same way as if she had been engaged in dressmaking. With that assistance, and with a few quarterly subscriptions, "chiefly 2s. 6d. each, for bibles, testaments, tracts, and other books for distribution," she went on devoting every available moment of her life to her great purpose. But dressmaking, like other professions, is a jealous mistress; customers fell off, and, eventually, disappeared. A question of anxious moment now presented itself, the determination of which is one of the most characteristic and memorable incidents of her life. Was she to pursue her benevolent labors, even although they led to utter poverty? Her little income was not more than enough to pay her lodging, and the expenses consequent upon the exercise of her charitable functions: and was actual destitution of ordinary necessities to be submitted to? She never doubted; but her reasoning upon the subject presents so clear an illustration of the exalted character of her thoughts and purposes, and exhibits so eminent an example of Christian devotedness and heroism, that it would be an injustice to her memory not to quote it in her own words: "In the full occupation of dressmaking, I had care with it, and anxiety for the future; but as that disappeared, care fled also. God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, 'Whatsoever is right I will give you.' I had learned from the scriptures of truth that I should be supported; God was my master, and would not forsake his servant; He was my father, and could not forget his child. I knew also that it sometimes seemed good in his sight to try the faith and patience of his servants, by bestowing upon them very limited means of support; as in the case of Naomi and Ruth; of the widow of Zarephath and Elijah; and *my mind, in the contemplation of such trials, seemed exalted by more than human energy; for I had counted the cost, and my mind was made up. If, whilst im-*

*parting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation, so momentary to an individual, would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others.*"—(*Life*, p. 30.)

Noble woman! A faith so firm, and so disinterested, might have removed mountains; a self-sacrifice founded upon such principles is amongst the most heroic of human achievements.

This appears to have been the busiest period of Sarah Martin's life. Her system, if we may so term it, of superintendence over the prisoners, was now complete. For six or seven hours daily she took her station amongst them; converting that which, without her, would have been, at best, a scene of dissolute idleness, into a hive of industry and order. We have already explained the nature of the employment which she provided for them; the manner of their instruction is described as follows:—"Any who could not read I encouraged to learn, whilst others in my absence assisted them. They were taught to write also; whilst such as could write already, copied extracts from books lent to them. Prisoners who were able to read, committed verses from the Holy Scriptures to memory every day according to their ability or inclination. I, as an example, also committed a few verses to memory to repeat to them every day; and the effect was remarkable; always silencing excuse when the pride of some prisoners would have prevented their doing it. Many said at first, 'It would be of no use;' and my reply was, 'It is of use to me, and why should it not be so to you? You have not tried it, but I have.' Tracts and children's books, and larger books, four or five in number, of which they were very fond, were exchanged in every room daily, whilst any who could read more, were supplied with larger books."—(*Life*, p. 32.)

There does not appear to have been any instance of a prisoner long refusing to take advantage of this mode of instruction. Men entered the prison saucy, shallow, self-conceited, full of cavils and objections, which Sarah Martin was singularly clever in meeting; but in a few days the most stubborn, and those who had refused the most peremptorily, either to be employed or to be instructed, would beg to be allowed to take their part in the general course. Once within the circle of her influence, the effect was curious. Men old in years, as well as in crime, might be seen striving for the first time in their lives to hold a pen, or bend-

ing hoary heads over primers and spelling-books, or studying to commit to memory some precept taken from the Holy Scriptures. Young rascals, as impudent as they were ignorant, beginning with one verse, went on to long passages; and even the dullest were enabled by perseverance to furnish their minds and memories with "from two to five verses every day." All these operations, it must be borne in mind, were carried on under no authority save what was derived from the teacher's innate force of character. Aware of that circumstance, and that any rebellion would be fatal to her usefulness, she so contrived every exercise of her power as to "make a favor of it," knowing well that "to depart from this course, would only be followed by the prisoners doing less, and not doing it well."—(*Life*, p. 104.) The ascendancy she thus acquired was very singular. A general persuasion of the sincerity with which "she watch'd, and wept, and pray'd, and felt for all," rendered her the general depository of the little confidences, the tales of weakness, treachery, and sorrow, in the midst of which she stood! and thus she was enabled to fan the rising desire for emancipation, to succor the tempted, to encourage the timid, and put the erring in the way.

After the close of her labors at the jail, she proceeded, at one time of her life, to a large school which she superintended at the work-house, and afterwards, when that school was turned over to proper teachers, she devoted two nights in the week to a school for factory girls, which was held in the capacious chancel of the old church of St. Nicholas. There, or elsewhere, she was everything. Other teachers would send their classes to stand by and listen, whilst Sarah Martin, in her striking and effective way, imparted instruction to the forty or fifty young women who were fortunate enough to be more especially her pupils. Every countenance was riveted upon her: and, as the questions went round, she would explain them by a piece of poetry, or an anecdote, which she had always ready at command, and, more especially, by Scripture illustration. The Bible was, indeed, the great fountain of her knowledge and her power. For many years she read it through four times every year, and had formed a most exact Reference Book to its contents. Her intimate familiarity with its striking imagery and lofty diction, impressed a poetical character upon her own style,

and filled her mind with exalted thoughts. After her class duties were over, there remained to be performed many offices of kindness, which with her were consequent upon the relation of teacher and pupil; there was personal communication with this scholar and with that; some inquiry here, some tale to listen to there; for she was never a mere schoolmistress, but always the friend and counsellor, as well as the instructor.

The evenings on which there was no tuition, were devoted by her to visiting the sick, either in the work-house, or through the town generally: and occasionally an evening was passed with some of those worthy people in Yarmouth by whom her labors were regarded with interest. Her appearance in any of their houses was the signal for a busy evening. Her benevolent smile and quick active manner communicated her own cheerfulness and energy to every one around her. She never failed to bring work with her, and, if young people were present, was sure to employ them all. Something was to be made ready for the occupation of the prisoners, or old materials to be adjusted to some new use, in which last employment her ingenuity was pre-eminent. Odd pieces of woollen or cotton, scraps of paper, mere litters, things which other people threw away, it mattered not what, she always begged that such things might be kept for her, and was sure to turn them to some account. If, on such occasions, whilst everybody else was occupied, some one would read aloud, Sarah Martin's satisfaction was complete; and at intervals, if there were no strangers present, or if such communication were desired, she would dilate upon the sorrows and sufferings of her guilty flock, and her own hopes and disappointments in connexion with them, in the language of simple, animated truth.

Her day was closed by no "return to a cheerful fireside prepared by the cares of another," but to her solitary apartments, which she left locked up during her absence, and where "most of the domestic offices of life were performed by her own hands."\* There she kept a copious record of her proceedings in reference to the prisoners; notes of their circumstances and conduct during such time as they were under her observation, which generally extended long

\* Poems of S. Martin, p. x.



beyond the period of their imprisonment; with most exact accounts of the expenditure of the little subscriptions before mentioned, and also of a small annual payment from the British Ladies' Society, established by Mrs. Fry, and of all other moneys committed to her in aid of any branch of her charitable labors. These books of record and account have been very properly preserved, and have been presented to a public library in Yarmouth.

During all this time she went on living upon her bare pittance; in a state of most absolute poverty, and yet of total unconcern as to her temporal support. Friends supplied many of her necessities by occasional presents; but, unless it was especially provided, "This is not for your charities, but for your own exclusive use and comfort," whatever was sent to her was given away to persons more destitute than herself. In this way she was furnished with clothes, and occasional presents were sent to her of bread, cheese, eggs, fruit, and other necessities of a simple kind. Some members of the corporation were desirous that a pecuniary provision should be made for her out of the borough funds; but the proposal was soon laid aside, in deference to her own most strenuous opposition. In 1841, the question was renewed, and the wife of one of the magistrates wrote to her:—"We consider it impossible, from the manner in which you live, that you can long continue your arduous labors at the jail, &c. Mr. — and myself will feel angry and hurt if you refuse to accept it. I must entreat you to do this," &c.

Angry, forsooth! Poor lady! Sarah Martin's answer ran thus:

"Here lies the objection which oppresses me: I have found voluntary instruction, on my part, to have been attended with great advantage; and I am apprehensive, that in receiving payment my labors may be less acceptable. I fear, also, that my mind would be fettered by pecuniary payment, and the whole work upset. To try the experiment, which might injure the thing I live and breathe for, seems like applying a knife to your child's throat, to know if it will cut. . . . Were you so angry as that I could not meet you, a merciful God and a good conscience would preserve my peace; when, if I ventured on what I believe would be prejudicial to the prisoners, God would frown upon me and my conscience, too, and these would follow me everywhere. As for my circumstances,

I have not a wish ungratified, and am more than content."—(*Life*, p. 35.)

Such scruples should have been held sacred. Corporation gratitude should have been exhibited in some way which would not have excited a feeling of self-degradation; but, alas! a jail committee does not enter into questions of feeling. It was coarsely intimated to this high-souled woman, "If we permit you to visit the prison you must submit to our terms," (p. 36;) and these worshipful gentlemen, who were then making use of Sarah Martin as a substitute for the schoolmaster and the chaplain, whom it was by law their bounden duty to have appointed, converted her into their salaried servant by the munificent grant of L.12 *per annum*! If the domestic liberality of these gentlemen bears any proportion to their corporate generosity, one would be curious to know after what rate they remunerate their maids-of-all-work and their shop-boys.

Sarah Martin lived for two years in the receipt of this memorable evidence of corporation bounty. In the winter of 1842 her health began to fail, and it was with pain and difficulty that she continued, day by day, up to the 17th April, 1843, to visit the jail, "the home," she says, "of my first interest and pleasure." From that day she was confined to her apartments by a painful disease, accompanied by extreme bodily weakness. But nothing could restrain the energy of her mind. In the seclusion of a solitary chamber, "apart from all that could disturb, and in a universe of calm repose and peace and love;" when, speaking of herself and her condition, she remarked, in words of singular beauty,

"I seem to lie  
So near the heavenly portals bright,  
I catch the streaming rays that fly  
From eternity's own light;"

at such a time—she resumed the exercise of a talent for the writing of sacred poetry, which had been early developed, and had even been occasionally exercised in the midst of the occupations of her busy life. A selection from her poems is the second of the books named at the head of this article. The publication is a kind, but, as we think, not altogether a wise one. The fact that Sarah Martin wrote such poetry is important in her biography. It is deeply interesting to know, that after some of the most exciting incidents of her life—the establishment of a fund for the relief of prisoners

after liberation—the death of her grandmother, and that of the father of a lad whom she had reclaimed—an opposition or a success which she met with in the jail—she could retire to her chamber and pour out her heart in strains of Christian praise and gratitude. It is, above all things, interesting to be told that this brave woman could cheer the sacred loneliness of her entrance into the dark valley of the shadow of death, with songs of victory and triumph. The compositions here published not only prove all this, but they evidence the existence in the mind of their author of an unquestionable vein of real poetry. They exhibit some specimens of true poetic ore, and contain separate lines, and occasionally whole stanzas, which evidently came fresh from the mint of a strong mind and fervid heart. But her compositions have those defects which mark the imitative and unpractised artist. They are the poems of one whose time was devoted to the acting of poetry rather than to the writing of it; and it would have been better if the author of the clever memoir which is prefixed to the volume before us, had interwoven such facts and lines as are worthy of being remembered, with a complete biography, rather than have published the whole poems in a separate volume.

Sarah Martin struggled against disease for many months, suffering intense agony, which was partially relieved by opiates. A few minutes before her death, she begged for more of the opiate, to still the racking torture. The nurse told her that she believed the time of her departure had arrived. She clasped her hands together, exclaimed, "Thank God! Thank God!" and never spake more. This was on the 15th October, 1843. She was buried at Caister, by the side of her grandmother; and a tombstone in the churchyard bears a simple inscription, written by herself, which commemorates her death and age, but says not a word of her many virtues. The Yarmouth corporation ought to erect a tablet to her memory; either in the jail, or in the chancel of the church of St. Nicholas, in which she taught her class of factory girls. Her services, and the debt of gratitude which the whole town owes to her, will not be forgotten, although no marble tell the tale: but such a monument, if erected by the corporation, would relieve them from the suspicion that they were as ignorant of the moral worth, as they were of the money value, of such labors as Sarah Martin's.

Since her death, the corporation has been compelled to appoint both a jail-chaplain and a schoolmaster.

The length to which a detail of individual cases would necessarily run, alone deters us from quoting many instances in which there can be no doubt that Sarah Martin's labors were followed by most happy results. We will give a few cases:—

"B. B., age about twenty-three. Could neither read nor write. Offence, smuggling. After the lapse of twelve years from his imprisonment, Sarah Martin writes: 'He entirely learned to read and write in prison, and immediately after his discharge left off smuggling. He wrote to me afterwards, and expressed the comfort he found in being able to write. . . . I have heard from him many times. He sails in a small vessel from Dunkirk to London, to sell butter and eggs.'

"R., E. C., and four others. Offence, smuggling. Had been in prison before for the same offence. Were supported in Yarmouth jail by a band or club of smugglers. After the lapse of four years, this is Sarah Martin's report:—'E. C. had a wife and six children in Harwich, where they now live. The profits of smuggling were tempting, but he afterwards told me he found it impossible, as he then viewed the thing, to engage in the traffic again, and abandoned it. Since his discharge, I have received four letters; two written by him, one by his wife, and another written partly by him and partly by his wife. Also, I have seen him twice, when the schooner to which he belongs sailed through Yarmouth Roads. By him I was informed, in August last, that the five who were in prison with him had all left off smuggling. He gave me a satisfactory account of each. These men, when I took leave of them, seemed reluctant in promising to give up a profession of fraud, involving habitual lying, &c., &c., yet allowed me to believe that, ceasing to reconcile them to its principles, they wished, and would not be unwilling, to do it.' She writes subsequently:—'February 5, 1840.—This morning, R., the former master of the smuggling vessel . . . called upon me, being the first time he has been in Yarmouth since his discharge. He is now master of the St. Leonard, a respectable merchant-ship. His gratitude for what he thought his obligation to me, led him to bring from France a present of a vase covered with shells, and a curious glass box. He was fourteen months without a vessel after his discharge, with a wife and family to support, and desiring to get free from the traffic of smuggling.'

"R. M., aged seventeen; offence, felony; six months in jail. Former character, idle and profligate. After three and a half years, she writes: 'Effectually reclaimed. After considerable perseverance, he obtained a gentleman's service, and has earned his living respectably and honestly ever since. He is now butler in a gentleman's family. I frequently saw him before he left Yarmouth. Have seen him twice since, when he came to see his mother and grandmother, and continue to hear of him twice or more every year.'



"S. B., aged thirty-nine, charged with felony. Could neither read nor write. Accounted a disorderly person and a thief, and had been in prison before. After three and a half years. 'Perfectly reclaimed. She has never been guilty of any immoral practice since, and seems to have been the means of reclaiming her husband, whose former character was bad. I see her every month or two. She has suffered much from poverty and illness, without complaint.'

"A. B.; offence, felony. After two and a half years. 'Since his discharge he has conducted himself well towards his family, and borne an honest character. He keeps cows, and carries about milk to sell. His wife told me last week, it was a good thing her husband learned to read in the jail, as he now takes up a book of an evening; and it was a good thing he learned to write, too, because he can now keep his accounts, and write his milk bills.'

"T. B., aged eighteen; offence, felony. Five months in Yarmouth jail, and afterwards in the Penitentiary at Milbank. After nine and a half years. 'After his return from the Penitentiary, he immediately called upon me. His parents were poor, living in a row, and keeping a small vegetable shop. With no character, he seemed destitute. His next step was this: he went to his father's, and took a small box, which he had left locked up, containing L.102 and some shillings, and carried it to his master, from whom it had been stolen. Mr. D. entreated him to take L.5 of the sum returned, but could not prevail; all he accepted was the odd L.2 and shillings, saying, 'Sir, I robbed you of more than that.' The circumstance became public. Mr. B., tailor and salesman, took him for two years to learn his trade. He conducted himself better, Mr. B. informed me, than any former apprentice. Since then, he has been married to a young woman who was taught by me in a Sunday school, and by honorable and successful industry supports himself, by keeping a respectable little shop as a tailor and salesman in the —.'"

Such cases, which are as instructive as they are interesting, might be multiplied manyfold out of the papers of Sarah Martin. If they exhibit the results of careful, kindly prison instruction, every one would wish that such instruction could be rendered universal. With such cases before us, who shall doubt that many of the ignorant and the weak, those who have failed in their duty to their neighbor, because they have been permitted to go forth into the world unarmed against its temptations, and uninstructed in their duties, are still within reach of the reclaiming efforts of active benevolence? But such cases give no encouragement to any cold philanthropy, if any such can be; nor to any kind but weak enthusiasm, which seeks for proofs of amendment of life in the mere raptures of excited

feeling; nor to that proud and condescending bounty, which chills even whilst it overpowers with a multiplicity of obligations. Sarah Martin governed these people, and reformed them, as their cases testify, not merely by instructing them in useful arts, and inculcating in their minds right principles of duty and action, and informing their understanding as to their real interests; but more especially by opening her own heart to them, by entering with warm and genuine sympathy into their real feelings and condition, and by aiding them in devising and carrying out measures of true practical amelioration, suited to their circumstances, and their habits of thought and feeling. She did not shower down bounties as from a heaven above, but, placing herself upon a par with them in everything but their guilt, was ever ready to drop a tear over their misery, and to join with them heart and soul to procure relief. They who would obtain Sarah Martin's success must feel her sympathy, and acquire her true practical wisdom.

"The high desire that others may be blest,  
Savors of heaven."

The words are her own, and her life was a comment upon them. "Her simple, unostentatious, yet energetic, devotion to the interests of the outcast and the destitute," remarks Captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons, who had many opportunities of judging of her labors, and whose experience gives great value to his testimony—"her gentle disposition, her temper never irritated by disappointment, nor her charity straitened by ingratitude, present a combination of qualities which imagination sometimes portrays as the ideal of what is pure and beautiful, but which are rarely found embodied with humanity.\* She was no titular Sister of Charity, but was silently felt and acknowledged to be one by the many outcast and destitute persons who received encouragement from her lips, and relief from her hands, and by the few who were witnesses of her good works."†

It is the business of Literature to make such a life stand out from the masses of ordinary existences, with something of the distinctness with which a lofty building up-rears itself in the confusion of a distant view. It should be made to attract all eyes, to excite the hearts of all persons who think the welfare of their fellow-mortals an object

\* Fifth Report of Inspectors of Prisons, p. 124.

\* Letter of Captain Williams.—*Life*, p. 126.

† Eighth Report of Inspector of Prisons, p. 128.

of interest or duty ; it should be included in collections of biography, and chronicled in the high places of history ; men should be taught to estimate it as that of one whose

philanthropy has entitled her to renown, and children to associate the name of Sarah Martin with those of Howard, Buxton, Fry—the most benevolent of mankind.

From Fraser's Magazine.

### LITERARY LEGISLATORS.—NO. V.

MR. SMYTHE.

WITHIN a very brief period of parliamentary activity, Mr. Smythe has achieved for himself unusual reputation. Among his political compeers, his name is invested with an interest that increases with each display of his rare and perfected powers. Few and far between as those displays have been, the remembrance of former successes, of the delight inspired by his speeches, so pregnant with thought and illustration, so powerful and polished in their language, has at all times revived instantaneously in the minds of his audience, and to his past accumulation of praise has from time to time been added new admiration. He has never lost ground since he first attracted the regards of the House of Commons. His reputation has been of the kind that is most to be coveted. It rests on the most noble claims, springs from the least exceptionable sources. It is not founded on utilitarian services ; nor on the acceptableness of envenomed personalities, nor on successful sallies of political passion : he has pandered to no faction's hatreds ; he has been the pupil of no party : his position, albeit as yet undefined and unconsolidated, has been of his own sole achievement. He is already named with Macaulay, Shiel, Disraeli, as one who assists to elevate the character of contemporary parliamentary oratory. Younger by some years than any other speaker of promise, except Lord John Manners, his purely intellectual excellence has already cast such a lustre around his name, that, had his career been abruptly terminated, his memory as a politician would still have been cherished with admiration, and his ultimate distinction predicted with confidence. With so little seeming effort has he stamped the conviction of his superiority on the minds of his contemporaries in the legislature, that it is possible this praise may appear exaggerated to the

general reader ; especially to those who have been accustomed to consider notoriety an essential evidence of talent or political importance, who think no reputation of value that is not talked of in the marketplace. But those who have heard Mr. Smythe speak, or even those who have read the few speeches he has made, will at once be ready to acknowledge how unique, pregnant, distinguished, are his brief orations. Mr. Smythe is one of a band of young and enterprising men, at once daring, original, and highly cultivated, who seem destined to remove from our parliamentary oratory the imputation of mediocrity ; and place the present age, in that respect, on a level with some of the most illustrious periods in our history. It is by contrast, however, that the speeches of Mr. Smythe acquire much of their brilliancy.

Certainly, a foreigner would form but a mean opinion of our leading statesmen, were their speeches in parliament to be his test of their talents. When, admitted by the courtesy of either house to the gallery appropriated to strangers, distinguished natives of other countries have an opportunity of hearing those prominent men of the day, the Peels, the Russells, the Greys, the Bentincks, whom from their high favor in parliament they presume to be great orators and statesmen, their feeling is almost always one of disappointment. Labored efforts and pompous delivery, achieving but ambitious commonplace, only occasionally enlivened by originality of thought or finish of language, when they find them the passports to such high places, give a mean impression of the average intellect of the country. They look in vain for great strokes of mind, for philosophy familiarized, for historical illustrations, for refined and ingenious combinations of thought, for antithesis, for imagery ; such as illumine the



speeches of their Guizot or their Thiers: they perceive only a dead level of sensible commonplace; obvious platitudes, trite truisms, hackneyed axioms, self-evident propositions, put forward with all the air of high sagacity or new discovery; and, above all, they are disgusted with the covert appeals to the selfishness and vanity of the British public, the subserviency to national or class prejudice, the sacrifice of great principles to petty gains, the low, narrow utilitarianism, which, unexplained, they see over-riding, except in rare instances of general unanimity of feeling, all the nobler impulses which ought to guide statesmen. What we can understand to be the necessary concessions or reservations of leaders who are forced to conciliate followers of the most varied and opposite characters and sentiments, seem to them only ostentatious assertions of the most sordid political philosophy. And if they should have the curiosity or the courage to take up next day the morning paper containing the reports of what they have heard the night before, perhaps their weariness and disappointment will be still greater. Those cumbrous, interminable columns of print, that ocean of words in which they dive in vain for the few pearls of the discourse, those endless repetitions, those long dreary sentences, weak with the weight of words that are common without being simple or forcible, will make them wonder indeed at the extraordinary appetite of the English for quantity rather than for quality. All their natural sneers at our culinary customs, our passion for masses of heavy half-raw food, become transferred to our taste for political speeches. After hunting through seven or eight columns of a speech of Sir Robert Peel for the few striking ideas which pleased them when they heard it delivered, they rise from the wearying task in anger, comparing that copious undigested mass with the light, clear, terse, polished reports they have read in their own journals of the speeches of their most distinguished statesmen, speeches from which they have not only derived instruction in a striking form and easily remembered, but also extreme amusement and delight. We know that these complaints are made, not by foreigners merely, but by Englishmen also; and in some respects they are well-founded. But it is fair to our chief party-leaders to observe, in defence of their lumbering speeches, that they are speaking to the public as well as to the House, that they are often obliged to be tediously didactic,

because it is required that they should explain almost the very elements of political knowledge and opinion, and that in enforcing their views on the House, they are compelled, as an advocate does with a jury, to resort to repetition. It is fair also to say, that much blame rests with those who report the speeches. Aiming conscientiously at truth and faithfulness in their reports, their fidelity degenerates into mere literal accuracy. They give too close a copy. They render you the blunders, the inelegancies, the bad grammar even, with the same laborious honesty which ensures your having the beauties and graces. Not knowing that speakers are indebted to a reporter for judicious and cautious criticism while rendering their ideas rather than their language, which temporary causes may render confused, those gentlemen, in spite of the attainments they are understood to possess, seem to allow their better judgments to be coerced by a slavish deference, which loses sight of the spirit in the accidental form, and converts their pursuit into a mere exercise of mechanical skill. The French reporters throw more mind into their calling. Quite as faithful, when it is necessary, as their English brethren, they are not afraid occasionally to take cognisance of the difficulties and embarrassments of a speaker, and with good taste, one great element of which is an abstinent caution, to reproduce from time to time the idea of the speaker according to his meaning, rather than to his words. The consequence is, that very often the reports in the French papers are delightful to read, as models of composition; while in England we are compelled to resort to those admirable summaries of the debate of the night before, which our editors have found it necessary to prefix to the reports, as at once an index and a warning. A daguerreotype portrait is a very good thing; but it is better as a foundation for a miniature in the hands of an artist. And so with the reports of nine-tenths of our speeches in parliament.

But the characteristics we have ascribed to a large class of speeches do not, happily for us, apply to the whole. A few speakers there are whose eloquent harangues yield perpetual delight, giving to the debates in parliament from time to time that tone which they so much need. They choose, by preference, subjects more or less removed from that range of legislation which is confined to the immediate necessities of the hour; though even these they occasionally

illustrate with an originality and power not to be met with in the speeches of the more practical statesmen. Their orations, as well from the intellectual vigor which stimulates them to continuous development, and the fervor which inspires them with the highest eloquence, as from their extraordinary pregnancy and copiousness of allusion, test to the full the powers of the reporters, so often, as we conceive, abused when exercised on speeches of a different cast. Here they cannot be too faithful, as far as the mechanical part of their art is concerned; while all the resources furnished them by their education and general reading are brought into perpetual play, under the most disadvantageous circumstances. Often such speeches are exquisite models of composition; and not unfrequently they become brilliant disquisitions on great historical questions, or on the principles of government, not surpassed, in some respects, by the recorded or traditionary triumphs of any of the great masters of oratory in this country. Among these speakers, Mr. Smythe already occupies a place.

Mr. Smythe's parliamentary career embraces a period of only between five and six years. He first began to speak in May, 1841, and in January, 1846, he was made by Sir Robert Peel Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—a just and remarkable tribute to his distinguished talents, offered by a man who, whatever his own deficiencies may be, has at least one attribute of greatness—the faculty of detecting, and the determination to reward, unknown ability. As we have said, Mr. Smythe has not spoken very frequently, so that his success has been the more striking; nor has his promotion been the natural result of the subserviency of a patron's partisan. An average of two speeches a year would afford a fair estimate of the frequency of his intrusions on the House; and that he on more than one occasion satirised Sir Robert Peel, is the best proof that his advancement by that minister has not been unfairly earned.

Generally, however, he gave Sir Robert Peel a liberal and enlightened support, not hesitating as occasion required to mark his dissent from his policy. The indications that minister gave of his determination to pursue a policy of enlightened Conservatism, seem from the first to have fascinated the liberal spirit of Mr. Smythe. It is observable that he never gave his support on narrow or party grounds, but always allied it

with some view not inconsistent with Conservative principles, but which recognised the right of a community rapidly increasing in wealth and intelligence to more liberal legislation. In advocating Sir Robert Peel's modified tariff of 1842, he called to account the agriculturists for their virulent opposition to the manufacturers. He called on the great landed proprietors to appreciate, "the great boon and blessing of machinery, without which Manchester would have been as Woodstock, Liverpool a fishing village on the Mersey, and their rent-rolls comparatively insignificant." He hailed the measure as the first instalment of a wiser and more enlarged policy—as an earnest that the proportions of our monster tariff were to be reduced at last to something like seemliness and shape. Again, two months afterwards, he gave a bold and decided support to the Income-tax, as being at that crisis a wise, just, and necessary measure, although he admitted that it partook somewhat of the dictatorship of ancient Rome, and was inimical to the common practice of the constitution. Addressing himself to a favorite argument of the opponents of the Income-tax, that its imposition was unnecessary because Europe was at peace, he ridiculed in the words of Burke their "geographical morality," and pointed to India. Was the march across the Indus less important, or did it require less exertion, than if it took place nearer our own doors? Let not that indifference which had driven Clive to suicide, and reduced Hastings to beggary and proscription, and which would fain have detracted even from Lord Wellesley's magnificent proconsulate, find support. Let it not be said within the walls of parliament, that civil spirit was allowed to make light of these difficulties and these dangers. This was well and boldly put with terseness and vigor, unusual in these days of diffuse wordiness; but it derived still more force from the contrast of the language used, and the eloquent, manly bearing of the speaker, with the extreme youthfulness, almost boyishness, of his personal appearance.

By the year 1843 his political views had become still more decided. He yearned for a revival of the liberal sentiments and policy which illumined the early speeches of the second Pitt, but which were so unfortunately postponed to the subsequent necessities of a nation which, for so many years, was almost continually in a state of warfare. By this time, too, not less the



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